Geo. J. Merry
Lisbon March 15th 1827

SKETCHES

OF THE

HISTORY, GENIUS, DISPOSITION, ACCOMPLISHMENTS, EMPLOYMENTS, CUSTOMS AND IMPORTANCE

OF THE

FAIR SEX,

IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

INTERSPERSED WITH

MANY SINGULAR AND ENTERTAINING ANECDOTES.

BY A FRIEND TO THE SEX.

"*NATURE MADE YOU TO TEMPER MAN.*"

OTWAY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

TO give a brief detail of the hiſtory of the Fair Sex—to inſpire them with a ſenſe of their value and importance— to excite them to laudable purſuits—to teach them that

"*Virtue alone is happineſs below;*"

that an amiable conduct can only ſecure love and eſteem—and to furniſh them with innocent amuſement—is the deſign of this little work.

The following authors have been conſulted for materials: Doctors Robertſon, Alexander, Hawkeſworth, Goldſmith, Gregory, Fordyce, and Schomberg; Profeſſors Fergu-ſon and Miller; Fenelon, Montaigne, Thomas, Groſley, Knox, and Hayley; Lady Pennington, Mrs. Kinderſley, and others.

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HISTORICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

FAIR SEX.

CHAP. I.

OF THE FIRST WOMAN, AND HER ANTEDILUVIAN DESCENDANTS.

THE great Creator, having formed man of the duſt of the earth, "made a deep ſleep to fall "upon him, and took one of his ribs, and cloſed up "the fleſh inſtead thereof. And the rib, which the "Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, "and brought her unto the man." Hence the fair ſex, in the opinion of ſome authors, being formed of matter doubly refined, derive their ſuperior beauty and excellence.

Not long after the creation, the firſt woman was tempted by the ſerpent to eat of the fruit of a certain tree, in the midſt of the garden of Eden, with regard to which God had ſaid, "Ye ſhall not eat of it, nei-"ther ſhall ye touch it, leſt ye die."

This deception, and the fatal conſequences ariſing from it, furniſh the moſt intereſting ſtory in the whole hiſtory of the ſex.

It is related, that Eve, not being able, for ſome time, to make her huſband partake of the forbidden fruit, at laſt broke down a branch from the tree of knowledge, and, making it into a cudgel, by that powerful argument, ſoon prevailed on him to taſte it.

Moſes does not aſſign any reaſon why the offering of Cain was rejected, and that of Abel accepted. An oriental tradition, however, ſupplies this defect, and informs us, that, as Cain and Abel had each of them a twin-ſiſter, Adam propoſed that Cain ſhould marry the twin-ſiſter of Abel, and Abel the twin-ſiſter of Cain; becauſe he thought it was proper they ſhould marry thoſe that were ſeemingly the leaſt related to them. Cain's twin-ſiſter being handſomer than the other, he would not agree to the propoſal. Adam, diſpleaſed at his diſobedience, determined to ſubmit the matter to the deciſion of the Supreme Being; and, accordingly, ordered his ſons to bring each an offering before the Lord. On the offerings being brought, and that of Abel accepted, Cain's jealouſy and reſentment roſe to ſuch a pitch, that, as ſoon as they came down from the mount where they had been ſacrificing, he fell upon his brother and ſlew him. And thus a woman was the cauſe, not only of the firſt quarrel, but of the firſt introduction of death.

For this cruel and barbarous action, Cain and his poſterity, being baniſhed from the reſt of the human race, indulged themſelves in every ſpecies of wickedneſs. On this account, it is ſuppoſed, they were called the *Sons and Daughters of Men.* The poſterity of Seth, on the other hand, became eminent for virtue, and a regard to the divine precepts. By their regular and amiable conduct, they acquired the appellation of *Sons and Daughters of God.*

After the deluge there is a chaſm in the hiſtory of women, until the time of the patriarch Abraham. They then begin to be introduced into the ſacred ſtory. Several

veral of their actions are recorded. The laws, cuſtoms, and uſages, by which they were governed, are frequently exhibited.

CHAP. II.

OF WOMEN IN THE PATRIARCHAL AGES.

THE condition of women, among the ancient patriarchs, appears to have been but extremely indifferent. When Abraham entertained the angels, ſent to denounce the deſtruction of Sodom, he ſeems to have treated his wife as a menial ſervant: "Make ready "quickly," ſaid he to her, "three meaſures of fine "meal, knead it, and make cakes on the hearth."

In the whole early hiſtory of the people of Iſrael, there is hardly one inſtance of a woman having been treated with indulgence, or of a captive having experienced humanity.

In many parts of the Eaſt, water is only to be met with deep in the earth, and to draw it from the wells is, conſequently, fatiguing and laborious. This, however, was the taſk of the daughters of Jethro the Midianite; to whom ſo little regard was paid, either on account of their ſex, or the rank of their father, as high-prieſt of the country, that the neighbouring ſhepherds not only inſulted them, but forcibly took from them the water they had drawn.

This was the taſk of Rebecca, who not only drew water for Abraham's ſervant, but for his camels alſo, while the ſervant ſtood an idle ſpectator of the toil. Is it not natural to imagine, that, as he was on an embaſſy to court the damſel for Iſaac, his maſter's ſon, he would

would have exerted his utmoſt efforts to pleaſe, and become acceptable?

When he had concluded his bargain, and was carrying her home, we meet with a circumſtance worthy of remark. When ſhe firſt approached Iſaac, who had walked out into the fields to meet her, ſhe did it in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner, as if ſhe had been approaching a lord and maſter, rather than a fond and paſſionate lover. From this circumſtance, as well as from ſeveral others, related in the ſacred hiſtory, it would ſeem that women, inſtead of endeavouring, as in modern times, to perſuade the world that they confer an immenſe favour on a lover, by deigning to accept of him, did not ſcruple to confeſs, that the obligation was conferred on themſelves.

This was the caſe with Ruth, who had laid her down at the feet of Boaz; and being aſked by him who ſhe was, anſwered, "I am Ruth, thine hand-"maid; ſpread, therefore, thy ſkirt over thine hand-"maid, for thou art a near kinſman."

When Jacob went to viſit his uncle Laban, he met Rachal, Laban's daughter, in the fields, attending on the flocks of her father.

In a much later period, Tamar, one of the daughters of king David, was ſent by her father to perform the ſervile office of making cakes for her brother Amnon.

The ſimplicity of the times in which theſe things happened, no doubt, very much invalidates the ſtrength of the concluſions that naturally ariſe from them. But, in ſpite of that ſimplicity, it ſtill appears that women were not then treated even with the ſhadow of the delicacy which they have happily experienced among people more poliſhed and refined.

Are there not, however, other proofs that women were treated in an indignant manner, in the primitive ages? Yes. Huſbands had a diſcretionary power of divorcing

divorcing their wives, without aſſigning any reaſon for it, but becauſe they were not agreeable to them. Polygamy alſo generally prevailed; which is ſo contrary to the inclination of the ſex, and ſo deeply wounds the delicacy of their feelings, that it is impoſſible for any woman voluntarily to agree to it, even where it is authorized by cuſtom and by law. Wherever therefore, polygamy takes place, we may aſſure ourſelves that women have but little authority, and have ſcarcely arrived at any conſequence in ſociety.

CHAP. III.

ON THE WOMEN OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

WHEREVER the human race live ſolitary, and unconnected with each other, they are ſavage and barbarous. Wherever they aſſociate together, that aſſociation produces ſofter manners, and a more engaging deportment.

The Egyptians, from the nature of their country, annually overflowed by the Nile, had no wild beaſts to hunt, nor could they procure any thing by fiſhing. On theſe accounts, they were under a neceſſity of applying themſelves to agriculture, a kind of life which naturally brings mankind together, for mutual convenience and aſſiſtance.

They were, likewiſe, every year, during the inundation of the river, obliged to aſſemble together, and take ſhelter, either on the riſing grounds, or in the houſes, which were raiſed upon piles, above the reach of the waters. Here, almoſt every employment being ſuſpended, and the men and women long confined together, a thouſand inducements, not to be found in a

ſolitary ſtate, would naturally prompt them to render themſelves agreeable to each other. Hence their manners would begin, more early, to aſſume a ſofter poliſh, and more elegant refinement, than thoſe of the other nations who ſurrounded them.

The practice of confining women, inſtituted by jealouſy, and maintained by unlawful power, was not adopted by the ancient Egyptians. This appears from the ſtory of Pharoah's daughter, who was going with her train of maids to bathe in the river, when ſhe found Moſes hid among the reeds. It is ſtill more evident, from that of the wife of Potiphar, who, if ſhe had been confined, could not have found the opportunities ſhe did, to ſolicit Joſeph to her adulterous embrace.

The queens of Egypt had the greateſt attention paid to them. They were more readily obeyed than the kings. It is alſo related, that the huſbands were, in their marriage-contracts, obliged to promiſe obedience to their wives; "an obedience," ſays an ingenious author*, "which, in our modern times, we are often "obliged to perform, though our wives entered into the "promiſe."

The behaviour of Solomon to Pharoah's daughter is a convincing proof that more honour and reſpect was paid to the Egyptian women, than to thoſe of any other people. Solomon had many other wives beſides this princeſs, and was married to ſeveral of them before her, which, according to the Jewiſh law, ought to have entitled them to a preference. But, notwithſtanding this, we hear of no particular palace having been built for any of the others, nor of the worſhip of any of their gods having been introduced into Jeruſalem. But a magnificent palace was erected for Pharoah's daughter; and ſhe was permitted, though expreſsly contrary to the laws of Iſrael, to worſhip the gods of her own country.

CHAP.

* Dr. Alexander.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE MODERN EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

THE women of modern Egypt are far from being on ſo reſpectable a footing as they were in ancient times, or as the European women are at preſent.

In Europe, women act parts of great conſequence, and often reign ſovereigns on the world's vaſt theatre. They influence manners and morals, and decide on the moſt important events. The fate of nations is frequently in their hands.

How different is their ſituation in Egypt! There they are bound down by the fetters of ſlavery, condemned to ſervitude, and have no influence in public affairs. Their empire is confined within the walls of the Harem*. There are their graces and charms entombed. The circle of their life extends not beyond their own family and domeſtic duties.

Their firſt care is to educate their children; and a numerous poſterity is their moſt fervent wiſh. Mothers always ſuckle their children. This is expreſsly commanded by Mahomet: *Let the mother ſuckle her child full two years, if the child does not quit the breaſt; but ſhe ſhall be permitted to wean it, with the conſent of her huſband.*

The harem is the cradle and ſchool of infancy. The new-born feeble being is not there ſwaddled and filleted up in a ſwathe, the ſource of a thouſand diſeaſes. Laid naked on a mat, expoſed in a vaſt chamber to the pure air, he breathes freely, and with his delicate limbs ſprawls at pleaſure. The new element, in which he is to live, is not entered with pain and tears. Daily bathed beneath his mother's eye, he

* The women's apartment.

he grows apace. Free to act, he tries his coming powers; rolls, crawls, riſes; and, ſhould he fall, cannot much hurt himſelf on the carpet or mat which covers the floor.

The daughter's education is the ſame. Whalebone and buſks, which martyr European girls, they know not. They are only covered with a ſhift until ſix years old: and the dreſs they afterwards wear confines none of their limbs, but ſuffers the body to take its true form; and nothing is more uncommon than ricketty children, and crooked people. In Egypt, man riſes in all his majeſty, and woman diſplays every charm of perſon.

Subject to the immutable laws by which cuſtom governs the Eaſt, the women do not aſſociate with the men, not even at table, where the union of ſexes produces mirth and wit, and makes food more ſweet. When the great incline to dine with one of their wives, ſhe is informed, prepares the apartment, perfumes it with precious eſſences, procures the moſt delicate viands, and receives her lord with the utmoſt attention and reſpect.

Among the common people, the women uſually ſtand, or ſit in a corner of the room, while the huſband dines. They often hold the baſon for him to waſh, and ſerve him at table.

Cuſtoms like theſe, which the Europeans rightly call barbarous, and exclaim againſt with juſtice, appear ſo natural in Egypt, that they do not ſuſpect it can be otherwiſe elſewhere. Such is the power of habit over men. What has been for ages, he ſuppoſes a law of nature.

The Egyptian women, once or twice a week, are permitted to go to the bath, and viſit female relations and friends. They receive each others viſits very affectionately. When a lady enters the harem, the miſtreſs riſes, takes her hand, preſſes it to her boſom, kiſſes,

kiſſes, and makes her ſit down by her ſide; a ſlave haſtens to take her black mantle; ſhe is entreated to be at eaſe, quits her veil, and diſcovers a floating robe tied round the waiſt with a ſaſh, which perfectly diſplays her ſhape. She then receives compliments according to their manner. "Why, my mother, or "my ſiſter, have you been ſo long abſent? We ſighed "to ſee you! Your preſence is an honour to our houſe! "It is the happineſs of our lives!"

Slaves preſent coffee, ſherbet, and confectionary. They laugh, talk, and play. A large diſh is placed on the ſofa, on which are oranges, pomegranates, bananas, and excellent melons. Water, and roſe-water mixed, are brought in an ewer, and with them a ſilver baſon to waſh the hands; and loud glee and merry converſation ſeaſon the meal. The chamber is perfumed by wood of aloes, in a brazier; and, the repaſt ended, the ſlaves dance to the ſound of cymbals, with whom the miſtreſſes often mingle. At parting they ſeveral times repeat, "God keep you in health! "Heaven grant you a numerous offſpring! Heaven "preſerve your children; the delight and glory of "your family!"

When a viſitor is in the harem, the huſband muſt not enter. It is the aſylum of hoſpitality, and cannot be violated without fatal conſequences; a cheriſhed right, which the Egyptian women carefully maintain, being intereſted in its preſervation. A lover, diſguiſed like a woman, may be introduced into the harem, and it is neceſſary he ſhould remain undiſcovered; death would otherwiſe be his reward. In that country, where the paſſions are excited by the climate, and the difficulty of gratifying them, love often produces tragical events.

The Egyptian women, guarded by their eunuchs, go alſo upon the water, and enjoy the charming proſpects of the banks of the Nile. Their cabins

are

are pleaſant, richly embelliſhed, and the boats well carved and painted. They are known by the blinds over the windows, and the muſic by which they are accompanied.

When they cannot go abroad, they endeavour to be merry in their priſon. Toward ſun-ſetting, they go on the terrace, and take the freſh air among the flowers which are there carefully reared. Here they often bathe; and thus, at once, enjoy the cool, limpid water, the perfume of odoriferous plants, the balmy air, and the ſtarry hoſt, which ſhine in the firmament.

Thus Bathſheba bathed, when David beheld her from the roof of his palace.

Such is the uſual life of the Egyptian women. Their duties are to educate their children, take care of their houſehold, and live retired with their family: their pleaſures, to viſit, give feaſts, in which they often yield to exceſſive mirth and licentiouſneſs, go on the water, take the air in orange groves, and liſten to the Almai. They deck themſelves as carefully to receive their acquaintance, as European women do to allure the men. Uſually mild and timid, they become daring and furious, when under the dominion of violent love. Neither locks nor grim keepers can then preſcribe bounds to their paſſions; which, though death be ſuſpended over their heads, they ſearch the means to gratify, and are ſeldom unſucceſsful.

CHAP. V.

OF THE PERSIAN WOMEN.

SEVERAL hiſtorians, in mentioning the ancient Perſians, have dwelt with peculiar ſeverity on the manner in which they treated their women. Jealous,

Jealous, almoſt to diſtraction, they confined the whole ſex with the ſtricteſt attention, and could not bear that the eye of a ſtranger ſhould behold the beauty whom they adored.

When Mahomet, the great legiſlator of the modern Perſians, was juſt expiring, the laſt advice that he gave to his faithful adherents, was, "Be watchful "of your religion, and your wives." Hence they pretend to derive not only the power of confining, but alſo of perſuading them, that they hazard their ſalvation, if they look upon any other man beſides their huſbands. The Chriſtian religion informs us, that in the other world they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. The religion of Mahomet teaches us a different doctrine, which the Perſians believing, carry the jealouſy of Aſia to the fields of Elyſium and the groves of Paradiſe; where, according to them, the bleſſed inhabitants have their eyes placed on the crown of their heads, leſt they ſhould ſee the wives of their neighbours.

Every circumſtance in the Perſian hiſtory tends to perſuade us, that the motive, which induced them to confine their women with ſo much care and ſolicitude, was only exuberance of love and affection. In the enjoyment of their ſmiles, and their embraces, the happineſs of the men conſiſted, and their approbation was an incentive to deeds of glory and of heroiſm. For theſe reaſons they are ſaid to have been the firſt who introduced the cuſtom of carrying their wives and concubines to the field, "That the ſight," ſaid they, "of all that is dear to us, may animate us to fight "more valiantly."

To offer the leaſt violence to a Perſian woman, was to incur certain death from her huſband or guardian. Even their kings, though the moſt abſolute in the univerſe, could not alter the manners or cuſtoms of the country, which related to the fair ſex.

Widely

Widely different from this is the preſent ſtate of Perſia. By a law of that country, their monarch is now authorized to go, whenever he pleaſes, into the harem of any of his ſubjects; and the ſubject, on whoſe prerogative he thus encroaches, ſo far from exerting his uſual jealouſy, thinks himſelf highly honoured by ſuch a viſit.

A laughable ſtory, on this ſubject, is told of Shah Abbas, who having got drunk at the houſe of one of his favourites, and intending to go into the apartment of his wives, was ſtopped by the door-keeper, who bluntly told him, "Not a man, ſir, beſides my "maſter, ſhall put a muſtacho here, ſo long as I am "porter." "What," ſaid the king, "doſt thou not "know me?" "Yes," anſwered the fellow, "I know "you are king of the men, but not of the women." Shah Abbas, pleaſed with the anſwer, and the fidelity of the ſervant, retired to his palace. The favourite, at whoſe houſe the adventure happened, as ſoon as he heard it, went and fell at his maſters feet, intreating that he would not impute to him the crime committed by his domeſtic. He likewiſe added, "I "have already turned him away from my ſervice for "his preſumption."—"I am glad of it," anſwered the king; "I will take him into my ſervice for his "fidelity."

CHAP. VI.

OF THE GRECIAN WOMEN.

IT is obſerved by an able panegyriſt for the fair, "That the greateſt reſpect has always been paid "them by the wiſeſt and beſt of nations." If this be

be true, the Greeks certainly forfeited one great claim to that wiſdom which has always been attributed to them; for we have good reaſon to believe, that they regarded their women only as inſtruments of raiſing up members to the ſtate.

In order to eſteem the ſex, we muſt do more than ſee them. By ſocial intercourſe, and a mutual reciprocation of good offices, we muſt become acquainted with their worth and excellence. This, to the Greeks, was a pleaſure totally unknown. As the women lived retired in their own apartments, if they had any amiable qualities, they were buried in perpetual obſcurity. Even huſbands were, in Sparta, limited as to the time and duration of the viſits made to their wives; and it was the cuſtom at meals for the two ſexes always to eat ſeparately.

The apartments deſtined for the women, in order to keep them more private, were always in the back and generally in the upper part, of the houſe. The famous Helen is ſaid to have had her chamber in the loftieſt part of it; and ſo wretched were their dwellings, that even Penelope, queen of Ulyſſes, ſeems to have deſcended from hers by a ladder.

Unmarried women, whether maids or widows, were under the ſtricteſt confinement. The former, indeed, were not allowed to paſs without leave from one part of the houſe to another, leſt they ſhould be ſeen.

New married women were almoſt as ſtrictly confined as virgins. Hermione was ſeverely reproved by her old duenna, for appearing out of doors; a freedom, which, ſhe tells her, was not uſually taken by women in her ſituation, and which would endanger her reputation ſhould ſhe happen to be ſeen.

Ariſtophanes introduces an Athenian lady, loudly complaining, that women were confined to their chambers, under lock and key, and guarded by maſtiffs, goblins, or any thing that could frighten away admirers.

The confinement, however, of the Grecian women, does not appear, in ſome caſes, to have been ſo much the effect of jealouſy, as of indifference. The men did not think them proper companions; and that ignorance, which is the reſult of a recluſe life, gave them too good reaſon to think ſo. Nothing in Greece was held in eſtimation, but valour and eloquence. Nature had diſqualified the fair ſex for both. They were therefore conſidered as mean and contemptible beings, much beneath the notice of heroes and of orators, who ſeldom favoured them with their company. Thus deſerted by a ſex which ought to be the ſource of knowledge, the underſtandings of the women were but ſhallow, and their company unintereſting; circumſtances which invariably happen in every country where the two ſexes have little communication with each other.

In peruſing the Grecian hiſtory, we every where meet with the moſt convincing proofs of the low condition of their women. Homer conſiders Helen, the wife of Menelaus, of little other value than as a part of the goods which were ſtolen along with her; and the reſtitution of theſe, and of her, are commonly mentioned in the ſame ſentence, in ſuch a manner, as to ſhew, that ſuch reſtitution would be conſidered as a full reparation of the injury ſuſtained.

The ſame author, in celebrating Penelope, the wife of Ulyſſes, for refuſing in his abſence ſo many ſuitors, does not appear to place the merit of her conduct, in a ſuperior regard to chaſtity, or in love to her huſband; but in preſerving to his family the dowry ſhe had brought along with her, which, on a ſecond marriage, muſt have been reſtored to her father Icarius.

Telemachus is always repreſented as a moſt dutiful ſon. But, notwithſtanding this, we find him reproving his mother in a manner which ſhews that the ſex, in general, were not treated with ſoftneſs and delicacy,

delicacy, however dignified, or with whatever authority inveſted.

" Your widowed hours, apart, with female toil,
" And various labours of the loom, beguile.
" There rule, from palace cares remote and free;
" That care to man belongs, and moſt to me."

If we take a view of the privileges beſtowed by law or cuſtom on the Grecian women, we ſhall find, that, in the earlier ages, they were allowed a vote in the public aſſemblies. This privilege, however, was afterwards taken from them. They ſucceeded equally with brothers to the inheritance of their fathers; and to the whole of that inheritance, if they had no brothers. But to this laſt privilege was always annexed a circumſtance, which muſt have been extremely diſagreeable to every woman of ſentiment and feeling. An heireſs was obliged, by the laws of Greece, to marry her neareſt relation, that the eſtate might not go out of the family; and this relation, in caſe of a refuſal, had a right to ſue for the delivery of her perſon, as we do for goods and chattels.

He who divorced his wife was obliged either to return her dowry, or pay her ſo much per month, by way of maintenance. He who raviſhed a free woman was obliged in ſome ſtates, to marry her, in others to pay a hundred, and in others again, a thouſand drachmas.

But, when we impartially conſider the good and ill treatment of the Grecian women, we find that the balance was much againſt them, and may therefore conclude, that, though the Greeks were eminent in arts, and illuſtrious in arms; yet, in politeneſs and elegance of manners, the higheſt pitch to which they ever arrived, was only a few degrees above ſavage barbarity.

In

In the different æras of Grecian hiſtory, however, we muſt not ſuppoſe that the women were always the ſame. It appears that the manners in the iſles of Greece, in general, were much purer than on the continent. Thoſe iſlanders, by being leſs expoſed to foreign intercourſe, could more eaſily preſerve their laws and their virtues. The warlike convents of Lacedemon, the nurſeries only of ſoldiers, would be much more rigid than the ſmiling retreats of Athens, whence politeneſs was propagated, and faſhion announced; and the city of Thebes, where a ruſtic groſſneſs ſupplied the place of an elegant luxury, muſt have been very different from Corinth, which, on account of its ſituation and commerce, obtained the name of "The Two Seas of Wealth and pleaſure."

CHAP. VII.

OF THE GRECIAN COURTEZANS.

THE rank which the courtezans enjoyed, even in the brighteſt ages of Greece, and particulaly at Athens, is one of the greateſt ſingularities in the manners of any people. By what circumſtances could that order of women, who debaſe at once their own ſex and ours—in a country, where the women were poſſeſſed of modeſty, and the men of ſentiment, arrive at diſtinction, and ſometimes even at the higheſt degree of reputation and conſequence?—Several reaſons may be aſſigned for that phenomenon in ſociety.

In Greece, the courtezans were in ſome meaſure connected with the religion of the country. The goddeſs of Beauty had her altars; and ſhe was ſuppoſed to protect proſtitution, which was to her a ſpecies

cies of worſhip. The people invoked Venus in times of danger; and, after a battle, they thought they had done honour to Miltiades and Themiſtocles, becauſe the Laiſes and the Glyceras of the age had chaunted hymns to their goddeſs.

The courtezans were likewiſe connected with religion, by means of the arts. Their perſons afforded models for ſtatues, which were afterwards adored in the temples. Phrine ſerved as a model to Praxiteles, for his Venus of Cnidus. During the feaſts of Neptune, near Eleuſis, Apelles having ſeen the ſame courtezan on the ſea-ſhore, without any other veil than her looſe and flowing hair, was ſo much ſtruck with her appearance, that he borrowed from it the idea of his Venus riſing from the waves.

They were, therefore, connected with ſtatuary and painting, as they furniſhed the practiſers of thoſe arts with the means of embelliſhing their works.

The greater part of them were ſkilled in muſic; and, as that art was attended with higher effects in Greece, than it has ever been in any other country, it muſt have poſſeſſed, in their hands, an irreſiſtible charm.

Every one knows how enthuſiaſtic the Greeks were of beauty, They adored it in the temples. They admired it in the principal works of art. They ſtudied it in the exerciſes and the games. They thought to perfect it by their marriages. They offered rewards to it at the public feſtivals. But virtuous beauty was ſeldom to be ſeen. The modeſt women were confined to their own apartments, and were viſited only by their huſbands and neareſt relations. The courtezans offered themſelves every where to view; and their beauty, as might be expected, obtained univerſal homage.

Society only can unfold the beauties of the mind. Modeſt women were excluded from it. The cour-

tezans of Athens, by living in public, and converſing freely with all ranks of people, upon all manner of ſubjects, acquired by degrees a knowledge of hiſtory, of philoſophy, of policy, and a taſte in the whole circle of the arts. Their ideas were more extenſive and various, and their converſation was more ſprightly and entertaining, than any thing that was to be found among the virtuous part of the ſex. Hence their houſes became the ſchools of elegance. The poets and the painters went there to catch the fleeting forms of grace, and the changeable features of ridicule; the muſicians, to perfect the delicacy of harmony; and the philoſophers, to collect thoſe particulars of human life, which had hitherto eſcaped their obſervation.

The houſe of Aſpaſia was the reſort of Socrates and Pericles, as that of Ninon was of St. Evremont and Condé. They acquired from thoſe fair libertines taſte and politeneſs, and they gave them in exchange knowledge and reputation.

Greece was governed by eloquent men; and the celebrated courtezans, having an influence over thoſe orators, muſt have had an influence on public affairs. There was not one, not even the thundering, the inflexible Demoſthenes, ſo terrible to tyrants, but was ſubjected to their ſway. Of that great maſter of eloquence it has been ſaid, "What he had been a whole "year in erecting, a woman overturned in a day." That influence augmented their conſequence; and their talent of pleaſing increaſed with the occaſions of exerting it.

The laws and the public inſtitutions, indeed, by authorizing the privacy of women, ſet a high value on the ſanctity of the marriage vow. But in Athens, imagination, ſentiment, luxury, the taſte in arts and pleaſures, was oppoſite to the laws. The courtezans, therefore,

therefore, may be ſaid to have come in ſupport of the manners.

There was no check upon public licentiouſneſs; but private infidelity, which concerned the peace of families, was puniſhed as a crime. By a ſtrange and perhaps unequalled ſingularity, the men were corrupted, yet the domeſtic manners were pure. It ſeems as if the courtezans had not been conſidered to belong to their ſex; and, by a convention to which the laws and the manners bended, while other women were eſtimated merely by their virtues, they were eſtimated only by their accompliſhments.

Theſe reaſons will, in ſome meaſure, account for the honours, which the votaries of Venus ſo often received in Greece. Otherwiſe we ſhould have been at a loſs to conceive, why ſix or ſeven writers had exerted their talents to celebrate the courtezans of Athens—why three great painters had uniformly devoted their pencils to repreſent them on canvaſs—and why ſo many poets had ſtrove to immortalize them in their verſes. We ſhould hardly have believed that ſo many illuſtrious men had courted their ſociety—that Aſpaſia had been conſulted in deliberations of peace and war—that Phrine had a ſtatue of gold placed between the ſtatues of two kings at Delphos—that, after death, magnificent tombs had been erected to their memory.

"The traveller," ſays a greek writer, "who, "approaching to Athens, ſees on the ſide of the way "a monument which attracts his notice at a diſtance, "will imagine that it is the tomb of Miltiades or Pe-"ricles, or of ſome other great man, who has done "honour to his country by his ſervices. He advances, "he reads, and he learns that it is a courtezan of "Athens who is interred with ſo much pomp."

Theopompus, in a letter to Alexander the Great, ſpeaks alſo of the ſame monument in words to the following

following effect. "Thus, after her death, is a proſ-
"titute honoured; while not one of thoſe brave war-
"riors who fell in Aſia, fighting for you and for the
"ſafety of Greece, has ſo much as a ſtone erected
"to his memory, or an inſcription to preſerve his
"aſhes from inſult."

Such was the homage which that enthuſiaſtic people, voluptuous and paſſionate, paid to beauty. More guided by ſentiment than by reaſon, and having laws rather than principles, they baniſhed their great men, honoured their courtezans, murdered Socrates, permitted themſelves to be governed by Aſpaſia, preſerved inviolate the marriage-bed, and placed Phrine in the temple of Apollo!

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE ROMAN WOMEN.

AMONG the Romans, a grave and auſtere people, who, during five hundred years, were unacquainted with the elegancies and the pleaſures of life, and who, in the middle of furrows and fields of battle, were employed in tillage or in war, the manners of the women were a long time as ſolemn and ſevere as thoſe of the men, and without the ſmalleſt mixture of corruption, or of weakneſs.

The time when the Roman women began to appear in public, marks a particular æra in hiſtory.

In the infancy of the city, and even until the conqueſt of Carthage, ſhut up in their houſes, where a ſimple and ruſtic virtue paid every thing to inſtinct, and nothing to elegance—ſo nearly allied to barbariſm, as only to know what it was to be wives and mothers—

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chaſte without apprehending they could be otherwiſe —tender and affectionate, before they had learned the meaning of the words—occupied in duties, and ignorant that there were other pleaſures; they ſpent their life in retirement, in domeſtic œconomy, in nurſing their children, and in rearing to the republic a race of labourers, or of ſoldiers.

The Roman women, for many ages, were reſpected over the whole world. Their victorious huſbands reviſited them with tranſport, at their return from battle. They laid at their feet the ſpoils of the enemy, and endeared themſelves in their eyes, by the wounds which they had received for them and for the ſtate. Thoſe warriors often came from impoſing commands upon kings; and in their own houſes accounted it an honour to obey. In vain the too rigid laws had made them the arbiters of life and death. More powerful than the laws, the women ruled their judges. In vain the legiſlature, foreſeeing the wants which exiſt only among a corrupt people, permitted divorce. The indulgence of the polity was proſcribed by the manners.

Such was the influence of beauty at Rome, before the licentious intercourſe of the ſexes had corrupted both.

The Roman matrons do not ſeem to have poſſeſſed that military courage which Plutarch has praiſed in certain Greek and Barbarian women: they partook more of the nature of their ſex; or, at leaſt, they departed leſs from its character. Their firſt quality was decency. Every one knows the ſtory of Cato the cenſor, *who ſtabbed a Roman ſenator for kiſſing his own wife in the preſence of his daughter.*

To theſe auſtere manners, the Roman women joined an enthuſiaſtic love of their country, which diſcovered itſelf upon many great occaſions. On the death of Brutus, they all clothed themſelves in mourning.

ing. In the time of Coriolanus they ſaved the city. That incenſed warrior, who had inſulted the ſenate and the prieſts, and who was ſuperior even to the pride of pardoning, could not reſiſt the tears and entreaties of the women. *They* melted his obdurate heart. The ſenate decreed them public thanks, ordered the men to give place to them upon all occaſions, cauſed an altar to be erected for them on the ſpot where the mother had ſoftened her ſon, and the wife her huſband; and the ſex were permitted to add another ornament to their head-dreſs.

It is to be wiſhed that our modern ladies could aſſign as good a reaſon for the ſize of their caps.

The Roman women ſaved the city a ſecond time, when beſieged by Brennus. They gave up all their gold as its ranſom. For that inſtance of their generoſity, the ſenate granted them the honour of having funeral orations pronounced from the roſtrum, in common with patriots and heroes.

After the battle of Cannæ, when Rome had no other treaſures but the virtues of her citizens, the women ſacrificed both their gold and their jewels. A new decree rewarded their zeal.

Valerius Maximus, who lived in the reign of Tiberius, informs us that, in the ſecond triumvirate, the three aſſaſſins who governed Rome, thirſting after gold, no leſs than blood, and having already practiſed every ſpecies of robbery, and worn out every method of plunder, reſolved *to tax the women*. They impoſed a heavy contribution upon each of them. The women ſought an orator to defend their cauſe, but found none. Nobody would reaſon againſt thoſe who had the power of life and death. The daughter of the celebrated Hortenſius alone appeared. She revived the memory of her father's abilities, and ſupported with intripity her own cauſe, and that of her ſex. The ruffians bluſhed, and revoked their orders.

Hortenſia

Hortenſia was conducted home in triumph, and had the honour of having given, in one day, an example of courage to men, a patern of eloquence to women, and a leſſon of humanity to tyrants.

But the æra of the talents of women at Rome is to be found under the emperors. Society was then more perfected by opulence, by luxury, by the uſe and abuſe of the arts, and by commerce. Their retirement was then leſs ſtrict; their genius, being more active, was more exerted; their heart had new wants; the idea of reputation ſprung up in their minds; their leiſure increaſed with the diviſion of employments.

During upwards of ſix hundred years, the *virtues* had been found ſufficient to pleaſe. They now found it neceſſary to call in the *accompliſhments*. They were deſirous to join admiration to eſteem, till they learned to exceed eſteem itſelf. For, in all countries, in proportion as the love of virtue diminiſhes, we find the love of talents to increaſe.

A thouſand cauſes concurred to produce this revolution of manners among the Romans. The vaſt inequality of ranks, the enormous fortunes of individuals the ridicule affixed by the imperial court to moral ideas, all contributed to haſten the period of corruption.

There were ſtill, however, ſome great and virtuous characters among the Roman women. Portia, the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus, in the conſpiracy againſt Cæſar, ſhewed herſelf worthy to be aſſociated with the firſt of human kind, and truſted with the fate of empires. After the battle of Philippi, ſhe would neither *ſurvive* liberty nor Brutus, but died with the bold intrepidity of Cato.

The example of Portia was followed by that of Arria, who ſeeing her huſband hiſitating, and afraid to die, in order to encourage him, pierced her own breaſt,

breaſt, and delivered to him the dagger with a ſmile.

The name of Arria's huſband was Pætus. The manner of their death has furniſhed Martial with the ſubject of an elegant epigram, which may be thus paraphraſed:

" When to her huſband Arria gave the ſword,
" Which from her chaſte, her bleading breaſt ſhe drew;
" She ſaid, *My Pætus, this I do not fear;*
" *But, oh! the wound that muſt be made by you!*

" She could no more—but on her Pætus ſtill
" She fixed her feeble, her expiring eyes;
" And when ſhe ſaw him raiſe the pointed ſteel,
" She ſunk, and ſeem'd to ſay, *Now Arria* dies!"

Paulinia too, the wife of Seneca, cauſed her veins to be opened at the ſame time with her huſband's; but being forced to live, during the few years which ſhe ſurvived him " ſhe bore in her countenance," ſays Tacitus, " the honourable teſtimony of her love, a " *paleneſs*, which proved that part of her blood had " ſympathetically iſſued with the blood of her " ſpouſe."

The ſame exalted virtues were diſplayed, though in a different manner, by Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus; who, naturally haughty and ſenſible, after the death of that great man, buried herſelf in retirement in all the bloom of youth; and who, neither bending her ſtatelineſs under Tiberius, nor allowing herſelf to be corrupted by the manners of her age—as implacable in her hatred to the tyrant, as ſhe had been faithful to her huſband—ſpent her life in lamenting the one, and in deteſting the other. Nor ſhould the celebrated Epiniana be forgot, whom Veſpaſian ought to have admired, but whom he ſo baſely put to death.

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To take notice of all the celebrated women of the empire, would much exceed the bounds of the preſent undertaking. But the empreſs Julia, the wife of Septimius Severus, poſſeſſed a ſpecies of merit ſo very different from any of thoſe already mentioned, as to claim particular attention.

This lady was born in Syria, and the daughter of a prieſt of the Sun. It was predicted that ſhe ſhould riſe to ſovereign dignity; and her character juſtified the prophecy.

Julia, while on the throne, loved, or pretended paſſionately to love, letters. Either from taſte, from a deſire to inſtruct herſelf, from a love of renown, or poſſibly from all theſe together, ſhe ſpent her life with philoſophers. Her rank of empreſs would not, perhaps, have been ſufficient to ſubdue thoſe bold ſpirits; but ſhe joined to that the more powerful influences of wit and beauty. Theſe three kinds of empire rendered leſs neceſſary to her that which conſiſts only in art; and which, attentive to their taſtes and their weakneſſes, governs great minds by little means.

It is ſaid that ſhe was a philoſopher. Her philoſophy, however, did not extend ſo far as to give chaſtity to her manners. Her huſband, who did not love her, valued her underſtanding ſo much, that he conſulted her upon all occaſions. She governed in the ſame manner under his ſon.

Julia was, in ſhort, an empreſs and a politician, occupied at the ſame time about literature and affairs of ſtate, while ſhe mingled her pleaſures freely with both. She had courtiers for her lovers, ſcholars for her friends, and philoſophers for her counſellors. In the midſt of a ſociety, where ſhe reigned and was inſtructed, Julia arrived at the higheſt celebrity; but as, among all her excellencies, we find not thoſe of her ſex, the virtues of a woman, our admiration is loſt in blame.

In her life-time ſhe obtained more praiſe than reſpect; and poſterity, while it has done juſtice to her talents and her accompliſhments, has agreed to deny her eſteem.

At laſt, in following the courſe of hiſtory, the famous Zenobia preſents herſelf: ſhe was worthy to have been a pupil of *Longinus;* for ſhe knew how to write, as well as how to conquer. When ſhe was afterward unfortunate, ſhe was ſo with dignity. She conſoled herſelf for the loſs of a throne, and the pleaſures of grandeur, with the ſweets of ſolitude and the joys of reaſon.

CHAP. IX.

LAWS AND CUSTOMS RESPECTING THE ROMAN WOMEN.

THE Roman women, as well as the Grecian, were under perpetual guardianſhip; and were not at any age, nor in any condition, ever truſted with the management of their own fortunes.

Every father had a power of life and death over his own daughters: but this power was not reſtricted to daughters only; it extended alſo to ſons.

The Oppian law prohibited women from having more than half an ounce of gold employed in ornamenting their perſons, from wearing clothes of divers colours, and from riding in chariots, either in the city, or a thouſand paces round it.

They were ſtrictly forbid to uſe wine, or even to have in their poſſeſſion the key of any place where it was kept. For either of theſe faults they were liable to be divorced by their huſbands. So careful were the Romans

Romans in reſtraining their women from wine, that they are ſuppoſed to have firſt introduced the cuſtom of ſaluting their female relations and acquaintances, on entering into the houſe of a friend or neighbour, that they might diſcover by their breath, whether they had taſted any of that liquor.

This ſtrictneſs, however, began in time to be relaxed; until at laſt, luxury becoming too ſtrong for every law, the women indulged themſelves in equal liberties with the men.

But ſuch was not the caſe in the earlier ages of Rome. Romulus even permitted huſbands to kill their wives, if they found them drinking wine. And, if we may believe Valerius Maximus, *Egnatius Metellus*, having detected his wife drinking out of a caſk, actually made uſe of this permiſſion, and was acquitted by Romulus.

Fabius Pictor relates, that the parents of a Roman lady, having detected her picking the lock of a cheſt which contained ſome wine, ſhut her up and ſtarved her to death.

Women were liable to be divorced by their huſbands almoſt at pleaſure, provided the portion was returned which they had brought along with them. They were alſo liable to be divorced for barrenneſs, which, if it could be conſtrued into a fault, was at leaſt the fault of nature, and might ſometimes be that of the huſband.

A few ſumptuary laws, a ſubordination to the men, and a total want of authority, do not ſo much affect the ſex, as to be coldly and indelicately treated by their huſbands.

Such a treatment is touching them in the tendereſt part. Such, however, we have reaſon to believe, they often met with from the Romans, who had not yet learned, as in modern times, to blend the rigidity of the patriot, and roughneſs of the warrior, with that

ſoft

ſoft and indulging behaviour, ſo conſpicuous in our modern patriots and heroes.

Huſbands among the Romans not only themſelves behaved roughly to their wives, but even ſometimes permitted their ſervants and ſlaves to do the ſame. The principal eunuch of Juſtinian the Second threatened to chaſtiſe the empreſs, his maſter's wife, in the manner that children are chaſtiſed at ſchool, if ſhe did not obey his orders.

With regard to the private diverſions of the Roman ladies, hiſtory is ſilent. Their public ones were ſuch as were common to both ſexes; as bathing, theatrical repreſentations, horſe-races, ſhows of wild beaſts, which fought againſt one another, and ſometimes againſt men, whom the emperors, in the plenitude of their deſpotic power, ordered to engage them.

The Romans, of both ſexes, ſpent a great deal of time at the baths; which at firſt, perhaps, were interwoven with their religion, but at laſt were only conſidered as refinements in luxury. They were places of public reſort, where all the news of the times were to be heard, where people met with their acquaintances and friends, where public libraries were kept for ſuch as choſe to read, and where poets recited their works to ſuch as had patience to hear.

In the earlier periods of Rome, ſeparate baths were appropriated to each ſex. Luxury by degrees getting the better of decency, the men and women at laſt bathed promiſcuouſly together. Though this indecent manner of bathing was prohibited by the emperor Adrian; yet, in a ſhort time, inclination overcame the prohibition; and, in ſpite of every effort, promiſcuous bathing continued until the time of Conſtantine, who, by the coercive force of the legiſlative authority, and the rewards and terrors of the Chriſtian religion, put a final ſtop to it.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

OF THE EFFECTS OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE MANNERS OF WOMEN.

PHILOSOPHY had no fixed principles for women. The religion of antiquity was only a kind of ſacred policy, which had rather ceremonies than precepts. The ancients honoured their gods as we honour our great men: they offered them incenſe, and expected their protection in exchange. The gods were their guardians, not their legiſlators.

Chriſtianity on the other hand, was a legiſlation: it impoſed laws for the regulation of manners; it ſtrengthened the marriage knot; to the political it added a ſacred tie, and placed the matrimonial engagements under the juriſdiction of Heaven.

Not ſatisfied with regulating the actions, Chriſtianity extended its empire even to the thoughts. Above all, it combated the ſenſes. It waged war even with ſuch inanimate objects as might be the objects of ſeduction, or were the means of ſeduction. In a word, rouſing vice in her ſecret cell, it made her become her own tormentor.

The legiſlation of the Greeks and Romans referred the motive of every action to the political intereſt of ſociety. But the new and ſacred legiſlation, inſpiring only contempt for this world, referred all things to a future and very different ſtate of exiſtence.

The detachment of the ſenſes, the reign of the ſoul, and an inexpreſſibly ſublime and ſupernatural ſomething, which blended itſelf with both, became the doctrine of a body of people. Hence the vow of continence, and the conſecration of celibacy.

Life was a combat. The ſanctity of the manners threw a veil over nature and over ſociety; Beauty was afraid to pleaſe; Valour dropt his ſpear; the paſſions were taught to ſubmit; the ſeverity of the ſoul increaſed every day, by the ſacrifices of the ſenſes.

The women, who generally poſſeſs a lively imagination, and a warm heart, devoted themſelves to virtues, which were as flattering as they were difficult, and no leſs elevated than auſtere.

The diſciples of chriſtianity were taught to love and comfort one another, like children of the ſame family. In conſequence of this doctrine, the more tender ſex, converting to pity the ſenſibility of nature; devoted their lives to the ſervice of indigence and diſtreſs. Delicacy learned to overcome diſguſt. The tears of pity were ſeen to flow in the huts of miſery, and in the cells of diſeaſe, with the friendly ſympathy of a ſiſter.

The perſecutions which aroſe in the empire, ſoon after the introduction of chriſtianity, afforded that religion a new opportunity of diſcovering its efficacy. To preſerve the faith, it was often neceſſary to ſuffer impriſonment, baniſhment, and death. Courage then became neceſſary.

There is a deliberate courage, which is the reſult of reaſon, and which is equally bold and calm: it is the courage of philoſophers and of heroes. There is a courage which ſprings from the imagination, which is ardent and precipitate; ſuch is moſt commonly the courage of martyrs, or religious courage.

The courage of the Chriſtian women was founded upon the nobleſt motives. Animated by the glorious hope of immortality, they embraced flames and gibbets, and offered their delicate and feeble bodies to the moſt excruciating tortures.

This

This revolution in the ideas, and in the manners, was followed by another in the writings. Such as made women their ſubject became as auſtere and ſeraphic as they.

Almoſt all the doctors of thoſe times, raiſed by the church both to the rank of orators and of ſaints, emulated each other in praiſing the Chriſtian women. But he who ſpeaks of them with moſt eloquence and with moſt zeal, is Saint Jerom; who, born with a ſoul of fire, ſpent twenty-four years, in writing, in combating, and in conquering himſelf.

The manners of this ſaint were probably more ſevere than his thoughts. He had a number of illuſtrious women at Rome among his diſciples. Thus ſurrounded with beauty, though he eſcaped weakneſs, yet he was not able to eſcape calumny. At laſt, flying from the world, from women, and from himſelf, he retired to Paleſtine; where all that he had fled from ſtill purſued him, tormented him under the penitential ſackcloth, and, in the middle of ſolitary deſerts, re-echoed in his ears the tumult of Rome.

Such was Saint Jerom, the moſt eloquent panegyriſt of the Chriſtian women of the fourth century. That warm and pious writer, though generally harſh and obſcure, ſoftens his ſtyle, in a thouſand places, to praiſe a great number of Roman women, who, at the Capitol, had embraced chriſtianity, and ſtudied in Rome the language of the Hebrews, that they might read and underſtand the books of Moſes.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

OF WOMEN IN SAVAGE LIFE.

MAN, in a ſtate of barbarity, equally cruel and indolent, active by neceſſity, but naturally inclined to repoſe, is acquainted with little more than the phyſical effects of love; and, having none of thoſe moral ideas which only can ſoften the empire of force, he is led to conſider it as his ſupreme law, ſubjecting to his deſpotiſm thoſe whom reaſon had made his equals, but whoſe imbicillity betrayed them to his ſtrength.

Caſt in the lap of naked nature, and expoſed to every hardſhip, the forms of women, in ſavage life, are but little engaging. With nothing that deſerves the name of culture, their latent qualities, if they have any, are like the diamond, while incloſed in the rough flint, incapable of ſhewing any luſtre. Thus deſtitute of every thing by which they can excite love, or acquire eſteem; deſtitute of beauty to charm, or art to ſoothe, the tyrant man; they are by him deſtined to perform every mean and ſervile office. In this the American and other ſavage women differ widely from thoſe of Aſia, who, if they are deſtitute of the qualifications neceſſary for gaining eſteem, have beauty, ornaments, and the art of exciting love.

In civilized countries a woman acquires ſome power by being the mother of a numerous family, who obey her maternal authority, and defend her honour and her life. But, even as a mother, a female ſavage has not much advantage. Her children, daily accuſtomed to ſee their father treat her nearly as a ſlave, ſoon begin to imitate his example, and either pay little regard to her authority, or ſhake it off altogether.

Of

Of this the Hottentot boys afford a remarkable proof. They are brought up by the women, till they are about fourteen years of age. Then, with ſeveral ceremonies, they are initiated into the ſociety of the men. After this initiation is over, it is reckoned manly for a boy to take the earlieſt opportunity of returning to the hut of his mother, and beating her in the moſt barbarous manner, to ſhew that he is now out of her juriſdiction. Should the mother complain to the men, they would only applaud the boy, for ſhewing ſo laudable a contempt for the ſociety and authority of women.

"Nothing," ſays Profeſſor Millar, ſpeaking of the women of barbarous nations, "can exceed the de-
"pendance and ſubjection in which they are kept, or
"the toil and drudgery which they are obliged to
"undergo. The huſband, when he is not engaged
"in ſome warlike exerciſe, indulges himſelf in idle-
"neſs, and devolves upon his wife the whole burden
"of his domeſtic affairs. He diſdains to aſſiſt her in
"any of thoſe ſervile employments. She ſleeps in a
"different bed, and is ſeldom permitted to have any
"converſation or correſpondence with him."

In the Brazils, the females are obliged to follow their huſbands to war, to ſupply the place of beaſts of burden, and to carry on their backs their children, proviſions, hammocks, and every thing wanted in the field.

In the Iſthmus of Darien, they are ſent along with warriors and travellers, as we do baggage horſes. Even their Queen appeared before ſome Engliſh gentlemen, carrying her ſucking child wrapt in a red blanket.

The women among the Indians of America are what the Helots were among the Spartans, a vanquiſhed people obliged to toil for their conquerors. Hence on the banks of the Oroonoko we have heard of mothers

mothers ſlaying their daughters out of compaſſion, and ſmothering them in the hour of their birth. They conſider this barbarous pity as a virtue.

Father Joſeph Gumilla, reproving one of them for this inhuman crime, received the following anſwer:—"I wiſh to God, Father, I wiſh to God, that my "mother had, by my death, prevented the manifold "diſtreſſes I have endured, and have yet to endure as "long as I live. Had ſhe kindly ſtifled me in my "birth, I ſhould not have felt the pain of death, nor "the numberleſs other pains to which life has ſubject-"ed me. Conſider, Father, our deplorable condi-"tion. Our huſbands go to hunt with their bows "and arrows, and trouble themſelves no farther: we "are dragged along with one infant at our breaſt, and "another in a baſket. They return in the evening "without any burden: we return with the burden "of our children. Though tired with long walking, "we are not allowed to ſleep, but muſt labour the "whole night, in grinding maize to make *chica* for "them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenneſs "beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread "us under foot. What then have we to comfort us "for ſlavery, perhaps of twenty years?—A young "wife is brought upon us and permitted to abuſe us "and our children. Can human nature endure ſuch "tyranny? What kindneſs can we ſhew to our "female children, equal to that of relieving them from "ſuch ſervitude, more bitter a thouſand times than "death? I repeat again, would to God my mother "had put me under ground, the moment I was "born."

If the great outlines of this complaint be true, they fully evince the deplorable condition of ſavage women; and that they are probable, ſimilar inſtances among barbarous nations will not permit us to doubt.

"The

"The men," ſays Commodore Byron, in his account of the inhabitants of South America, "exerciſe "a moſt deſpotic authority over their wives, whom "they conſider in the ſame view they do any other "part of their property, and diſpoſe of them accordingly. Even their common treatment of them is "cruel. For, though the toil and hazard of procuring food lies entirely on the women, yet they are "not ſuffered to touch any part of it, until the huſband is ſatisfied; and then he aſſigns them their "portion, which is generally very ſcanty, and ſuch a "he has not a ſtomach for himſelf."

The Greenlanders, who live moſtly upon ſeals, think it ſufficient to catch and bring them on ſhore; and would almoſt rather ſubmit to ſtarve, than aſſiſt their women in ſkinning, dreſſing, or dragging the cumbrous animals home to their huts.

In ſome parts of America, when the men kill any game in the woods, they lay it at the root of a tree, fix a mark there, and travelling until they arrive at their habitation, ſend their women to fetch it; a taſk which their own lazineſs and pride equally forbid.

Among many of the tribes of wandering Arabs, the women are not only obliged to do every domeſtic and every rural work, but alſo to feed, to dreſs, and ſaddle the horſes, for the uſe of their huſbands.

The Mooriſh women, beſides doing all the ſame kinds of drudgery, are alſo obliged to cultivate the fields, while their huſbands ſtand idle ſpectators of the toil, or ſleep inglorious beneath a neighbouring ſhade.

In Madura the huſband generally ſpeaks to his wife in the moſt imperious tone; while ſhe with fear and trembling approaches him, waits upon him while at meals, and pronounces not his name, but with the addition of every dignifying title ſhe can deviſe. In return for all this ſubmiſſion, he frequently beats and abuſes

abuſes her in the moſt barbarous manner. Being aſked the reaſon of ſuch a behaviour, one of them anſwered, "As our wives are ſo much our inferiors, "why ſhould we allow them to eat and drink with "us? Why ſhould they not ſerve us with whatever "we call for, and afterwards ſit down and eat up "what we leave? If they commit faults, why ſhould "they not ſuffer correction? It is their buſineſs only "to bring up our children, pound our rice, make our "oil, and do every other kind of drudgery, purpoſes "to which only their low and inferior natures are "adapted."

In ſeveral parts of America women are not ſuffered to enter into their temples, or join in their religious aſſemblies. In the houſes where the chiefs meet to conſult on the affairs of ſtate, they are only permitted to enter and ſeat themſelves on the floor on each ſide of the paſſage.

The Circaſſian cuſtom of breeding young girls, on purpoſe to be ſold in the public market to the higheſt bidder, is generally known. Perhaps, however, upon minute examination, we ſhall find that women are, in ſome degree, bought and ſold in every country, whether ſavage or civilized.

The following remark may very properly conclude this chapter. As, among ſavages, we almoſt conſtantly find women condemned to every ſpecies of ſlaviſh drudgery; ſo we as conſtantly find them emerging from this ſtate, in the ſame proportion as we find the men emerging from ignorance and brutality. The rank, therefore, and condition in which we find women in any country, mark out to us with the greateſt preciſion the exact point in the ſcale of civil ſociety, to which the people of ſuch country have arrived. And, indeed, were their hiſtory ſilent on every other ſubject, and only mentioned the manner in which they

treated

treated their women, we ſhould from thence be enabled to form a tolerable judgment of the barbarity or culture of their manners.

CHAP. XII.

OF THE EASTERN WOMEN.

THE women of the Eaſt have, in general, always exhibited the ſame appearance. Their manners, cuſtoms, and faſhions, unalterable like their rocks, have ſtood the teſt of many revolving ages. Though the kingdoms of their country have often changed maſters, though they have ſubmitted to the arms of almoſt every invader, yet the laws by which their ſex are governed and enſlaved have never been reviſed nor amended.

Had the manners and cuſtoms of the Aſiatic women been ſubject to the ſame changes as they are in Europe, we might have expected the ſame changes in the ſentiments and writings of their men. But, as this is not the caſe, we have reaſon to preſume that the ſentiments entertained by Solomon, by the apocryphal writers, and by the ancient Bramins, are the ſentiments of this day.

Though the confinement of women be an unlawful exertion of ſuperior power, yet it affords a proof that the inhabitants of the Eaſt are advanced ſome degrees farther in civilization than mere ſavages, who have hardly any love, and conſequently as little jealouſy.

This confinement is not very rigid in the empire of the Mogul. It is, perhaps, leſs ſo in China, and in Japan hardly exiſts.

Though women are confined in the Turkiſh empire, they experience every other indulgence. They are allowed, at ſtated times, to go to the public baths; their apartments are richly, if not elegantly furniſhed; they have a train of female ſlaves to ſerve and amuſe them; and their perſons are adorned with every coſtly ornament which their fathers or huſbands can afford.

Notwithſtanding the ſtrictneſs of confinement in Perſia, their women are treated with ſeveral indulgences. They are allowed a variety of precious liquors, of coſtly perfumes, and beautiful ſlaves; their apartments are furniſhed with the moſt elegant hangings and carpets; their perſons ornamented with the fineſt ſilks, and even loaded with the ſparkling jewels of the Eaſt. But all theſe trappings, however elegant, or however gilded, are only like the golden chains ſometimes made uſe of to bind a royal priſoner.

Solomon had a great number of queens and concubines; but a petty Hindoo chief has been known to have two thouſand women confined within the walls of his harem, and appropriated entirely to his pleaſure. Nothing leſs than unlimited power in the huſband is able to reſtrain women ſo confined, from the utmoſt diſorder and confuſion. They may repine in ſecret, but they muſt clothe their features with cheerfulneſs when their lord appears. Contumacy draws down on them immediate puniſhment: they are degraded, chaſtiſed, divorced, ſhut up in dark dungeons, and ſometimes put to death.

Their perſons, however, are ſo ſacred, that they muſt not in the leaſt be violated, nor even looked at, by any one but their huſbands. This female privilege has given an opportunity of executing many conſpiracies. Warriors, in ſuch vehicles as are uſually employed to carry women, have been often conveyed, without examination, into the apartments of the great; from whence, inſtead of iſſuing forth in the ſmiles of beauty, they have

have ruſhed out in the terror of arms, and laid the tyrants at their feet.

No ſtranger is ever allowed to ſee the women of Hindoſtan, nor can even brothers viſit their ſiſters in private. To be conſcious of the exiſtence of a man's wives ſeems a crime; and he looks ſurly and offended, if their health is enquired after. In every country, honour conſiſts in ſomething upon which the poſſeſſor ſets the higheſt value. This, with the Hindoo, is the chaſtity of his wives; a point without which he muſt not live.

In the midſt of ſlaughter and devaſtation, throughout all the Eaſt, the harem is a ſanctuary. Ruffians, covered with the blood of a huſband, ſhrink back with veneration from the ſecret apartment of his wives.

At Conſtantinople, when the ſultan ſends an order to ſtrangle a ſtate-criminal, and ſeize on his effects, the officers who execute it enter not into the harem, nor touch any thing belonging to the women.

Mr. Pope is very far from doing juſtice to the fair ſex, when he ſays—

"Moſt women have no character at all."

The character, however, of the Aſiatic ladies cannot be eaſily aſcertained. The narrow and limited ſphere in which they move, almoſt entirely diveſts them of every characteriſtic diſtinction which ariſes from liberty and ſociety. Shut up for ever in impenetrable harems, they can hardly be called creatures of the world, having no intercourſe with it, and no uſe for the ſocial and œconomical virtues which adorn its citizens. Frugality and induſtry are entirely out of their power. To the joys of friendſhip they are, perhaps, entire ſtrangers. The men treat them in ſuch a manner, that it is impoſſible they can eſteem them. The women are their conſtant rivals. As they

they are not allowed to attend public worſhip, they can have no other religion than the ſilent adoration of the heart. With reſpect to chaſtity, the manner in which they are diſpoſed of to their huſbands, and the treatment they meet with from them, are the moſt unlikely methods in the world to make them famous for that virtue.

Thoſe females who are the leaſt expoſed to feel the oppreſſive effects of deſpotiſm, employ themſelves in a manner well adapted to the ſex. To the women of Hindoſtan we owe a great part of thoſe works of taſte, ſo elegantly executed on the manufactures of the Eaſt; the beautiful colourings and exquiſite deſignings of their printed cottons; all the embroidery, and a part of that filligree work, which ſo much exceeds any thing in Europe. The deficiency of taſte, therefore, with which we ſo commonly charge them, does not ſeem to be ſo much a defect of nature, as of education. Brought up in luxurious indolence, excluded from all the buſy ſcenes of life, and, like children, provided with all thoſe things, the acquiſition of which calls forth the powers of the mind and body, they ſeldom have any motive to exert themſelves; but, when ſuch a motive exiſts, they have often exhibited the moſt convincing proofs of their ability.

Every Turkiſh ſeraglio and harem has a garden adjoining to it, and in the middle of this garden a large room, more or leſs decorated, according to the wealth of the proprietor. Here the ladies ſpend moſt of their time, with their attendant nymphs around them, employed at their muſic, embroidery, or loom. In theſe retreats, perhaps, they find more real pleaſure and enjoyment, than in the unbounded freedom of Europe, where love, intereſt, and ambition ſo often deſtroy their peace; and where Scandal, with her envenomed ſhafts, too often ſtrikes equally at guilt and innocence.

It

It has long been a cuſtom among the grandees of Aſia, to entertain ſtory-tellers of both ſexes, who like the *bards* of ancient Europe, divert them with tales, and little hiſtories, moſtly on the ſubject of bravery and love. Theſe often amuſe the women, and beguile the cheerleſs hours of the harem, by calling up images to their minds, which their eyes are for ever debarred from ſeeing.

All their other amuſements, as well as this, are indolently voluptuous. They ſpend a great part of their time in lolling on ſilken ſophas; while a train of female ſlaves, ſcarcely leſs voluptuous, attend to ſing to them, to fan them, and to rub their bodies; an exerciſe which the eaſterns enjoy with a ſort of placid ecſtaſy as it promotes the circulation of their languid blood.

They bathe themſelves in roſe-water, and other bathes, prepared with the precious odours of the Eaſt. They perfume themſelves with coſtly eſſences, and adorn their perſons, that they may pleaſe the *tyrant* with whom they are obliged to live.

At the court of the Mogul, women are frequently admitted into a gallery, with a curtain before them, through which, without being ſeen, they can ſee and hear what paſſes. It has ſometimes happened that the throne has been occupied by a woman, who, never appearing in open court, iſſued her imperial mandates from behind this curtain, like an inviſible being, producing the greateſt effects, while the cauſe of them was wrapt in darkneſs and obſcurity.

CHAP. XIII.

OF THE CHINESE WOMEN.

OF all the other Aſiatics, the Chineſe have, perhaps, the beſt title to modeſty. Even the men wrap themſelves cloſely up in their garments, and reckon it indecent to diſcover any more of their arms and legs than is neceſſary. The women, ſtill more cloſely wrapped up, never diſcover a naked hand even to their neareſt relations, if they can poſſibly avoid it. Every part of their dreſs, every part of their behaviour is calculated to preſerve decency, and inſpire reſpect. And, what adds the greateſt luſtre to their charms, is that uncommon modeſty which appears in every look, and in every action.

Charmed, no doubt, with ſo engaging a deportment, the men behave to them in a reciprocal manner. And, that their virtue may not be contaminated by the neighbourhood of vice, the legiſlature takes care that no proſtitutes ſhall lodge within the walls of any of the great cities of China.

Some however ſuſpect whether this appearance of modeſty be any thing elſe than the cuſtom of the country; and allege that, notwithſtanding ſo much ſeeming decency and decorum, they have their peculiar modes of intriguing, and embrace every poſſible opportunity of putting them in practice; and that, in theſe intrigues, they frequently ſcruple not to ſtab the paramour they had invited to their arms, as the ſureſt method of preventing detection and loſs of character. Such relations, however, are not to be found in any of our modern travellers, whoſe veracity is moſt to be depended on. A few, perhaps, of the moſt flagitious *may* be guilty of ſuch enormous crimes.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE WIVES OF THE INDIAN PRIESTS.

THE Bramins, or prieſts of India, though, like the reſt of their countrymen, they confine their women; yet, by treating them with lenity and indulgence, they ſecure their virtue by attaching their hearts.

Married to each other in their infancy, they have the greateſt veneration for the nuptial tie. Their mutual fondneſs increaſes with their ſtrength; and, in riper years, all the glory of the wives conſiſts in *pleaſing* their huſbands. This duty they conſider as one of the moſt ſacred of their holy religion, and which the gods will not ſuffer them to neglect with impunity.

While the reſt of the Hindoo women take every opportunity to elude their keepers, theſe voluntarily confine themſelves, at leaſt from the company and converſation of all ſtrangers, and in every reſpect copy that ſimplicity of life and manners for which their huſbands are ſo remarkable.

CHAP. XV.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE MAHOMETANS AND DUTCH, WITH REGARD TO THEIR WOMEN.

"WOMEN have *naturally* moſt power," ſays an ingenious lady *, "in thoſe countries "where the laws relative to them are moſt rigid; and, "wherever

* Mrs. Kinderſley.

" wherever legiſlators have moſt abridged their privi-
" leges, their power is moſt confeſſed."

If we take a ſlight view of the laws relative to the ſex amongſt people of different characters, and the cuſtoms which ſeem to throw light upon the ſubject, it will appear that women have *often* been, and *ſtill* are, reſtrained, confined, and ſubjected to ſevere laws, in proportion to the greatneſs of their *natural* power; and that they are, by the laws and uſages, encouraged and ſupported in proportion to their want of it.

Of this fact, the laws and cuſtoms of the Mahometans in Aſia reſpecting women, and the laws and manners relative to them amongſt the people of Holland, are a ſufficient proof.

A Mahometan places his ſupreme delight in his ſeraglio: his riches are beſtowed in purchaſing women to fill it; and, in proportion to his fortune, his females are beautiful and numerous. In women he places his chief amuſement, his luxury, his preſent happineſs, and future reward.

But this violent fondneſs for the ſex, divided as it is betwixt many favourites, informs him that other men have the ſame violent paſſions. The beauties of his ſeraglio, which delight him, he knows would delight other men, could they obtain a ſight of them. Hence ariſe the ſtrict confinement of his women, the guards of eunuchs, and every poſſible bar to their being viſible to other men. Hence it is, likewiſe, that, when he receives any new beauty into his houſe, the moſt profound ſecrecy is obſerved. But he does not *always* confine his wives and female ſlaves, becauſe he holds them in contempt: he guards their perſons, as his moſt valuable treaſures.

This extreme uxorioufneſs of the men, is what gives the women their natural power over them; and the knowledge of this power has cauſed the men to eſta-

bliſh

bliſh laws and cuſtoms, to prevent in ſome meaſure its effects.

Theſe laws prevent the women from having any ſhare in government, debar them from entering the moſques, from holding any lands, or enjoying any fortunes, independent of their huſbands or parents; and, in ſhort, give their huſbands an abſolute authority over them.

In Holland, on the contrary, where the men are of a phlegmatic diſpoſition, devoted to gain, enemies to luxury, prudent, ſelfiſh, and cold in their attachments to the ſex, the *natural* power of women muſt conſequently be ſmall. On this account, as there is little danger that the men will treat them with too much kindneſs, or be ſeduced by their allurements, the laws are calculated not to increaſe, but to reſtrain the authority of huſbands; and the magiſtrates find it neceſſary to ſupport the women in the privileges the laws have given them, by great attention to their complaints

Nevertheleſs, in ſpite of the ſeverity of the Mahometan laws reſpecting women, and the lenity of the laws reſpecting them in Holland, it appears that there have been numbers of Mahometans (even men on whom the fate of kingdoms has depended) who have given themſelves up to the entire direction of their female favourites; though it does not appear that Dutch huſbands give up their intereſt through the influence of their wives.

The manners of Mahometan women, and the manners of Dutch women, are no leſs different than the laws by which they are governed; and, in both, the difference ariſes from the ſame cauſes.

As a Muſſulman procures wives and female ſlaves for his pleaſure only, nothing is expected in them but youth and beauty, or, at moſt, the arts of ſinging and dancing. They are too precious to be fatigued by cares. As their buſineſs is only to make themſelves agreeable,

agreeable, they attire themſelves in the moſt expenſive dreſſes, practiſe the moſt becoming attitudes, and throw their eyes with the moſt bewitching languiſhment; are feeble and indolent in their youth; and old age, which comes upon women early in their climate, is ſpent in jealouſy of their more youthful rivals.

But, as a Dutch woman is expected to ſerve, ſhe attends to buſineſs, and neglects her perſon: ſhe is inelegant and robuſt; her laughs are hearty, and her expreſſions coarſe.

A Dutchman deſires in his wife an aſſiſtant, a ſteward, a partner in his cares. She only expects to be valued in proportion to her induſtry and œconomy: As, therefore, the Mahometan women are examples of the moſt extreme indolence; the Dutch women are remarkable for their application to buſineſs. Thus they become of conſequence in themſelves, as well as uſeful in promoting the intereſt of their huſbands, not only by their domeſtic œconomy, but by their knowledge in traffic. The wife, indeed, is very often both the aſſiſtant and the director of her huſband's affairs; and many unmarried women are very conſiderable merchants.

But though many of them, by their induſtry and application to buſineſs, gain a degree of conſequence, it is a conſequence independent of their ſex. It is not the woman, but the merchant, who is conſidered.

The women of Holland are under very little reſtraint, becauſe the Dutch are unacquainted with that jealouſy which torments a Muſſulman; and can, without any uneaſineſs, ſee their wives carrying on buſineſs, and ſtriking bargains, with the greateſt ſtrangers.

In contraſt to the myſterious ſecrecy with which a female is uſhered into a ſeraglio, the marriages of the Dutch are proclaimed long before they take place; and their courtſhips are carried on even without that reſerve

reſerve and delicacy obſerved in the politer nations of Europe.

In ſpeaking of Holland, we muſt be underſtood to mean the bulk of the people. The few people of rank are imitators of the French manners. Among theſe, however, the national character is viſible.

CHAP. XVI.

OF THE AFRICAN WOMEN.

THE Africans were formerly renowned for their induſtry in cultivating the ground, for their trade, navigation, caravans, and uſeful arts. At preſent they are remarkable for their idleneſs, ignorance, ſuperſtition, treachery, and, above all, for their lawleſs methods of robbing and murdering all the other inhabitants of the globe.

Though they ſtill retain ſome ſenſe of their infamous character, yet they do not chooſe to reform. Their prieſts, therefore, endeavour to juſtify them, by the following ſtory: "Noah," ſay they, "was no ſooner "dead, than his three ſons, the firſt of whom was "*white*, the ſecond *tawny*, and the third *black*, having "agreed upon dividing among them his goods and "poſſeſſions, ſpent the greateſt part of the day in "ſorting them; ſo that they were obliged to adjourn "the diviſion till the next morning. Having ſupped, "and ſmoked a friendly pipe together, they all went "to reſt, each in his own tent. After a few hours "ſleep, the white brother got up, ſeized on the gold, "ſilver, precious ſtones, and other things of the great-"eſt value, loaded the beſt horſes with them, and rode "away to that country where his white poſterity

"have

" have been ſettled ever ſince. The tawny, awaking " ſoon after, and with the ſame criminal intention, " was ſurpriſed, when he came to the ſtorehouſe, to " find that his brother had been beforehand with him. " Upon which, he haſtily ſecured the reſt of the " horſes and camels, and loading them with the beſt " carpets, clothes, and other remaining goods, directed " his route to another part of the world, leaving be- " hind him only a few of the courſeſt of the goods, " and ſome proviſions of little value.

" When the third, or black brother, came next " morning, in the ſimplicity of his heart, to make the " propoſed diviſion, and could neither find his bre- " thren, nor any of the valuable commodities, he eaſily " judged that they had tricked him, and were by that " time fled beyond any poſſibility of a diſcovery.

" In this moſt afflicted ſituation, he took his *pipe*, " and began to conſider the moſt effectual means of " retrieving his loſs, and being revenged on his per- " fidious brothers.

" After revolving a variety of ſchemes in his mind, " he at laſt fixed upon watching every opportunity " of making repriſals on them, and laying hold of " and carrying away their property, as often as it " ſhould fall in his way, in revenge for the loſs of that " patrimony of which they had ſo unjuſtly deprived " him.

" Having come to this reſolution, he not only con- " tinued in the practice of it all his life, but on his " death-bed laid the ſtrongeſt injunctions on his de- " ſcendants to do ſo, to the end of the world."

Some tribes of the Africans, however, when they have engaged themſelves in the protection of a ſtranger, are remarkable for fidelity. Many of them are conſpicuous for their temperance, hoſpitality, and ſeveral other virtues.

Their

Their women, upon the whole, are far from being indelicate or unchaſte. On the banks of the Niger, they are tolerably induſtrious, have a conſiderable ſhare of vivacity, and at the ſame time, a female reſerve, which would do no diſcredit to a politer country. They are modeſt, affable, and faithful; an air of innocence appears in their looks, and in their language, which gives a beauty to their whole deportment.

When, from the Niger, we approach toward the Eaſt, the African women degenerate in ſtature, complexion, ſenſibility, and chaſtity. Even their language, like their features, and the ſoil they inhabit, is harſh and diſagreeable. Their pleaſures reſemble more the tranſports of fury, than the gentle emotions communicated by agreeable ſenſations.

Beyond the river Volta, in the country of Benin, the women, though far from being famous for any of the virtues, would not be diſagreeable in their looks, were it not for the abominable cuſtom of marking their faces with ſcars, for the ſame purpoſes as our European ladies lay on paint.

Though in few reſpects better than ſavages, there is a particular opinion all over this country, which tends to humonize the mind. This is a firm perſuaſion, that, to whatever place they remove themſelves, or are by any accident removed, they ſhall after death return to their own country, which they conſider as the moſt delightful in the univerſe.

This fond deluſive hope not only ſoftens the ſlavery to which they are often condemned in other countries, but alſo induces them to treat ſuch ſtrangers as come among them with much civility. They think they are come there to enjoy paradiſe, and to receive the reward of virtuous actions done in other countries.

CHAP. XVII.

OF THE EFFECTS OF CHIVALRY ON THE CHARACTER AND THE MANNERS OF WOMEN.

HISTORY does not afford ſo ſingular a revolution in policy and manners, as that which followed the ſubverſion of the Roman empire.

It is to the barbarians, who ſpread conflagration and ruin, who trampled on the monuments of art, and ſpurned the appendages of elegance and pleaſure, that we owe the bewitching ſpirit of gallantry which in theſe ages of refinement, reigns in the courts of Europe. That ſyſtem, which has made it a principle of honour among us to conſider the women as ſovereigns; which has partly formed our cuſtoms, our manners, and our policy; which has exalted the human character, by ſoftening the empire of force; which mingles politeneſs with the uſe of the ſword; which delights in protecting the weak, and in conferring that importance which nature or fortune have denied — that ſyſtem was brought hither from the frozen ſhores of the Baltic, and from the ſavage foreſts of the North.

The nothern nations, in general, paid a great reſpect to women. Continually employed in hunting or in war, they condeſcended only to ſoften their ferocity in the preſence of the fair. Their foreſts were the nurſeries of chivalry: beauty was there the reward of valour.

A warrior, to render himſelf worthy of his miſtreſs, went in ſearch of glory and of danger. Jealouſy produced challenges. Single combats, inſtituted by love, often ſtained with blood the woods and the borders of the lakes; and the ſword aſcertained the rights of Venus as well as of Mars.

Let

Let us not be ſurpriſed at theſe manners. Among men who have made few advances in civilization, but who are already united in large bodies, women have naturally the greateſt ſway. Society is then ſufficiently cultivated to have introduced the ideas of preference and of choice, in the connection between the ſexes, which ſeem to be little regarded, if at all known, among ſavages. It is however too rude to partake of that ſtate of effeminacy, in which the ſenſes are enfeebled, and the affections worn out by habit.

People but little removed from barbariſm, in the perfection of their animal powers, and ignorant of all thoſe artificial pleaſures created by the wants of poliſhed life, feel more exquiſitely the pleaſures of nature, and the genuine emotions of man. They mingle even with their love a kind of adoration to the female ſex.

Several of the nothern nations imagined that women could look into futurity, and that they had about them an inconceivable ſomething approaching to divinity. Perhaps that idea was only the effect of the ſagacity common to the ſex, and the advantage which their natural addreſs gave them over rough and ſimple warriors. Perhaps, alſo, thoſe barbarians, ſurpriſed at the influence which beauty has over force, were led to aſcribe to ſupernatural attraction a charm which they could not comprehend.

A belief, however, that the Deity communicates himſelf more readily to women, has at one time or other prevailed in every quarter of the earth: not only the Germans and the Britons, but all the people of Scandinavia, were poſſeſſed of it. Among the Greeks, women delivered the oracles. The reſpect which the Romans paid to the Sibyls is well known. The Jews had their propheteſſes. The predictions of the Egyptian women obtained much credit at Rome, even under the emperors. And, in the moſt barbarous nations, all things that have the appearance of being ſupernatural,

ſupernatural, the myſteries of religion, the ſecrets of phyſic, and the rites of magic, are in the poſſeſſion of the women.

The barbarians who over-ran Europe carried their opinions along with their arms. A revolution in the manner of living muſt therefore ſoon have taken place. The climates of the north required little reſerve between the ſexes; and, during the invaſions from that quarter, which continued for three or four hundred years, it was common to ſee women mixed with warriors.

By aſſociating with a corrupted people, who had all the vices of former proſperity, along with thoſe of preſent adverſity, the conquerors were not likely to imbibe more ſevere ideas. Hence we ſee thoſe ſons of the north, in ſofter climates, uniting the vices of refinement to the ſtatelineſs of the warrior, and the pride of the barbarian.

They embraced Chriſtianity; but it rather modified than changed their character: it mingled itſelf with their cuſtoms, without altering the genius of the people.

Thus, by degrees, were laid the foundations of new manners, which, in modern Europe, have brought the two ſexes more on a level, by aſſigning to the women a kind of ſovereignty, and aſſociating love with valour.

The true æra of chivalry was the fourteenth century. That civil and military inſtitution took its riſe from a train of circumſtances, and the native bent of the new inhabitants.

Shattered by the fall of the empire, Europe had not yet arrived at any degree of conſiſtency. After five hundred years, nothing was fixed. From the mixture of Chriſtianity with the ancient cuſtoms of the barbarians, ſprung a continual diſcord in manners. From the mixture of the rights of the prieſthood with thoſe of the empire, ſprung a diſcord in laws and politics.

politics. From the mixture of the rights of ſovereigns with thoſe of the nobility, ſprung a diſcord in government. Anarchy and confuſion were the reſult of ſo many contraſts.

Chriſtianity, which had now loſt much of its original influence, like a feeble curb, was ſtill ſufficient to reſtrain the weak paſſions, but was no longer able to bridle the ſtrong. It produced remorſe, but could not prevent guilt.

The people of thoſe times made pilgrimages, and they pillaged: they maſſacred, and they afterwards did penance. Robbery and licentiouſneſs were blended with ſuperſtition.

It was in this æra that the nobility, idle and warlike, from a ſentiment of natural equity, and that uneaſineſs which follows the perpetration of violence, from the double motive of religion and of heroiſm, aſſociated themſelves together to effect, in a body, what government had neglected, or but poorly executed.

Their object was to combat the Moors in Spain, the Saracens in Aſia, the tyrants of the caſtles and ſtrong holds in Germany and in France; to aſſure the ſafety of travellers, as Hercules and Theſeus did of old; and, above all things, to defend the honour and protect the rights of the feeble ſex, againſt the too frequent villany and oppreſſion of the ſtrong.

A noble ſpirit of gallantry ſoon mingled itſelf with that inſtitution. Every knight, in devoting himſelf to danger, liſted himſelf under ſome lady as his ſovereign: it was for her that he attacked, for her that he defended, for her that he mounted the walls of cities and of caſtles, and for her honour that he ſhed his blood.

Europe was only one large field of battle, where warriors clad in armour, and adorned with the ribbands and with the cyphers of their miſtreſſes, engaged in cloſe fight to merit the favour of beauty.

Fidelity was then aſſociated with courage, and love was inſeparably connected with honour.

The women, proud of their ſway, and of receiving it from the hands of virtue, became worthy of the great actions of their lovers, and reciprocated paſſions as noble as thoſe they inſpired. An ungenerous choice debaſed them. The tender ſentiment was never felt, but when united with glory: and the manners breathed an inexpreſſible ſomething of pride, heroiſm, and tenderneſs, which was altogether aſtoniſhing.

Beauty, perhaps, never exerciſed ſo ſweet or ſo powerful an empire over the heart. Hence thoſe conſtant paſſions which our levity cannot comprehend, and which our manners, our little weakneſſes, our perpetual thirſt of hopes and deſires, our liſtleſs anxiety that torments us, and which tires itſelf in purſuit of emotion without pleaſure, and of impulſe without aim, have often turned into ridicule on our theatres, in our converſations, and in our lives.

But it is nevertheleſs true, that thoſe paſſions, foſtered by years, and rouſed by obſtacles; where reſpect kept hope at a diſtance; where love, fed only by ſacrifices, ſacrificed itſelf unceaſingly to honour—reinvigorated the characters and the ſouls of the two ſexes; gave more energy to the one, and more elevation to the other; changed men into heroes; and inſpired the women with a *pride* which was by no means hurtful to virtue.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE OPINION OF TWO MODERN AUTHORS CONCERNING CHIVALRY.

THE ſentiments of two late writers of high reputation corroberate this account of the origin and progreſs of chivalry.

" The ſyſtem of chivalry, when completely formed," ſays profeſſor Ferguſon, " proceeded on a marvellous reſpect and veneration to the fair ſex, on forms of combat eſtabliſhed, and on a ſuppoſed junction of the heroic and ſanctified character. The formalities of the duel, and a kind of judicial challenge, were known among the ancient Celtic nations of Europe. The Germans, even in their native foreſts, paid a kind of devotion to the female ſex. The chriſtian religion enjoined meekneſs and compaſſion to barbarous ages.

" Theſe different principles, combined together, may have ſerved as the foundation of a ſyſtem, in which courage was directed by religion and love, and the warlike and gentle were united together. When the characters of the hero and the ſaint were mixed, the mild ſpirit of Chriſtianity, though often turned into venom by the bigotry of oppoſite parties; though it could not always ſubdue the ferocity of the warrior, nor ſuppreſs the admiration of courage and force; may have confirmed the apprehenſions of men, in what was to be held meritorious and ſplendid, in the conduct of their quarrels.

" The feudal eſtabliſhments, by the high rank to which they elevated certain families, no doubt greatly favoured this romantic ſyſtem. Not only the luſture of a noble deſcent, but the ſtately caſtle beſet with battlements and towers, ſerved to inflame the imagination,

nation, and to create a veneration for the daughter and the ſiſter of gallant chiefs, whoſe point of *honour* it was to be inacceſſible and chaſte; and who could perceive no merit but that of the high-minded and the brave, nor be approached in any other accents than thoſe of gentleneſs and reſpect."

Profeſſor Millar, in his Obſervations concerning the Diſtinction of Ranks in Society, gives the following ſenſible and pleaſing account of chivalry: "From the prevailing ſpirit of the times, the art of war became the ſtudy of every one who was deſirous of maintaining the character of a gentleman. The youth were early initiated in the profeſſion of arms, and ſerved a ſort of apprenticeſhip under perſons of rank and experience.

"The young *ſquire* became in reality the ſervant of that leader to whom he had attached himſelf, and whoſe virtues were ſet before him as a mode which he propoſed to imitate.

"He was taught to perform, with eaſe and dexterity, thoſe exerciſes which were either ornamental or uſeful; and, at the ſame time, he endeavoured to acquire thoſe talents and accompliſhments which were thought ſuitable to his profeſſion.

"He was taught to look upon it as his duty to check the inſolent, to reſtrain the oppreſſor, to protect the weak and defenceleſs; to behave with frankneſs and humanity even to an enemy, with modeſty and politeneſs to all.

"According to the proficiency which he had made, he was proportionably advanced in rank and character. He was honoured with new titles and marks of diſtinction, till at length he arrived at the dignity of knighthood. This dignity even the greateſt potentates were ambitious of acquiring, as it was ſuppoſed to diſtinguiſh a perſon who had obtained the moſt complete military education, and who had attained to a high

a high degree of eminence in thoſe particular qualities which were then univerſally admired and reſpected.

" The ſituation of mankind in thoſe periods had alſo a manifeſt tendency to heighten and improve the paſſion between the *ſexes*.

" It was not to be expected that thoſe opulent chiefs, who were ſo often at variance, and who maintained a conſtant oppoſition to each other, would allow any ſort of familiarity to take place between the members of their reſpective families. Retired in their own caſtles, and ſurrounded by their numerous vaſſals, they looked upon their neighbours either as inferior to them in rank, or as enemies againſt whom they were obliged to be conſtantly upon their guard. They behaved to each other with that ceremonious civility which the laws of *chivalry* required; but, at the ſame time, with that reſerve and caution which a regard to their own ſafety made it neceſſary for them to obſerve.

" The young knight, as he marched to the tournament, ſaw at a diſtance the *daughter* of the chieftain by whom the ſhow was exhibited; and it was even with difficulty that he could obtain acceſs to her, in order to declare the ſentiments with which ſhe had inſpired him. He was entertained by her relations with that cold reſpect which demonſtrated their unwillingneſs to contract an alliance with him. The lady herſelf was taught to aſſume the pride of her family, and to think that no perſon was worthy of her affection, who did not poſſeſs the moſt exalted rank and character. To have given way to a ſudden inclination, would have diſgraced her for ever in the opinion of all her kindred; and it was only by a long courſe of attention, and of the moſt reſpectful ſervice, that the lover could hope for any favour from his miſtreſs.

" The barbarous ſtate of the country at that time, and the injury to which the inhabitants, eſpecially thoſe

thoſe of the weaker ſex, were frequently expoſed, gave ample ſcope for the diſplay of military talents; and the knight who had nothing to do at home was encouraged to wander from place to place, and from one court to another, in queſt of adventures. Thus he endeavoured to advance his reputation in arms, and to recommend himſelf to the fair of whom he was enamoured, by fighting with every perſon who was ſo inconſiderate as to diſpute her unrivalled beauty, virtue, or perſonal accompliſhments.

"As there were many perſons in the ſame ſituation, ſo they were naturally inſpired with ſimilar ſentiments. Rivals to one another in military glory, they were often competitors, as Milton expreſſeth it, *to win her grace whom all commend;* and the ſame emulation which diſpoſed them to aim at pre-eminence in one reſpect, excited them with no leſs eagerneſs to diſpute the preference in the other. Their diſpoſitions and manner of thinking became faſhionable, and were gradually diffuſed by the force of education and example.

"To be in love was looked upon as one of the neceſſary qualifications of a knight; and he was no leſs ambitious of ſhewing his conſtancy and fidelity to his miſtreſs, than of diſplaying his military virtues. He aſſumed the title of her ſlave and ſervant. By this he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in every conflict in which he was engaged; and his ſucceſs was ſuppoſed to redound to her honour, no leſs than to his own. If ſhe had beſtowed upon him a *preſent* to be worn in the field of battle, in token of her regard, it was conſidered as a ſure pledge of victory, and as laying upon him the ſtrongeſt obligation to act in ſuch manner as would render him worthy of the favour which he had received.

"The ſincere and faithful paſſion, the diſtant *ſentimental* attachment which commonly occupied the heart

heart of every warrior, and which he poſſeſſed upon all occaſions, was naturally productive of the utmoſt purity of manners, and of great reſpect and veneration for the female ſex.

" Perſons who made a point of defending the reputation and dignity of that particular lady to whom they were devoted, became thereby extremely cautious and delicate, leſt, by any *inſinuation* whatever, they ſhould hurt the *character* of another, and be expoſed to the juſt cenſure and reſentment of thoſe by whom ſhe was protected.

" A woman who deviated ſo far from the eſtabliſhed maxims of the age, as to violate the laws of chaſtity, was indeed deſerted by every body, and was therefore univerſally condemned and inſulted. But thoſe who adhered to the ſtrict rules of virtue, and maintained an unblemiſhed reputation, were treated like beings of a ſuperior order."

Such was the ſpirit of chivalry. It gave birth to an incredible number of performances in honour and in praiſe of women. The verſes of the bards, the Italian ſonnet, the plaintive romance, the poems of chivalry, the Spaniſh and French romances, were ſo many monuments of that kind, compoſed in the time of a noble barbariſm, and of a heroiſm, in which the great and ridiculous were often blended.

Theſe compoſitions, all once ſo much celebrated, are only calculated to gratify a vain curioſity. They may be compared to the ruins of a Gothic palace. They have, in general, the ſame foundation; and the praiſes in the one are as uniform as the apartments in the other. All the women are *prodigies* of beauty, and miracles of virtue.

In the courts, in the fields of battle or of tournament, every thing breathed of women. The ſame taſte prevailed in letters. One did not write, one did not think, but for them. The ſame man was often both

both poet and warrior. He ſung with his lyre, and encountered with his lance, by turns, for the beauty that he adored.

CHAP. XIX.

OF THE GREAT ENTERPRISES OF WOMEN IN THE TIMES OF CHIVALRY.

THE times and the manners of chivalry, by bringing great enterpriſes, bold adventures, and I know not what of extravagant heroiſm into faſhion, inſpired the women with the ſame taſte.

The two ſexes always imitate each other. Their manners and their minds are refined or corrupted, invigorated or diſſolved together.

The women, in conſequence of the prevailing paſſion, were now ſeen in the middle of camps and of armies. They quitted the ſoft and tender inclinations, and the delicate offices of their own ſex, for the courage, and the toilſome occupations of ours.

During the cruſades, animated by the double enthuſiaſm of religion and of valour, they often performed the moſt romantic exploits. They obtained indulgences on the field of battle, and died with arms in their hands, by the ſide of their lovers, or of their huſbands.

In Europe, the women attacked and defended fortifications. Princeſſes commanded their armies, and obtained victories.

Such was the celebrated Joan de Mountfort, diſputing for her duchy of Bretagne, and engaging the enemy herſelf.

Such

Such was the ſtill more celebrated Margaret of Anjou, queen of England, and wife of Henry VI. She was active and intrepid, a general and a ſoldier. Her genius for a long time ſupported her feeble huſband, taught him to conquer, replaced him upon the throne, twice relieved him from priſon, and, though oppreſſed by fortune and by rebels, ſhe did not yield, till ſhe had decided in perſon twelve battles.

The warlike ſpirit among the women. conſiſtent with ages of barbariſm, when every thing is impetuous becauſe nothing is fixed, and when all exceſs is the exceſs of force, continued in Europe upwards of four hundred years, ſhewing itſelf from time to time, and always in the middle of convulſions, or on the eve of great revolutions.

But there were æras and countries, in which that ſpirit appeared with particular luſtre. Such were the diſplays it made in the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries in Hungary, and in the iſlands of the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, when they were invaded by the Turks.

Every thing conſpired to animate the women of thoſe countries with an exalted courage: the prevailing ſpirit of the foregoing ages; the terror which the name of the Turks inſpired; the ſtill more dreadful apprehenſions of an unknown enemy; the difference of *dreſs*, which has a ſtronger *effect* than is commonly ſuppoſed on the imagination of a people; the difference of religion, which produced a kind of ſacred horror; the ſtriking difference of manners; and, above all, the confinement of the female ſex, which preſented to the women of Europe nothing but the frightful ideas of ſervitude and a maſter; the groans of honour, the tears of beauty in the embrace of barbariſm, and the double tyranny of love and pri e!

The contemplation of theſe objects, accordingly, rouſed in the hearts of the women a reſolute courage to

defend themſelves; nay, ſometimes even a courage of enthuſiaſm, which hurled itſelf againſt the enemy.—That courage, too, was augmented, by the promiſes of a religion, which offered eternal happineſs in exchange for the ſufferings of a moment.

It is not therefore ſurpriſing, that, when three beautiful women of the iſle of Cyprus were led priſoners to Selim, to be ſecluded in the ſeraglio, one of them, preferring death to ſuch a condition, conceived the project of ſetting fire to the magazine; and, after having communicated her deſign to the reſt, put it in execution.

The year following, a city of Cyprus being beſieged by the Turks, the women ran in crowds, mingled themſelves with the ſoldiers, and, fighting gallantly in the breach, were the means of ſaving their country.

Under Mahomet II. a girl of the iſle of Lemnos, armed with the ſword and ſhield of her father, who had fallen in battle, oppoſed the Turks, when they had forced a gate, and chaſed them to the ſhore.

In Hungary the women diſtinguiſhed themſelves miraculouſly in a number of ſieges and battles againſt the Turks. A woman of Tranſylvania, in different engagements, is ſaid to have *killed* ſix janiſſaries with her own hand.

In the two celebrated ſieges of Rhodes and Malta, the women, ſeconding the zeal of the knights, diſcovered upon all occaſions the greateſt intrepidity; not only that impetuous and temporary impulſe which deſpiſes death, but that cool and deliberate fortitude which can ſupport the continued hardſhips, the toils, and the miſeries of war.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

OTHER CURIOUS PARTICULARS CONCERNING FEMALES IN THOSE AGES.

WHILE Charlemagne ſwayed the ſceptre in France, confeſſion was conſidered as ſo abſolutely neceſſary to ſalvation, that, in ſeveral caſes, and particularly at the point of death, where no prieſt or man could be had, it was by the church allowed to be made to a woman.

In the ſixteenth century, it was no uncommon thing for church-livings, the revenues of abbeys, and even of biſhoprics, to be given away with young ladies as a portion.

Thus women exerciſed a kind of ſacerdotal function: and, though they did not actually officiate at the altar, they enjoyed—what many of the prieſts themſelves would have been glad of—the *emoluments* of the altar, without the drudgery of its ſervice.

In poſterior ages, women have crept ſtill farther into the offices of the church. The chriſtians of Circaſſia allow their nuns to adminiſter the ſacrament of baptiſm.

When any material difference happened between man and man, or when one accuſed another of a crime, the deciſion, according to an ancient cuſtom eſtabliſhed by law, was to be by a ſingle combat, or the ordeal trial. From both which ridiculous ways of appealing to heaven, women were exempted.

When a man had ſaid any thing that reflected diſhonour on a woman, or accuſed her of a crime, ſhe was not obliged to fight him to prove her innocence: the combat would have been unequal. But ſhe might chooſe a champion to fight in her cauſe, or expoſe himſelf to the horrid trial, in order to clear her reputation. Such champions were generally ſelected from her lovers or friends.

friends. But if ſhe fixed upon any other, ſo high was the ſpirit of martial glory, and ſo eager the thirſt of defending the weak and helpleſs ſex, that we meet with no inſtance of a champion ever having refuſed to fight for, or undergo whatever cuſtom required in defence of, the lady who had honoured him with the appointment.

To the motives already mentioned, we may add another. He who had refuſed, muſt inevitably have been branded with the name of coward: and, ſo deſpicable was the condition of a coward, in thoſe times of general heroiſm, that death itſelf appeared the more preferable choice. Nay, ſuch was the rage of fighting for women, that it became cuſtomary for thoſe who could not be honoured with the deciſion of their real quarrels, to create fictitious ones concerning them, in order to create alſo a neceſſity of fighting.

Nor was fighting for the ladies confined to ſingle combatants. Crowds of gallants entered the liſts againſt each other. Even kings called out their ſubjects, to ſhew their love to their miſtreſſes, by cutting the throats of their neighbours, who had not in the leaſt offended.

In the fourteenth century, when the counteſs of Blois and the widow of Mountfort were at war againſt each other, a conference was agreed to, on pretence of ſettling a peace, but in reality to appoint a combat.—Inſtead of negociating, they ſoon challenged each other; and Beaumanoir, who was at the head of the Britons, publicly declared that they fought from no other motive, than to ſee, by the victory, who had the faireſt miſtreſs.

In the fifteenth century, we find an anecdote of this kind ſtill more extraordinary. John, duke de Bourbonnois, publiſhed a declaration, that he would go over to England, with ſixteen knights, and there fight it out, in order to avoid idleneſs, and merit the good graces of his miſtreſs.

James

James IV. of Scotland having, in all tournaments, profeſſed himſelf knight to queen Anne of France, ſhe ſummoned him to prove himſelf her true and valorous champion, by taking the field in her defence, againſt his brother in law, Henry VIII. of England. He obeyed the romantic mandate; and the two nations bled to feed the vanity of a woman.

Warriors, when ready to engage, invoked the aid of their miſtreſſes, as poets do that of the Muſes. If they fought valiently, it reflected honour on the Dulcineas they adored; but if they turned their backs on their enemies, the poor ladies were diſhonoured for ever.

Love was, at that time, the moſt prevailing motive to fighting. The famous Gaſton de Foix, who commanded the French troops at the battle of Ravenna, took advantage of this foible of his army. He rode from rank to rank, calling his officers by name, and even ſome of his private men, recommending to them their country, their honour, and, above all, to ſhew what they could do for the love of their miſtreſſes.

The women of thoſe ages, the reader may imagine, were certainly more completely happy than in any other period of the world. This, however, was not in reality the caſe.

Cuſtom, which governs all things with the moſt abſolute ſway, had, through a long ſucceſſion of years, given her ſanction to ſuch combats as were undertaken, either to defend the innocence, or diſplay the beauty of women. Cuſtom, therefore, either obliged a man to fight for a woman who deſired him, or marked the refuſal with infamy and diſgrace. But cuſtom did not oblige him, in every other part of his conduct, to behave to this woman, or to the ſex in general, with that reſpect and politeneſs which have happily diſtinguiſhed the character of more modern times.

The ſame man who would have encountered giants, or gigantic difficulties, "when a lady was in the "caſe," had but little idea of adding to her happineſs, by ſupplying her with the comforts and elegancies of life. And, had ſhe aſked him to ſtoop, and eaſe her of a part of that domeſtic ſlavery which, almoſt in every country, falls to the lot of women, he would have thought himſelf quite affronted.

But beſides, men had nothing elſe, in thoſe ages, than that kind of romantic gallantry to recommend them. Ignorant of letters, arts, and ſciences, and every thing that refines human nature, they were, in every thing where gallantry was not concerned, rough and unpoliſhed in their manners and behaviour. Their time was ſpent in drinking, war, gallantry, and idleneſs. In their hours of relaxation, they were but little in company with their women; and when they were, the indelicacies of the carouſal, or the cruelties of the field, were almoſt the only ſubjects they had to talk of

From the ſubverſion of the Roman empire, to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, women ſpent moſt of their time alone. They were almoſt entire ſtrangers to the joys of ſocial life. They ſeldom went abroad, but to be ſpectators of ſuch public diverſions and amuſements as the faſhion of the times countenanced. Francis I. was the firſt monarch who introduced them on public days to court.

Before his time, nothing was to be ſeen at any of the courts of Europe, but long-bearded politicians, plotting the deſtruction of the rights and liberties of mankind; and warriors clad in complete armour, ready to put their plots in execution.

In the eighth century, ſo ſlaviſh was the condition of women on the one hand, and ſo much was beauty coveted on the other, that, for about two hundred years, the kings of Auſtria were obliged to pay a tribute

bute to the Moors, of one hundred beautiful virgins per annum.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, elegence had ſcarcely any exiſtence, and even cleanlineſs was hardly conſidered as laudable. The uſe of linen was not known; and the moſt delicate of the fair ſex wore woollen ſhifts.

In the time of Henry VIII. the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horſeback, when they went to London; and, in the ſame manner, took them back to their country ſeats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth, to ſecure them from the cold.

There was one misfortune of a ſingular nature, to which women were liable in thoſe days: they were in perpetual danger of being accuſed of witchcraft, and ſuffering all the cruelties and indignities of a mob, inſtigated by ſuperſtition and directed by enthuſiaſm; or of being condemned by laws, which were at once a diſgrace to humanity and to ſenſe. Even the bloom of youth and beauty could not ſecure them from torture and from death. But when age and wrinkles attacked a woman, if any thing uncommon happened in her neighbourhood, ſhe was almoſt ſure of atoning with her life, for a crime it was impoſſible for her to commit.

CHAP. XXI.

OF THE ARABIAN WOMEN.

THE conſequence of the women in Arabia was annihilated by Mahomet. But before his time they ſeem to have poſſeſſed privileges hardly inferior to

to thoſe with which they are honoured in the politeſt countries of Europe.

The law gave them a right to independent property, either by inheritance, by gift, or by marriage ſettlement. The wife had a regular dower, and an annual allowance, which ſhe might diſpoſe of in her life-time, or at her death.

To the fortune he received with his wife Cadhiga, who carried on an extenſive trade to Spain and Syria, Mahomet himſelf was indebted for the origin of his wealth and of his grandeur.

While his ſect was increaſing, the women of rank took an active part both in civil and military affairs. Several of them ſtrongly oppoſed all his innovations. Henda, accompanied by fifteen other ladies of diſtinction, contributed to his defeat at the battle of Ohod. After his death, Ayeſha, one of his widows, by her influence and addreſs, raiſed her father Abubeker to be the ſucceſſor of her huſband.

But the religion which taught that women were only mere objects of pleaſure, and the maxims which dictated that they ſhould be guarded for that particular purpoſe, now becoming general, in little more than a century they ſeem to have dwindled from creatures of importance, to beings only conſecrated to dalliance and love.

Such were the conſequences of Mahometiſm. But no innovation that could happen in the ages in which it was introduced, need much ſurpriſe us. The politics of the Arabians were then regulated by no fixed principles. Their religion had diſguſted the mind with idle articles of belief, and improbable fictions. This was not the caſe in Arabia only: human nature, as was before obſerved, ſeemed every where in a ſtate of wavering and imbicility. In Europe it endeavoured to blend the meek and forgiving ſpirit of the religion of Jeſus, with the fierce and intolerant

ſpirit

ſpirit of war and bloodſhed; and the ſame tender ſentiment which bound a lover to his miſtreſs, inſtigated him, in the moſt ſavage manner, to cut the throats of all thoſe who openly profeſſed either to love or hate her.

CHAP. XXII.

ON THE LEARNING OF WOMEN.

WHEN chivalry began to decline in Europe, it left behind it a tincture of romantic gallantry in the manners, which communicated itſelf to the works of imagination.

Many verſes were then written, expreſſive of paſſions either real or feigned, but always reſpectful and tender. In France, where the diſſipated nobility ſpent their life in war, love was generally painted under the idea of conqueſt. In Italy, where another ſet of ideas prevailed, it was always repreſented as an adoration or worſhip.

This confuſion of religion and gallantry, of platoniſm and poetry, of the ſtudy of the languages and of the laws, of the ancient philoſophy and the modern theology, formed the general character of the moſt illuſtrious men of thoſe times. The ſame obſervation may be extended to the moſt celebrated women.

Never were the women ſo univerſally diſtinguiſhed for profound learning, as in this period. Perhaps, as it followed the ages of chivalry, when ſeveral women had diſputed with men the prize of valour, being deſirous to eſtabliſh the equality of their ſex in all things, they were ambitions to prove that they had as much genius

genius as courage; and to ſubject, even by their talents, thoſe over whom they reigned by their beauty.

The general ſpirit of this period is worthy of obſervation.

We might then have ſeen women preaching, and mixing themſelves in controverſies; women occupying the chairs of philoſophy and of juſtice; women haranguing in Latin before the pope; women writing in Greek, and ſtudying Hebrew. Nuns were poeteſſes, and women of quality divines. And young girls, who had ſtudied eloquence, would, with the ſweeteſt countenances, and the moſt plaintive voices in the world, go, and pathetically exhort the pope and the Chriſtian princes to declare war againſt the Turks.

The religious ſpirit, which has animated women in all ages, ſhewed itſelf at this time; but it changed its form. It had made them, by turns, martyrs, apoſtles, warriors, and concluded in making them divines and ſcholars.

An incredible value was ſtill ſet on the ſtudy of languages. In private families, in the convents, in the courts, and even upon thrones, the ſame taſte reigned. It was but a poor qualification for a *woman* to read Virgil and Cicero. The mouth of a young Italian, Spaniſh, or Britiſh lady ſeemed adorned with a particular grace, when ſhe repeated ſome *Hebrew* phraſe, or thundered out ſome verſes of Homer.

Poetry, ſo charming to the imagination and to ſuſceptible hearts, was embraced with ardour by the women. It was a new and pleaſing exertion of talents, which flattered ſelf-love, and amuſed the mind. Perhaps, too, that want which they experienced, even without ſuſpecting it, in a ſubtle philoſophy, an abſtract theology, and an empty ſtudy of dialects and of ſounds, would make them more ſenſible to the charms

of

of an art, which continually feeds the imagination with its images, and the heart with its ſentiments.

I ſhall particularize a few of the women who were moſt celebrated for their learning and talents in that period.

In the thirteenth century, a young lady of Bologna devoted herſelf to the ſtudy of the Latin language, and of the laws. At the age of twenty-three, ſhe pronounced a funeral oration in Latin in the great church of Bologna; and, to be admitted as an orator, ſhe had neither need of indulgence, on account of her youth, nor of her ſex. At the age of twenty-ſix, ſhe took the degree of a doctor of laws, and began publicly to expound the Inſtitutions of Juſtinian. At the age of thirty, her great reputation raiſed her to a chair, where ſhe taught the law to a prodigious concourſe of ſcholars from all nations. She joined the charms and accompliſhments of a woman to all the knowledge of a man. But ſuch was the power of her eloquence, that her *beauty* was only admired when her *tongue* was ſilent.

In the fourteenth century, a like example was exhibited in that city. In the fifteenth century, the ſame prodigy appeared there a third time. And, even at this day, in the city of Bologna, there is ſtill a learned chair filled with honour by a woman.

At Venice, in the courſe of the ſixteenth century, two celebated women attract our notice. The one * compoſed ſucceſsfully a great number of pieces in verſe, ſerious, comic, heroic, and tender; and ſome *paſtorals*, which were much admired. The other †, who was one of the moſt learned women of Italy, wrote equally well the three languages of Homer, Virgil, and Dante, and in verſe as well as in proſe. She poſſeſſed all the philoſophy of her own, and of the

* Modeſta di Pozzo di Zori.

† Caſſandra Fidele.

the preceding ages. By her graces, ſhe even embelliſhed theology. She ſupported *theſes* with the greateſt luſtre. She gave public lectures at Padua. She joined to her ſerious ſtudies the elegant arts, particularly muſic; and ſoftened her learning ſtill farther by her manners. She received homage from ſovereign pontiffs and ſovereign princes; and, that ſhe might be ſingular in all things, ſhe lived upwards of a *century*.

At Verona, Iſſotta Nogarolla acquired ſo great a reputation by her eloquence, that kings were curious to liſten, and ſcholars to attend, to hear, and to ſee.

At Florence, a nun of the houſe of Strozzi diſpelled the languor and indolence of the cloiſter by her taſte for letters; and, in her ſolitude, was known over Italy, Germany, and France.

At Naples, Sarrochia compoſed a celebrated poem upon Scandeberg; and, in her life-time, was compared to Boyardo and to Taſſo.

At Rome we find Victoria Colonna, marchioneſs of Peſcaira, who paſſionately loved and ſucceſsfully cultivated letters. While ſtill young, ſhe bewailed the loſs of a huſband, who was a great warrior, and paſſed the remainder of her life in ſtudy and melancholy, celebrating, in the moſt tender poetry, the hero whom ſhe loved.

During the ſame age, among the illuſtrious women of all ages, we find every where the ſame character, and the ſame kind of ſtudies.

In Spain, Iſabella of Roſera preached in the great church of Barcelona, came to Rome under Paul the Third, and converted the *Jews* by her eloquence. Iſabella of Cardoua underſtood the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and, though poſſeſſed of beauty, reputation, and riches, had ſtill the fancy to be a *doctor*, and took her degrees in theology.

In France we ſee ſeveral women poſſeſſed of all the learning of the times, particularly the dutcheſs of Retz,

Retz, who under Charles IX. was celebrated even in Italy, and who aſtoniſhed the Poliſh nobility, when they came to demand the duke of Anjou for their king. They beheld with wonder, at court, a young lady ſo intelligent, and who ſpoke the ancient languages with no leſs purity than grace.

In England we meet with the three Seymours, ſiſters, nieces to a king, and daughters to a regent, all celebrated for their learning, and for their elegant Latin verſes, which were tranſlated and repeated all over Europe.

Jane Gray, whoſe elevation to the throne was only a ſtep to the ſcaffold, read before her death, *in Greek*, Plato's Dialogue on the immortality of the Soul.

The eldeſt daughter of the illuſtrious chancellor, Sir Thomas More, was a wife and amiable lady, Her learning was almoſt eclipſed by her virtues. She correſponded in *Latin* with the great Eraſmus, who ſtyled her the ornament of Briton. After ſhe had conſoled her father in priſon, had ruſhed through the guards to ſnatch a laſt embrace, had obtained the liberty of paying him funeral honours, had purchaſed his head with gold—ſhe was herſelf loaded with fetters for *two crimes*—for having kept the head of her father as a relic, and for having preſerved his books and writings. She appeared before her judges with intrepidity, juſtified herſelf with that eloquence which virtue beſtows on injured merit, commanded admiration and reſpect, and paſſed the reſt of her life in retirement, in melancholy, and in ſtudy.

We behold in Scotland, Mary Stuart, heir of that crown, the moſt beautiful women of her age, and one of the moſt learned, who could write and ſpeak *ſix* languages, who made elegant verſes in French, and who, when very young, delivered an oration in Latin to the court of France, to prove that the ſtudy of letters is conſiſtent with the female character. So

lovely and ſo happy an example of the truth which ſhe advanced, could not fail to convince. Mary added to her learning a delicate taſte in the polite arts, particularly muſic, and adorned the whole with the moſt feminine courtly manners.

What has ſince been called *ſociety* was not then indeed ſo much known. Luxury, and the want of occupation, had not introduced the cuſtom of ſitting five or ſix hours before a glaſs, to invent faſhions. Some uſe was made of time. Hence that variety of languages, arts, and ſciences, which were acquired by women.

It is but juſt, however, to obſerve, that the vanity of undertaking every thing is peculiar to the infancy of letters. In childhood, all the world over-rate their powers. It is only by meaſuring them that we come to know them. The deſires themſelves were then more eaſily ſatisfied than the thirſt of learning. People were more anxious to know than to think; and the mind, more active than extended, was unable to comprehend the ſecrets, or reach the depth of the ſciences.

CHAP. XXIII.

OF THE EUROPEAN WOMEN.

IN all poliſhed nations, chaſtity has ever been eſteemed the principal ornament of the female character. For this virtue the European ladies are very eminent. Their conduct is influenced by a veneration for that purity of manners and of character, ſo ſtrongly inculcated by the precepts of the Chriſtian religion. We may juſtly aſſert that Europe, in general, is more famous

mous for the chaſtity and other good qualities of its women, than any other part of the globe.

The virtues of modeſty and chaſtity, however, do not flouriſh moſt, where they are attempted to be forced upon the women, by locks, bars, and governantes, as in Spain; nor where unreſtrained liberty and politeneſs are carried to the greateſt length, as in France and Italy; but rather where refinement is not arrived ſo far, as to reckon every reſtraint upon inclination a mark of ill-breading.

CHAP. XXIV.

OF THE FRENCH WOMEN.

THOUGH the ladies of France are not very handſome, they are ſenſible and witty. To many of them, without the leaſt flattery, may be applied the diſtich which Soppho aſcribes to herſelf:

" Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit,
" Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ."

If partial nature has denied me beauty, the charms of my mind amply make up for the deficiency.

No woman upon earth can excel, and few rival them, in their almoſt native arts of pleaſing all who approach them. Add to this, an education beyond that of moſt European ladies, a conſummate ſkill in thoſe accompliſhments that ſuit the fair ſex, and the moſt graceful manner of diſplaying that knowledge to the utmoſt advantage.

Such

Such is the deſcription that may ſafely be given of the French ladies in general. But the ſpirit, or rather the *evil genius* of gallantry, too often perverts all theſe lovely qualities, and renders them ſubſervient to very iniquitous ends.

In every country, women have always a little to do, and a great deal to ſay. In France, they dictate almoſt every thing that is ſaid, and direct every thing that is done. They are the moſt reſtleſs beings in the world. To fold her hands in idleneſs, and impoſe ſilence on her tongue, would be to a French woman worſe than death. The ſole joy of her life is to be engaged in the proſecution of ſome ſcheme, relating either to faſhion, ambition, or love.

Among the rich and opulent, they are entirely the votaries of pleaſure, which they purſue through all its labyrinths, at the expenſe of fortune, reputation, and health. Giddy and extravagant to the laſt degree, they leave to their huſbands œconomy and care, which would only ſpoil their complexions, and furrow their brows.

When we deſcend to tradeſmen and mechanics, the caſe is reverſed: the wife manages every thing in the houſe and ſhop, while the huſband lounges in the back-ſhop an idle ſpectator, or ſtruts about with his ſword and bag-wig.

Matrimony, among the French, ſeems to be a bargain entered into by a male and female to bear the ſame name, live in the ſame houſe, and purſue their ſeparate pleaſures without reſtraint or control. And, ſo religiouſly is this part of the bargain kept, that both parties ſhape their courſe exactly as convenience and inclination dictate.

There is no part of the world, however, where the company of men of letters is more acceptable to the fair ſex than in France. This circumſtance diffuſes knowledge among the women, gives an elegance and cheerfulneſs

cheerfulneſs to the men, and renders them men of the world as well as of learning. So great is female influence over literature, as well as over every other thing in France, that by far the moſt conſiderable part of the productions of the preſs are calculated for their capacity.

In no country does real politeneſs ſhew itſelf more than in France, where the company of the women is acceſſible to every man who can recommend himſelf by his dreſs, and by his addreſs. To affectation and prudery the French women are equally ſtrangers. Eaſy and unaffected in their manners, their politeneſs has ſo much the appearance of nature, that one would almoſt believe no part of it to be the effect of art. An air of ſprightlineſs and gaity ſits perpetually on their countenances, and their whole deportment ſeems to indicate that their only buſineſs is to "ſtrew the path "of life with flowers." Perſuaſion hangs on their lips; and, though their volubility of tongue is indefatigable, ſo ſoft is their accent, ſo lively their expreſſion, ſo various their attitudes, that they fix the attention for hours together on a tale of nothing.

The Jewiſh doctors have a fable concerning the etymology of the word Eve, which one would almoſt be tempted to ſay is realized in the French women. "Eve," ſay they, "comes from a word, which ſignifies "to talk; and ſhe was ſo called, becauſe, ſoon after "the creation, there fell from heaven twelve baſkets "full of chit chat, and ſhe picked up *nine* of them, while "her huſband was gathering the other *three*."

The wind, or the faſhions which ſhe follows, are hardly more inconſiſtant than a French lady's mind. Her ſole joy is in the number of her admirers, and her ſole pride in changing them as often as poſſible. Over the whole of them ſhe exerciſes the moſt abſolute power, and they are zealouſly attentive even to prevent her wiſhes, by performing whatever they think ſhe has

any inclination to. Their time, their intereſt, and activity, are wholly devoted to her will, or rather to her caprice. Even the purſe, that moſt inacceſſible thing about a Frenchman, muſt pour out its laſt ſous, at the call of his miſtreſs. Should he fail in this particular, he would immediately be diſcarded from her train, with the diſgrace of having preferred Mercury to Venus.

While a French woman is able to drink at the ſtream of pleaſure, ſhe is generally an atheiſt. As her taſte for that diminiſhes, ſhe becomes gradually religious; and when ſhe has loſt it altogether, is the moſt bigotted devotee.

Upon the whole, French females rather ſacrifice too much of their delicacy to wit, and of their chaſtity to good-breeding. They pay too little regard to their character, and too much to a ridiculous opinion that faſhionable people are above it. They are too much the creatures of art, and have almoſt diſcarded nature as much from their feelings as from their faces.

To what has been ſaid on this ſubject, I ſhall only add the following entertaining deſcription of French gallantry, and French manners.

"A Frenchman," ſays an ingenious writer, "piques "himſelf upon being poliſhed above the natives of "any other country, by his converſation with the fair "ſex. In the courſe of this communication, with "which he is indulged from his tender years, he "learns, like a parrot, by rote, the whole circle of "French compliments, which are a ſet of phraſes, "ridiculous even to a proverb; and theſe he throws "out indiſcriminately to all women without diſ-"tinction, in the exerciſe of that kind of addreſs, "which is here diſtinguiſhed by the name of gallantry. "It is an exerciſe, by the repetition of which he be-"comes very pert, very familiar, and very impertinent.

"A

"A Frenchman, in conſequence of his mingling "with the females from his infancy, not only becomes "acquainted with all their cuſtoms and humours, but "grows wonderfully alert in performing a thouſand "little offices, which are overlooked by other men, "whoſe time has been ſpent in making more valuable "acquiſitions. He enters, without ceremony, a lady's "bed-chamber, attends her at her toilette, regulates "the diſtribution of her patches, and adviſes where to "lay on the paint. If he viſits her when ſhe is dreſſed, "and perceives the leaſt impropriety in her coiffure, "he inſiſts upon adjuſting it with his own hands. If "he ſees a curl, or even a ſingle hair amiſs, he pro- "duces his comb, his ſciſſars, and pomatum, and ſets "it to rights with the dexterity of a profeſſed fri- "zeur. He ſquires her to every place ſhe viſits, "either on buſineſs or pleaſure; and by dedicating "his whole time to her, renders himſelf neceſſary to "her occaſions. In ſhort, of all the coxcombs on "the face of the earth, a French petit-maitre is the "moſt impertinent. And they are all petits-maitres, "from the marquis who glitters in lace and embroi- "dery, to the garcon barbiere (barber's boy) co- "vered with meal, who ſtruts with his hair in a long "queue, and his hat under his arm.

"I ſhall only mention one cuſtom more, which "ſeems to carry human affectation to the very fartheſt "verge of folly and extravagance: that is, the man- "ner in which the faces of the ladies are primed and "painted. It is generally ſuppoſed that part of the "fair ſex, in ſome other countries, make uſe of fard "and vermilion for very different purpoſes; namely, "to help a bad or faded complexion, to heighten the "graces, or conceal the defects of nature, as well as "the ravages of time. I ſhall not enquire whether it "is juſt and honeſt to impoſe in this manner on man- "kind. If it is not honeſt, it may be allowed to be

"artful

" artful and politic, and ſhews, at leaſt, a deſire of " being agreeable. But to lay it on as the faſhion in " France preſcribes to all the ladies of condition, who " indeed cannot appear without this badge of diſtinc- " tion, is to diſguiſe themſelves in ſuch a manner as to " render them odious and deteſtable to every ſpecta- " tor who has the leaſt reliſh left for nature and pro- " priety. As for the fard, or white, with which, their " necks and ſhoulders are plaiſtered, it may be in " ſome meaſure excuſable, as their ſkins are naturally " brown or ſallow. But the rouge which is daubed " on their faces, from the chin up to the eyes, without " the leaſt art or dexterity, not only deſtroys all diſ- " tinction of features, but renders the aſpect really " frightful, or at leaſt conveys nothing but ideas of diſ- " guſt and averſion. Without this horrible maſk, no " married lady is admitted at court, or in any polite " aſſembly; and it is a mark of diſtinction which none " of the lower claſſes dare aſſume."

CHAP. XXV.

OF THE ITALIAN WOMEN.

THE elegant author Dr. Goldſmith thus characteriſes the Italians in general:

" *Could nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,*
" *The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.*
" *Whatever fruits in different climes are found,*
" *That proudly riſe or humbly court the ground;*
" *Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,*
" *Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;*

" *Whatever*

" *Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky,*
" *With vernal lives that bloſſom but to die:*
" *Theſe, here diſporting, own the kindred ſoil,*
" *Nor aſk luxuriance from their planter's toil;*
" *While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand,*
" *To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.*
" *But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,*
" *And ſenſual bliſs is all the nation knows.*
" *In florid beauty groves and fields appear,*
" *Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.*
" *Contraſted faults through all his manners reign;*
" *Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain;*
" *Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;*
" *And e'en in penance planning ſins anew.*
" *All evils here contaminate the mind,*
" *That opulence departed leaves behind:*
" *For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,*
" *When commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate:*
" *At her command the palace learn'd to riſe,*
" *Again the long-fall'n column ſought the ſkies;*
" *The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm;*
" *The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.*
" *Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,*
" *Commerce on other ſhores diſplay'd her ſale;*
" *While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,*
" *But towns unmann'd, and lords without a ſlave;*
" *And late the nation found, with fruitleſs ſkill,*
" *Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.*
" *Yet ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupplied*
" *By arts, the ſplended wrecks of former pride;*
" *From theſe the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind*
" *An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.*
" *Here may be ſeen in bloodleſs pomp array'd,*
" *The paſteboard triumph, and the cavalcade;*
" *Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,*
" *A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.*"

Almoſt

Almoſt every traveller, who has viſited Italy, agrees in deſcribing it as the moſt abandoned of all the countries of Europe. At Venice, at Naples, and indeed in almoſt every part of Italy, women are taught from their infancy the various arts of alluring to their arms the young and unwary, and of obtaining from them, while heated by love or wine, every thing that flattery and falſe ſmiles can obtain, in theſe unguarded moments.

The Italian ladies are not quite ſo gay and volatile as the French, nor do they ſo much excite the riſibility of the ſpectator; but, by the ſoftneſs of their language, and their manner, they more forcibly engage the heart. They are not ſo much the cameleon or the weathercock, but have ſome decent degree of permanency in their connections, whether of love or friendſhip. With regard to jealouſy, they are ſo far from being careleſs and indifferent, in that reſpect, as the French are, that they often ſuffer it to tranſport them to the moſt unwarrantable actions.

The Italian women are far preferable to the French in point of exterior charmes; but thier education is, in general, moſt ſcandalouſly neglected. Thoſe accompliſhments, which render the ladies in England and in France ſo acceptable in company, are but rarely found among the Italians, who depend chiefly on their native ſubtlety and fineſſe, to ingratiate themſelves with ſuch as they deem worthy of their notice.

Love, in Italy, meets with very ſmall encouragement from the great. That innocent, pure, and ſentimental paſſion, which the ſanction of ſtricteſt virtue authoriſes, is almoſt obliterated among them. The ſordid motives, which, to the diſgrace of moſt nations, have ſo much undue influence over them in their matrimonial connections, are ſtill much more infamouſly prevalent among the nobility and gentry of Italy.

An Italian female of birth and fortune, bred in the priſon

priſon of a cloiſter, is brought forth, when marriageable, to receive her ſentence; and conducted like a victim to the altar, there to be made a ſacrifice to a man of whom ſhe hardly knows the face. Among them, we find none of thoſe antecedent homages of a lover, none of thoſe engaging proofs of attachment, which only can ſecure a reciprocation. In ſhort, no medium of courtſhip intervenes, and therefore no opportunity is given to create an affection on either ſide.

There exiſts in Italy a ſpecies of beings unknown throughout the reſt of Europe; who, though their riſe be not remotely diſtant, have wrought a change in the temper and manners of the Italians, that renders them, in ſome reſpects, a people totally different from what they were a century ago. Theſe beings are well known by the name of *ciciſbeys*, and may be conſidered in the light of aſſiſtants and ſubſtitutes to thoſe men of faſhion who have entered into the matrimonial ſtate, and whoſe fair partners require more attendance than they are willing, or than their occupations and affairs will allow them to give. This inſtitution appears an admirable relief to thoſe young gentlemen, who are afraid, from ſundry motives, to venture on a wife, and yet are unwilling to renounce the ſoft amuſements reſulting from the ſociety of a female companion.

Hence, at firſt ſight, this employment of a ciciſbey may ſeem delightful to perſons of a diſſolute and libertine diſpoſition; but many a one, who ſought it with all the eagerneſs of inexperience, has heartily regretted the day of his admiſſion to a ſervitude, which robs him of every moment of his liberty, and gives the lady, under whoſe banners he has enliſted himſelf, an abſolute command of his perſon, his time, his means, his credit, and whatever he can call his own. An Italian women knows no reſerves; and he that pretends to her good graces muſt diveſt himſelf of his will

will and paſſions, and make an entire ſacrifice of them to her caprice. Thus a cicisbey is a perfect ſlave; and though no favours are denied him, yet the price he pays is far beyond the value he receives, when we reflect that he barters for it the peace of his mind, and the proſperity of his circumſtances; as it very often happens that advancements in life are retarded, and ſometimes totally fruſtrated, through the impediments thrown in the way of activity by the attentions a lady inſiſts upon from him, who, by the fatal office he has accepted, has bound himſelf to perpetual ſlavery.

But if ſuch a connection, viewed only in a light of pleaſure and gallantry, is ſo very far from anſwering the expectations even of the man of mere pleaſure, it ſtill diſplays a more ſhocking picture, when we examine it according to the rules of *morality*, as it radically deſtroys the very firſt principles on which the reciprocal happineſs of the ſexes is founded, by introducing into the wedded ſtate a mutual iudifference or contempt.

CHAP. XXVI.

OF THE SPANISH WOMEN.

AS the Spaniſh ladies are under a greater ſeclusion from general ſociety, than the ſex is in other European countries, their deſires of an adequate degree of liberty are conſequently more ſtrong and urgent. A free and open communication being denied them, they make it their buſineſs to ſecure themſelves a ſecret and hidden one. Hence it is that Spain is the country of intrigue.

The

The Spaniſh women are little or nothing indebted to education. But nature has liberally ſupplied them with a fund of wit and ſprightlineſs, which is certainly no ſmall inducement to thoſe, who have only tranſient glimpſes of their charmes, to wiſh very earneſtly for a removal of thoſe impediments, that obſtruct their more frequent preſence. This not being attainable in a lawful way of cuſtomary intercourſe, the natural propenſity of men to overcome difficulties of this kind, incites them to leave no expedient untried to gain admittance to what perhaps was at firſt only the object of their admiration, but which, by their being refuſed an innocent gratification of that paſſion, becomes at laſt the ſubject of a more ſerious one. Thus in Spain, as in all countries where the ſex is kept much out of ſight, the thoughts of men are continually employed in diviſing methods to break into their concealments.

There is in the Spaniards a native dignity; which, though the ſource of many inconveniences, has nevertheleſs this ſalutary effect, that it ſets them above almoſt every ſpecies of meanneſs and infidelity. This quality is not peculiar to the men; it diffuſes itſelf, in a great meaſure, among the women alſo. Its effects are viſible both in their conſtancy in love and friendſhip, in which reſpects they are the very reverſe of the French women. Their affections are not to be gained by a bit of ſparkling lace, or a tawdry ſet of liveries; nor are they to be loſt by the appearance of ſtill finer. Their deportment is rather grave and reſerved; and, on the whole, they have much more of the prude than the coquette in their compoſition, Being more confined at home, and leſs engaged in buſineſs and pleaſure, they take more care of their children than the French, and have a becoming tenderneſs in their diſpoſition to all animals, except an *heretic* and a *rival*.

Something more than a century ago, the Marquis D'Aſtrogas having prevailed on a young women of great beauty to become his miſtreſs, the Marchioneſs hearing of it, went to her lodging with ſome aſſaſſins, killed her, tore out her heart, carried it home, made a *ragout* of it, and preſented the diſh to the Marquis. "It is exceedingly good," ſaid he. "No wonder," anſwered ſhe, "ſince it is made of the *heart* of that "creature you ſo much doated on." And, to confirm what ſhe had ſaid, ſhe immediately drew out her head all bloody from beneath her hoop, and rolled it on the flore, her eyes ſparkling all the time with a mixture of pleaſure and infernal fury.

The Spaniards are indulgent almoſt beyond meaſure to their women; and there are ſeveral ſituations in which they take every advantage of this indulgence. A kept miſtreſs has, by indiſputable cuſtom, a right to a new ſuit of clothes, according to the quality of her keeper, as often as ſhe is blooded. She need only feign a ſlight illneſs, and be on a proper footing with the doctor, to procure this as often as ſhe pleaſes.

A lady to whom a gentleman pays his addreſſes, is ſole miſtreſs of his time and money; and, ſhould he refuſe her any requeſt, whether reaſonable or capricious, it would reflect eternal diſhonour upon him among the men, and make him the deteſtation of all the women.

But, in no ſituation does their character appear ſo whimſical, or their power ſo conſpicuous, as when they are pregnant. In this caſe, whatever they long for, whatever they aſk, or whatever they have an inclination to do, they muſt be indulged in.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

OF THE ENGLISH WOMEN.

THE women of England are eminent for many good qualities both of the head and of the heart. There we meet with that inexpreſſible ſoftneſs and delicacy of manners, which, cultivated by education, appears as much ſuperior to what it does without it, as the poliſhed diamond appears ſuperior to that which is rough from the mine. In ſome parts of the world, women have attained to ſo little knowledge, and ſo little conſequence, that we conſider their virtues as merely of the negative kind. In England they conſiſt not only in abſtinence from evil, but in doing good.

There we ſee the ſex every day exerting themſelves in acts of benevolence and charity, in relieving the diſtreſſes of the body, and binding up the wounds of the mind; in reconciling the differences of friends, and preventing the ſtrife of enemies; and, to ſum up all, in that care and attention to their offſpring, which is ſo neceſſary and eſſential a part of their duty.

With regard to the Engliſh ladies, Mr. Groſley, a French writer, makes the following juſt, and very favourable remarks: "That ſex," ſays he, "is, in its preſent ſtate, juſt ſuch as one could wiſh it to be, in order to form the felicity of wedlock. Their ſerious and thoughtful diſpoſition, by rendering them ſedentary, attaches them to their huſbands, to their children, and the care of their houſes. They, for the moſt part, nurſe their own children themſelves: and this cuſtom, which gains ground every day, is a new tie of affection to the mothers.

"The Engliſh women are by no means indifferent about public affairs. Their intereſting themſelves in theſe,

theſe, gives a new pleaſure to ſocial life. The huſband always finds at home ſomebody to whom he can open himſelf, and converſe as long and as earneſtly as he thinks proper, upon thoſe ſubjects which he has moſt at heart.

"At an aſſembly compoſed of both ſexes, a lady aſked me whether I ſtill had many curioſities and objects of obſervation to viſit in London? I made anſwer, that there was ſtill one of great importance left for me to know, and that ſhe and her company could give me all the information I deſired: this was, whether, in England, the huſband or the wife *governed* the houſe? My queſtion being explained to all the ladies preſent, they diſcuſſed it, and amuſed themſelves with it; and the anſwer which they agreed ſhould be returned to me was, that huſbands alone could *reſolve* it. I then propoſed it to the huſbands, who with one voice declared that they durſt not decide.

"The perplexity diſcovered by thoſe gentlemen, gave me the ſolution I deſired. In fact, the Engliſh ladies and wives, with the moſt mild and gentle tone, and with an air of indifference, coldneſs, and languor, exerciſe a power equally deſpotic over both huſbands and lovers; a power ſo much the more permanent, as it is eſtabliſhed and ſupported by a complaiſance and ſubmiſſiveneſs, from which they rarely depart.

"This complaiſance, this ſubmiſſion, and this mildneſs, are happy virtues of conſtitution, which nature has given them, to ſerve as a ſort of maſk to all that is moſt haughty, proud, and impetuous, in the Engliſh character.

"To the gifts of nature add the charm of beauty, which is very common in England. With regard to graces, the Engliſh women have thoſe which accompany beauty, and not thoſe artificial graces that cannot ſupply its place; thoſe tranſient graces, which are not the ſame to-day as yeſterday; thoſe graces, which

which are not ſo much in the objects themſelves, as in the eye of the ſpectator, who has often found it difficult to diſcover them."

Indeed, almoſt all foreigners, on their arrival here, manifeſt their conſciouſneſs of the ſuperior comelineſs of our women, by making it the continual topic of their converſation; and though ſome of them are not willing to exclude from the right of compariſon the females of their own country, yet their cauſe is eſpouſed with ſo much faintneſs, that one may eaſily perceive it is only done by way of ſaving their honour, and enabling them to make a ſort of decent retreat from the field of contention, where they well know they could not maintain their ground, and therefore wiſely avoid much diſcourſe on that ſubject.

Strangers unanimouſly agree in their deſcriptions of our Engliſh ladies, with whoſe gentleneſs of temper and unfeigned modeſty they ſeem chiefly to be captivated; and invariably concur in repreſenting them of a decent unaffected deportment, and of a tender affectionate diſpoſition.

CHAP. XXVIII.

OF THE RUSSIAN WOMEN.

IT is only a few years ſince the Ruſſians emerged from a ſtate of barbarity.

A late empreſs of Ruſſia, as a puniſhment for ſome female frailties, ordered a moſt beautiful young lady of family to be publicly chaſtiſed, in a manner which was hardly leſs indelicate than ſevere.

It is ſaid that the Ruſſian ladies were formerly as ſubmiſſive to their huſbands in their families, as the latter are to their ſuperiors in the field; and that they thought themſelves ill-treated, if they were not often reminded of their duty by the diſcipline of a *whip*, manufactured by themſelves, which they preſented to their huſbands on the day of their marriage. The lateſt travellers, however, aſſert, that they find no remaining traces of this cuſtom at preſent.

Their nuptial ceremonies are peculiar to themſelves; and formerly conſiſted of many whimſical rites, many of which are now diſuſed. On her wedding-day, the bride is crowned with a garland of wormwood; and, after the prieſt has tied the nuptial knot, his clerk or ſexton throws a handful of hops upon the head of the bride, wiſhing that ſhe may prove as fruitful as that plant. She is then led home, with abundance of coarſe ceremonies, which are now wearing off even among the loweſt ranks; and the barbarous treatment of wives by their huſbands is either guarded againſt by the laws of the country, or by particular ſtipulations in the marriage contract.

In the converſation and actions of the Ruſſian ladies, there is hardly any thing of that ſoftneſs and delicacy which diſtinguiſh the ſex in other parts of Europe. Even their exerciſes and diverſions have more of the maſculine than the feminine. The preſent empreſs, with the ladies of her court, ſometimes divert themſelves by ſhooting at a mark. Drunkenneſs, the vice of almoſt every cold climate, they are ſo little aſhamed of, that not many years ago, when a lady got drunk at the houſe of a friend, it was cuſtomary for her to return next day, and thank him for the pleaſure he had done her.

Females, however, in Ruſſia, poſſeſs ſeveral advantages. They ſhare the rank and ſplendour of the families from which they are ſprung, and are even allowed

lowed the ſupreme authority. This at preſent, is enjoyed by an empreſs, whoſe head does honour to her nation and to her ſex; although, on ſome occaſions, the virtues of her heart have been much ſuſpected. The ſex, in general, are protected from inſult by many ſalutary laws; and, except among the peaſants, are exempted from every kind of toil and ſlavery. Upon the whole, they ſeem to be approaching faſt to the enjoyment of that conſequence, to which they have already arrived in ſeveral parts of Europe.

CHAP. XXIX.

OF THE GERMAN WOMEN.

OF all the German females, the ladies of Saxony are the moſt amiable. Their perſons are ſo ſuperiorly charming and preferable in whatever can recommend them to the notice of mankind, that the German youth often viſit Saxony in queſt of *companions* for life. Excluſive of their beauty and comelineſs of appearance, they are brought up in the knowledge of all thoſe arts, both uſeful and ornamental, which are ſo brilliant an addition to their native attractions. But what chiefly enhances their value, and gives it reality and duration, is a *ſweetneſs* of temper and feſtivity of diſpoſition, that never fail to endear them on a very ſlight acquaintance. To crown all, they generally become *patterns* of conjugal tenderneſs and fidelity.

As they are commonly careful to improve their minds by reading and inſtructive converſation, they have no ſmall ſhare of facetiouſneſs and ingenuity.

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From their innate livelineſs, they are extremely addicted to all the gay kind of amuſements. They excel in the allurements of dreſs and decoration, and are in general ſkilful in muſic.

The character, however, of the women in moſt other parts of Germany, particularly of the Auſtrian, is very different from this. Notwithſtanding the advantages of ſize and make, their looks and features, though not unſightly, betray a vacancy of that life and ſpirit, without which beauty is unintereſting, and, like a mere picture, becomes utterly void of that indication of ſenſibility, which alone can awaken a delicacy of feeling.

As their education is conducted by the rules of the groſſeſt ſuperſtition, and they are taught little elſe than ſet forms of devotion, they arrive to the years of maturity uninſtructed in the uſe of reaſon, and uſually continue profoundly ignorant the remainder of their days, which are ſpent, or rather loitered away, in apathy and indolence.

Having learned none of the ingenious methods of making time ſit lightly, their hours of leiſure, which their inactivity ſwells to a large amount, are heavy and oppreſſive; and, from their want of almoſt all ſort of knowledge, the ſubjects of their diſcourſe are poor and inſipid, to a great degree. So irkſome, even to themſelves, is that kind of ſociety which conſiſts in a communication of thoughts, that dreſs and diverſion are the only refuge from the tedioufneſs which hangs over the general tenour of their lives. But whatever they attempt in either, ſhews an abſence of all taſte and elegance, ſuch as one may naturally expect from the poverty and barrenneſs of their fancy. In theſe two articles, indeed, they are obliged to borrow from abroad all that is tolerable.

The principal happineſs of the Auſtrian ladies of faſhion conſiſts in ruminating on the dignity of their birth

birth and families, the antiquity of their race, the rank they hold, the reſpect attached to it, and the prerogatives they enjoy over the inferior claſſes, whom they treat with the utmoſt ſupercilioufneſs, and hold in the moſt unreaſonable contempt. In the mean time, their domeſtic affairs are condemned to the moſt unaccountable neglect. They dwell at home, careleſs of what paſſes there; and ſuffer diſorder and confuſion to prevail, without feeling the leaſt uneaſineſs. Great frequenters of churches, their piety conſiſts in the ſtricteſt conformity to all the externals of religion. They profeſs the moſt boundleſs belief in all the ſilly legends with which their treatiſes of devotion are filled; and theſe are the only books they ever read. The coldneſs of their conſtitution occaſions a ſpecies of regulated gallantry, which is rather the effect of an opinion that it is an appendage of high life, than the reſult of their natural inclination.

It muſt at the ſame time be allowed, that the Auſtrian women are endowed with a great fund of ſincerity and candour; and, though too much on the reſerve, and prone to keep at an unneceſſary diſtance, are yet capable of the trueſt attachment, and always warm and zealous in the cauſe of thoſe, whom they have admitted to their friendſhip.

Though the Germans are rather a dull and phlegmatic people, and not greatly enſlaved by the warmer paſſions, yet at the court of Vienna they are much given to intrigue; and an amour is ſo far from being ſcandalous, that a woman gains credit by the rank of her gallant, and is reckoned ſilly and unfaſhionable if ſhe ſcrupulouſly adheres to the virtue of chaſtity. But ſuch cuſtoms are more the cuſtoms of courts, than of places leſs expoſed to temptation, and conſequently leſs diſſolute; and we are well aſſured that in Germany there are many women who do honour to humanity,

manity, not by chaſtity only, but alſo by a variety of other virtues.

The ladies, at the principal courts, differ not much in their dreſs from the French and Engliſh. They are not, however, ſo exceſſively fond of paint as the former. At ſome courts, they appear in rich furs; and all of them are loaded with jewels, if they can obtain them. The female part of the burghers families, in many of the German towns, dreſs in a very different manner, and ſome of them inconceivably fantaſtic, as may be ſeen in many prints publiſhed in books of travels. But, in this reſpect, they are gradually reforming, and many of them make quite a different appearance in their dreſs from what they did thirty or forty years ago.

The inhabitants of Vienna live luxurioufly, a great part of their time being ſpent in feaſting and carouſing. In winter, when the different branches of the Danube are frozen over, and the ground covered with ſnow, the ladies take their recreation in ſledges of different ſhapes, ſuch as griffins, tygers, ſwans, ſcallop-ſhells, &c. Here the lady ſits, dreſſed in velvet lined with rich furs, and adorned with laces and jewels, having on her head a velvet cap. The ſledge is drawn by one horſe, ſtag, or other creature, ſet off with plumes of feathers, ribbands, and bells. As this diverſion is taken chiefly in the night time, ſervants ride before the ſledges with torches; and a gentleman, ſtaning on the ſledge behind, guides the horſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

ON THE COMPARATIVE MERIT OF THE TWO SEXES.

THE difference of duties, of occupations, and of manners, muſt certainly have a conſiderable influence on the genius, on the ſentiments, and on the character of the two ſexes.

In comparing the intellectual powers of men and women, it is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh between the philoſophical talent, which thinks and diſcriminates; the talent of memory, which collects; the talent of imagination, which creates; the moral and political talent, which governs. It is alſo neceſſary to enquire to what degree women poſſeſs theſe four kinds of genius.

The philoſophical ſpirit is rare indeed, even among men. But ſtill there are many great men who have poſſeſſed it; who have raiſed themſelves to the height of nature, to become acquainted with her works; who have ſhewn to the ſoul the ſource of its ideas; who have aſſigned to reaſon its bounds, to motion its laws, and to the univerſe its harmony; who have created ſciences in creating principles; and who have aggrandized the human mind in cultivating their own. If there is no woman found on a level with theſe illuſtrious men, is it the fault of education or of nature?

Deſcartes, abuſed by envious men, but admired by two generous princeſſes, boaſted of the philoſophical talents of women. We muſt not, however, imagine that his gratitude could lead him into a voluntary error, even in compliment to beauty. He would no doubt find in Elizabeth, and in Chriſtina, a docility which prided itſelf in liſtening to ſo great a man, and which ſeemed to aſſociate itſelf with his genius, in following the train of his ideas. He might perhaps even find, in the compoſitions of women, perſpicuity

ſpicuity, order, and method. But did he find that, ſtrong *diſcernment*, that depth of intellect, that diffidence, which characteriſes the real philoſopher; Did he find that cool reaſon, which, always inquiſitive, advances ſlowly, and remeaſures all its ſteps;—Their genius, penetrating and rapid, flies off, and is at reſt. They have more ſallies than efforts. What they do not ſee at once, they ſeldom ſee at all? they either *diſdain* or deſpair to comprehend it. They are not poſſeſſed of that unremitting *aſſiduity*, which alone can purſue and diſcover important truths.

Imagination ſeems rather to be their *province*. It has been obſerved, that the imagination of women has in it ſomething unaccountably ſingular and extraordinary. All things ſtrike it; all things paint themſelves on it, in a lively manner. Their volatile ſenſes embrace every object, and carry off its image. Some *unknown* powers, ſome ſecret ſympathies, enable them rapidly to ſeize the impreſſions. The material world is not ſufficient for them; they love to create an *ideal* world of their own, which they embelliſh, and in which they dwell, Spectres, enchantments, prodigies, and whatever tranſcends the ordinary laws of nature, are their creation and their delight. They enjoy even their *terrors*. Their feelings are fine, and their fancy always approaches to enthuſiaſm.

But how far, it may be aſked, can the imagination of females, when applied to the arts, unfold itſelf in the talent of creating and deſcribing? Is their imagination as vigorous as it is lively and verſatile? Does it not unavoidably partake of their occupations, of their pleaſures, of their taſtes, and even of their weakneſſes? Perhaps their delicate fibres are afraid of ſtrong ſenſations, which fatigue them, and make them ſeek the ſweets which would give them repoſe.

Man, always active, is expoſed to ſtorms. The imagination of the poet enjoys itſelf on the ridge of mountains,

mountains, on the brink of volcanos, in the middle of ruins, on ſeas, and in fields of battle; and it is never more ſuſceptible of tender ideas, than after having experienced ſome great emotion.

But women, by means of their delicate and ſedentary life, leſs acquainted with the contraſt of the *gentle* and the *terrible*, may be ſuppoſed to feel and to paint leſs perfectly, even that which is agreeable, than thoſe who are thrown into contrary ſituations, and paſs rapidly from one ſenſation to another.

Perhaps too, from the habit of reſigning themſelves to the impreſſion of the moment, which with them is very ſtrong, their minds muſt be more repleniſhed with images than pictures. Or probably their imagination, though lively, reſembles a mirror, which reflects every thing, but creates nothing.

Love is without diſpute, the paſſion which women feel the ſtrongeſt, and which they expreſs the beſt. They feel the other paſſions more feebly, and, as it were, by chance. But love is their own; it is the charm and the buſineſs of their life; it is their ſoul. They ſhould therefore know well how to paint it.

But do they know, like the author of Othello, of the Revenge, or of Zara, to expreſs the tranſports of a troubled ſoul, which joins fury to love; which is ſometimes impetuous, and ſometimes tender; which now is ſoftened, and now is rouſed; which ſheds blood, and which ſacrifices itſelf; Can they paint theſe doublings of the human heart, theſe ſtorms of emotion and paſſion? — No; nature herſelf reſtrains them. Love in the one ſex is a conqueſt, in the other a ſacrifice.

It muſt therefore generally happen that the women of all countries, and in all ages, know better how to paint a delicate and tender ſentiment, than a violent and turbulent paſſion.

And beſides, by their duty, by the reſerve of their ſex, by the deſire of a certain grace which ſoftens all their expreſſions, is more bewitching than wit, and more attractive than beauty, they are obliged always to *conceal* a part of their ſentiments. Muſt not then theſe ſentiments, by being continually reſtrained, become weaker by degrees, and have leſs energy than thoſe of men, who, at all times bold and extravagant with impunity, give to their paſſions what tone they pleaſe, and which are invigorated by exerciſe?

A temporary conſtraint inflames the paſſions; but a continued conſtraint cools or extinguiſhes them.

With regard to the talent of order and memory, which claſſes facts, and ideas when neceſſary, as it depends a good deal upon method and habit, there ſeems little reaſon why the two ſexes may not poſſeſs it in an equal degree. But are not women ſooner diſguſted with the exceſs of labour, which is neceſſary in order to acquire the quantity of materials from which erudition reſults? Muſt not their impatience and natural deſire of change, which ariſe from fleeting and rapid impreſſions, prevent them from following, for a courſe of years, the ſame kind of ſtudy, and conſequently from acquiring profound or extenſive knowledge? Though this may be the caſe, they certainly have qualities of mind which atone for it. It is not the ſame hand which *poliſhes* the diamond, and which *digs* the mine.

We come now to a more important object, the political or moral abilities, which conſiſt in the direction of ourſelves or of others. In order to weigh, upon this ſubject, the advantages or diſadvantages peculiar to each ſex, it is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh between the uſe of theſe abilities in ſociety, and their uſe in government.

As women ſet a high value upon opinion, they muſt, by conſequence, very attentively conſider what it

it is which produces, deſtroys, or confirms it. They muſt know how far one may direct, without appearing to be intereſted; how far one may preſume upon that art, even after it is known; in what eſtimation they are held by thoſe with whom they live; and to what degree it is neceſſary to *ſerve* them, that they may govern them.

In all matters of buſineſs, women know the great effects which are produced by little cauſes. They have the art of impoſing upon ſome, by ſeeming to diſcover to them what they already know; and of divirting others from their purpoſe, by confirming their moſt diſtant ſuſpicions. They know how to captivate by praiſes thoſe who merit them; and to raiſe a bluſh, by beſtowing them where they are not due.

Theſe delicate ſciences are the *leading-ſtrings* in which the women conduct the men. Society to them is like a harpſichord, of which they know the touches; and they can gueſs at the ſound which every touch will produce. But man, impetuous and free, ſupplying the want of addreſs by ſtrength, and conſequently being leſs intereſted to obſerve—hurried away, beſides, by the neceſſity of continual action—can ſcarcely be poſſeſſed of all thoſe little *notices*, and polite attentions, which are every moment neceſſary in the commerce of life. Their calculations, therefore, on ſociety, muſt be more ſlow, and leſs ſure, than thoſe of women.

Let us now take a view of that ſpecies of underſtanding, in the two ſexes, which is applicable to government.

In ſociety, women govern men by their paſſions, and the ſmalleſt motives often produce the greateſt conſequences. But, in the government of ſtates, it is by comprehenſive views, by the choice of principles, and, above all, by the diſcovery and the employment of talents, that ſucceſs can be obtained. Here, inſtead

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of taking advantage of foibles, they muſt fear them. They muſt raiſe men above their weakneſſes, and not lead them into them.

In ſociety, therefore, the art of governing may be ſaid to conſiſt in flattering characters with addreſs: and the art of adminiſtration, in combating them with judgment. The knowledge of mankind required in the two caſes is very different. In the one, they muſt be known by their weakneſs; in the other, by their ſtrength. The one draws forth defects for little ends; the other diſcovers great qualities, which are mingled with thoſe very faults. The one, in ſhort, ſeeks little blemiſhes in great men; and the other, in diſſecting great men, muſt often perceive the ſame ſpots; for *perfect* characters exiſt only in *Utopia*.

Let us now enquire whether this ſpecies of underſtanding and obſervation belongs equally to the two ſexes.

There are women who *have* reigned and who *ſtill* reign, with luſtre. Chriſtina in Sweden, Iſabella of Caſtile in Spain and Elizabeth in England, have merited the eſteem of their age, and of poſterity.

We ſaw, in the war of 1741, a princeſs, whom even her enemies admired, defend the German empire with no leſs genius than courage and we lately beheld the Ottoman empire ſhaken by a woman. But, in general queſtions, we ſhould beware of taking exceptions for rules, and obſerve the ordinary courſe of nature.

It therefore becomes neceſſary to enquire, whether women, who, according to the mode of ſociety, neither are, nor have it in their power to be, ſo often in action as men, can ſo well judge of talents, their uſe, or their extent; whether great views, and the application of great principles, with the habit of perceiving conſequences with the glance of an eye, are compatible with their wandering imagination, and with minds ſo little accuſtomed to the arrangement of their ideas. All this

this is neceſſary to form the character which governs. It is the vigour of the ſoul which gives activity to genius, which extends and which ſtrengthens political ideas. This chracter, however, can hardly be formed but by great commotions great hopes, and great fears, as alſo the neceſſity of being continually engaged in action.

Is it not in general, the character of women, that their minds are more pleaſing than ſtrong? Does not their rapid imaginaiton, which often makes ſentiment precede thought, render them, in the choice of men, more ſuſceptible both of prejudice, and of error? Would not one be in danger of abuſe, would not one even run the riſk of their diſpleaſure, if he ſhould ſay that, in the diſtribution of their eſteem, they would ſet too high a value upon external accompliſhments; and, in ſhort, that they would perhaps be too eaſily led to believe that an *agreeable* man was a *great* man?

Elizabeth was not free from this cenſure. The inclinations of her ſex ſtole beneath the cares of the throne, and the greatneſs of her character. We are chagrined, at certain times, to ſee the little weakneſſes of a woman mingle with the views of a great mind. If Mary queen of Scotland had been leſs *fair*, perhaps her rival had been leſs *cruel*.

This taſt for coquetry, as is well known, furniſhed Elizabeth with favourites, in the choice of which ſhe judged more like a *woman* than a *ſovereign*. She was always too ready to believe, that the power of pleaſing her, implied genius.

That ſo much celebrated queen exerciſed over England an almoſt arbitrary ſway; at which, perhaps, we ought not to be ſurpriſed. Women, in general, on the throne, are more inclined to *deſpotiſm*, and more impatient of reſtraint, than men. The ſex to whom nature has aſſigned power, by giving them ſtrength, have a certain confidence which raiſes them in their

own eyes; ſo that they have no need of manifeſting to themſelves that ſuperiority of which they are ſure. But weakneſs, aſtoniſhed at the ſway which ſhe poſſeſſes, ſhakes her ſceptre on every ſide, to eſtabliſh her dominion.

Great men are perhaps more carried to that ſpecies of deſpotiſm which ariſes from lofty ideas; and women, above the ordinary claſs, to the deſpotiſm which proceeds from paſſion. The laſt is rather a ſally of the heart, than the effect of ſyſtem.

One thing which favours the deſpotiſm of female ſovereigns is, that the men confound the empire of their ſex with that of their rank. What we refuſe to grandeur, we pay to beauty. But the dominion of women, even when arbitrary, is ſeldom cruel. Theirs is rather a deſpotiſm of caprice, than of oppreſſion. The throne itſelf cannot cure their ſenſibility. They carry in their boſoms the counterpoiſe of their power.

Hence it follows, that in limited monarchies, female ſovereigns will tend to deſpotiſm from their jealouſy; and in abſolute government, will approach to monarchy by their mildneſs. This obſervation is proved by experience.

CHAP. XXXI.

ON THE RELIGIOUS AND DOMESTIC VIRTUES OF WOMEN.

BOTH experience and hiſtory atteſt, that in all ſects, in all countries, and in all ranks, the women have more religious virtues than the men. Naturally poſſeſſed of more ſenſibility, they have more occaſion for an object which may conſtantly occupy their

their mind. Deſirous of happineſs, and not finding enough in this world, they launch into a life and a world abounding with ineffable delights, More flexible in their duties than men, they reaſon leſs, and feel more. More ſubjected to good opinion, they pay more attention to what concerns themſelves. Leſs occupied, and leſs active, they have more time for contemplation. Leſs abſtracted or abſent, they are more ſtrongly affected by the ſame idea, becauſe it appears before them continually. More ſtruck by external objects, they reliſh more the pageantry of ceremonies and of temples; and the devotion of the ſenſes has no inconſiderable effect on that of the ſoul.

The domeſtic virtues are intimately connected with thoſe of religion; they are doubtleſs common to both ſexes. The advantage, however, ſeems ſtill to be in favour of the women. At leaſt they have more need of virtues which they have more occaſion to practiſe.

In the firſt period of life, timid, and without ſupport, the daughter is more attached to her mother. By ſeldom leaving her, ſhe comes to love her more. The trembling innocent is cheered by the preſence of her protectreſs; and her weakneſs, while it heightens her beauty, augments her ſenſibility. After becoming a mother herſelf, ſhe has other duties, which every thing invites her to fulfil. Then the condition of the two ſexes is widely different.

Man, in the middle of his labours, and among his arts, employing his powers. and commanding nature, finds pleaſure in his induſtry, in his ſucceſs, and even in his toils. But woman, being more ſolitary, and leſs active, has fewer reſources. Her pleaſures muſt ariſe from her virtues; her amuſements are her children. It is near the cradle of her infant; it is in viewing the ſmiles of her daughter, or the ſports of her ſon, that a mother is happy.

Where

Where are the tender feelings, the cries, the powerful emotions of nature? Where is the ſentiment, at once ſublime and pathetic, that carries every feeling to exceſs? Is it to be found in the froſty indifference, and the rigid ſeverity, of ſo many fathers? No; it is in the warm impaſſioned boſom of a mother. It is ſhe who, by an impulſe as quick as involuntary, ruſhes into the flood to ſnach her child, whoſe imprudence had betrayed him to the waves! It is ſhe who, in the middle of a conflagration, throws herſelf acroſs the flames to ſave her ſleeping infant!

Theſe great expreſſions of nature, theſe heart-rending emotions, which fill us at once with wonder, compaſſion, and terror, always have belonged, and always will belong, only to women. They poſſeſs, in thoſe moments, an inexpreſſible ſomething, which carries them beyound thmſelves. They ſeem to diſcover to us new ſouls, above the ſtandard of humanity.

If we conſider alſo the matrimonial duties, the obligations of huſband and wife, which of the ſexes is moſt likely to be faithful? Which, in violating them, has moſt obſtacles to encounter? Is not woman beſt defended by her education, by her reſerve, and by that modeſty which ſilences even her deſires? To theſe reſtraints we may add the power of the firſt paſſion, and the firſt ties, over a heart endowed with ſenſibility.

Nature herſelf, attentive in this inſtance to the manners of women has taken care to ſurround them with the ſtrongeſt, yet the gentleſt barriers. She has made inconſtancy more painful, and fidelity more pleaſing, to their hearts. Even in ages of general corruption, *conjugal* infidelity in women has been one of the laſt of crimes.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

ON FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

IT has long been a queſtion, which of the two ſexes is moſt capable of friendſhip. Montagne, who is ſo much celebrated for his knowledge of human nature, has given it poſitively againſt the women; and his opinion has been generally embraced.

Friendſhip perhaps, in women, is more rare than among men; but, at the ſame time, it muſt be allowed that where it is found, it is more tender.

Men, in general, have more of the parade than the graces of friendſhip. They often wound while they ſerve; and their warmeſt ſentiments are not very enlightened, with reſpect to thoſe minute ſentiments which are of ſo much value. But women have a refined ſenſibility, which makes them ſee every thing; nothing eſcapes them. They divine the ſilent friendſhip; they encourage the baſhful or timid friendſhip; they offer their ſweeteſt conſolations to friendſhip in diſtreſs. Furniſhed with finer inſtruments, they treat more delicately a wounded heart. They compoſe it, and prevent it from feeling its agonies. They know, above all, how to give value to a thouſand things, which have no value in themſelves.

We ought therefore, perhaps, to deſire the friendſhip of a man upon great occaſions; but, for general happineſs, we muſt prefer the friendſhip of a woman.

With regard to female intimacies, it may be taken for granted that there is no young woman who has not, or wiſhes not to have, a companion of her own ſex, to whom ſhe may unboſom herſelf on every occaſion. That there are women capable of friendſhip with women, few impartial obſervers will deny. There have been many evident proofs of it, and thoſe carried

as

as far as ſeemed compatible with the imperfections of our common nature. It is, however, queſtioned by ſome; while others believe that it happens exceedingly ſeldom. Between married and unmarried women, it no doubt happens very often; whether it does ſo between thoſe that are ſingle, is not ſo certain. Young men appear more frequently ſuſceptible of a generous and ſteady friendſhip for each other, than females as yet unconnected; eſpecially, if the latter have, or are ſuppoſed to have, pretentions to beauty, not adjuſted by the public.

In the frame and condition of females, however, compared with thoſe of the other ſex, there are ſome circumſtances which may help towards an apology for this unfavourable feature in their character.

The ſtate of matrimony is neceſſary to the ſupport, order, and comfort of ſociety. But it is a ſtate that ſubjects the women to a great variety of ſolicitude and pain. Nothing could carry them through it with any tolerable ſatisfaction or ſpirit, but very ſtrong and almoſt unconquerable attachments. To produce theſe, is it not fit they ſhould be peculiarly ſenſible to the attention and regards of the men? Upon the ſame ground, does it not ſeem agreeable to the purpoſes of providence, that the ſecuring of this attention, and theſe regards, ſhould be a principal aim? But can ſuch an aim be purſued without frequent competition? And will not that too readily occaſion jealouſy, envy, and all the unamiable effects of mutual *rivalſhip?* Without the reſtraints of ſuperior worth and ſentiment, it certainly will. But can theſe be ordinarily expected from the prevailing turn of female education; or from the little pains that women, as well as other human beings, commonly take to *controul* themſelves, and to act nobly? In this *laſt* reſpect, the ſexes appear pretty much on the ſame footing.

This

This reaſoning is not meant to juſtify the iudulgence of thoſe little and ſometimes baſe paſſions towards one another, with which females have been ſo generally charged. It is only intended to repreſent ſuch paſſions in the firſt approach; and, while not entertained, as leſs criminal than the men are apt to ſtate them: and to prove that, in their attachments to each other, the latter have not always that merit above the women, which they are apt to claim. In the mean time, let it be the buſineſs of the ladies, by emulating the gentlemen, where they appear good-natured and diſintereſted, to diſprove their imputation, and to ſhew a temper open to *friendſhip* as well as to *love*.

To talk much of the latter is natural for both; to talk much of the former, is conſidered by the men as one way of doing themſelves honour. Friendſhip, they well know, is that dignified form, which, in ſpeculation at leaſt, every heart muſt reſpect.

But in friendſhip, as in religion, which on many accounts it reſembles, ſpeculation is often ſubſtituted in the place of practice. People fancy themſelves poſſeſſed of the thing, and hope that others will fancy ſo too, becauſe they are fond of the name, and have learnt to talk about it with plauſibility. Such talk indeed impoſes, till experience gives it the lie.

To ſay the truth, there ſeems in either ſex but little of what a fond imagination, unacquainted with the falſehood of the world, and warmed by affections which its ſelfiſhneſs has not yet chilled, would reckon friendſhip. In theory, the ſtandard is raiſed too high; we ought not, however, to wiſh it much lower. The honeſt ſenſibilities of ingenuous nature ſhould not be checked by the over-cautious documents of political prudence. No advantage, obtained by ſuch frigidity, can compenſate for the want of thoſe warm effuſions of the heart into the boſom of a friend, which are doubtleſs among the moſt exquiſite pleaſures. At the

the ſame time, however, it muſt be owned, that they often by the inevitable lot of humanity, make way for the bittereſt pains which the breaſt can experience. Happy, beyond the common condition of her ſex, is ſhe who has found a friend indeed; open-hearted, yet diſcreet; generouſly fervent, yet ſteady; thoroughly virtuous, but not ſevere; wiſe, as well as cheerful! Can ſuch a friend be loved too much, or cheriſhed too tenderly? If to excellence and happineſs there be any one way more compendious than another, next to friendſhip with the Supreme Being, it is this.

But when a mixture of minds ſo beautiful and ſo ſweet takes place, it is generally, or rather always, the reſult of early prepoſſeſſion, caſual intercourſe, or in ſhort a combination of ſuch cauſes as are not to be brought together by management or deſign. This noble plant may be cultivated; but it muſt grow ſpontaneouſly.

CHAP. XXXIII.

ON FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

NATURE is equally indulgent to every rank in life. As, in her vegetable kingdom, ſhe has kindly made the ſweeteſt of flowers the moſt common; ſo, in the moral world, ſhe has placed the lovely virtue which conduces moſt to human happineſs, equally within the reach and cultivation of the rich and the poor.

Benevolence may be conſidered as the roſe, which is found as beautiful and as fragrant in the narrow border of the cottager, as in the ample and magnificent garden of the noble.

Charity

Charity is a theme on which the ſublimeſt ſpirits have often and ably diſcourſed. Many admirable things have been written on this lovely preſident of the angelic virtues.

That generous compaſſion, which intereſts the heart in the misfortune of others, is more particularly the portion of women. Every thing inclines them to generoſity and pity. Their delicate ſenſes revolt at the preſence of diſtreſs and pain. Objects of miſery and averſion diſcompoſe the ſoft indolence of their minds. Their ſouls are more hurt by images of ſorrow and of ſpleen, than tormented by their own ſenſibility; they muſt therefore be very anxious to afford relief. They poſſeſs, beſides, in a high degree, that inſtinctive feeling, which operates without reaſoning; and they often *relieve*, while men *deliberate*. Their benevolence is perhaps leſs rational, but it is more active; it is alſo more attentive, and more tender. What woman has ever been wanting in commiſeration to the unfortunate?

CHAP. XXXIV.

ON FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

WE ſhall now examine whether women, ſo ſuſceptible of friendſhip, of pity, of benevolence to individuals, can elevate themſelves to that patriotiſm, or diſintereſted love of one's country, which embraces all its citizens; and to that philanthropy, or univerſal love of mankind, which embraces all nations.

Patriotiſm ſurely ought not to be depreciated. It is the nobleſt ſentiment of the human mind; at

leaſt it is that which has produced the greateſt men, and which gave birth to thoſe ancient heroes, whoſe hiſtory ſtill aſtoniſhes our imagination, and accuſes our weakneſs. Patriotiſm, no doubt, is moſt commonly produced by the ideas of intereſt and property, by the remembrance of paſt ſervices, by the hope of future honours or rewards, and a certain enthuſiaſm which robs men of themſelves, to transform their exiſtence entirely into the body of the ſtate.

Theſe ſentiments, it will readily be perceived, do not correſpond with the condition of women. In almoſt all governments excluded from honours and from offices, poſſeſſed of little property, and reſtrained by the laws even in what they have, they cannot in general be ſuppoſed to be eminent for patriotiſm. Exiſting more in themſelves, and in the objects of their ſenſibility, and being perhaps leſs fitted than men by nature for the civil inſtitutions in which they have leſs ſhare, they muſt be leſs ſuſceptible of that enthuſiaſm, which makes a man prefer the ſtate to his family, and the collective body of his fellow-citizens to himſelf.

The example of the Roman and Spartan ladies, and the wonders performed by the Dutch women in the revolution of the Seven Provinces, clearly prove that the glorious enthuſiaſm of liberty can do all things; that there are times when nature is aſtoniſhed at herſelf; and that great virtues ſpring from great calamities.

That univerſal love of mankind which extends to all nations and to all ages, and which is a kind of abſtract ſentiment, ſeems to correſpond ſtill leſs with the character of females, than patriotiſm. They muſt have an *image* of what they love.

It is only by the power of arranging his ideas, that the philoſopher is able to overleap ſo many barriers; to paſs from a man to a people; from a people, to human

human kind; from the time in which he lives, to ages yet unborn; and from what he ſees, to what he does not ſee.

The tender ſex do not love to ſend their ſouls ſo far a-wandering. They aſſemble their ſentiments and their ideas about them, and confine their affections to what intereſts them moſt. Thoſe ſtrides of benevolence, to women, are out of nature. A man to them is more than a nation; and the hour in which they live, than a thouſand ages after death.

CHAP. XXXV.

OF WOMEN WITH REGARD TO POLISHED LIFE.

THERE are certain qualities which have generally been ranked among the ſocial virtues, but which may more properly be called *the virtues of poliſhed life*. They are the charm and the bond of company; and are uſeful at all times, and upon all occaſions. They are, in the commerce of the world, what current money is in trade. They are ſometimes not abſolutely neceſſary, but one can never ſafely be without them. They always procure the poſſeſſor a more favourable reception.

Such is that mild complacency which gives a ſoftneſs to the character, and an attractive ſweetneſs to the manners; that indulgence which pardons the faults of others, even when it has no need of pardon itſelf; the art of being blind to the viſible foibles of others, and of keeping the ſecret of thoſe which are hidden; the art of concealing our advantages, when we humble our rivals or oppenents, and of dealing gently with thoſe who cannot ſubmit without being offended.

offended. Such is that facility which adopts opinions it never had that freedom which inſpires confidence; and all that politeneſs, in ſhort, which is ſo very pleaſing, though ſometimes no more than a happy lie.

Politeneſs is a part of the female character. It is connected with their minds, with their manners, and even with their intereſt. To the moſt virtuous woman ſociety is a field of conqueſt.

Few men have formed the project of making every body happy, and ſo much the worſe for thoſe who have. But many women have not only formed ſuch a ſcheme, but have ſucceeded in it.

We are, in general, ſo much the more polite, as we are leſs devoted to ourſelves, and more to others; as we are more attentive to opinion; as we are more zealous to be diſtinguiſhed; and, perhaps, in proportion as we have fewer reſources, and greater means of having them. In ſhort, whether we ſpeak of individuals or of nations, of the two ſexes or the different ranks, when we ſay they are polite, we always ſuppoſe them to be idle, becauſe we admit the neceſſity of their living together.

Hence the art of regulating our behaviour, of adjuſting our looks, our words, and our motions, the need of attentions, and all the little gratifications of vanity.

We are naturally inclined to pay that homage which we receive, and to exact that which we pay. Thus the delicacy of ſelf-love produces all the refinements in ſociety; as the delicacy of the ſenſes produces all the refinements in pleaſure; and as the delicacy of taſt, which is perhaps only the reſult of the other two, produces all the refinements in literature, arts, and ſciences.

It will be eaſy to diſcern how theſe objects are connected

connected with one another, and how they all relate to women.

But refined politeneſs, it may be ſaid, is allied to falſehood. It ſubſtitutes the expreſſion of ſentiment too often for ſentiment itſelf.

Flattery is common to both ſexes. But the flattery of men is often very *diſguſting;* that of women is more light, and has more the appearance of ſentiment. Even when it is overdone, it is generally amuſing. The motive and the manner ſave them from contempt.

Men generally owe their frankneſs to pride; women to addreſs. The one ſex often utters a truth, without any other view than truth itſelf. In the mouth of the other, even truth itſelf has an *aim*.

CHAP. XXXVI.

ON THE IDEA OF FEMALE INFERIORITY.

IT is an opinion pretty generally eſtabliſhed, that in ſtrength of mind, as well as of body, men are greatly ſuperior to women. Let us, however, duly conſider the ſeveral propenſities and paths chalked out to each by the author of their nature.

Men are endowed with boldneſs and courage, women are not. The reaſon is plain: theſe are beauties in our character; in theirs they would be blemiſhes. Our genius often leads us to the great and the arduous; theirs to the ſoft and the pleaſing; we bend our thoughts to make life convenient; they turn theirs to make it eaſy and agreeable. If the endowments allotted to us by nature could not be eaſily acquired by women; it would be as difficult for us

to acquire thoſe peculiarly allotted to them. Are we ſuperior to them, in what belongs to the male character? They are no leſs ſo to us, in what belongs to the female character.

Would it not appear rather ludecrous to ſay, that a man was endowed only with inferior abilities, becauſe he was not expert in the nurſing of children, and practiſing the various effeminacies which we reckon lovely in a woman? Would it be reaſonable to condemn him on theſe accounts? Juſt as reaſonable is it to reckon women inferior to men, becauſe their talents are in general not adapted to tread the horrid path of war, nor to trace the mazes and intricacies of ſcience.

The idea of the inferiority of female nature, has drawn after it ſeveral others the moſt abſurd, unreaſonable, and humiliating to the ſex. Such is the pride of man, that in ſome countries he has conſidered immortality as a diſtinction too glorious for women. Thus degrading the fair partners of his nature, he places them on a level with the beaſts that periſh.

As the Aſiatics have, time immemorial, conſidered women as little better than ſlaves, this opinion probably originated among them. The Mahometans, both in Aſia and Europe, are ſaid, by a great variety of writers, to entertain this opinion.

Lady Montague, in her Letters, has oppoſed this general aſſertion of the writers concerning the Mahometans; and ſays that they do not abſolutely deny the exiſtence of female ſouls, but only hold them to be of a nature inferior to thoſe of men; and that they enter not into the ſame, but into an inferior paradiſe, prepared for them on purpoſe. Lady Montague, and the writers whom ſhe has contradicted, may perhaps be both right. The former might be the opinion which the Turks brought with them from Aſia; and the

the latter, as a refinement upon it, they may have adopted by their intercourſe with the Europeans.

This opinion, however, has had but few votaries in Europe; though ſome have even here maintained it, and aſſigned various reaſons for ſo doing. Among theſe, the following laughable reaſon is not the leaſt particular. "In the Revelations of St. John the divine," ſaid one, whoſe wife was a deſcendant of the famous Xantippe*, "you will find this paſſage: "*And there was ſilence in heaven for about the ſpace* "*of half an hour.* Now I appeal to any one whether "that could poſſibly have happened, had there been "any women there? And, ſince there are none there, "charity forbids us to imagine that they are all in a "worſe place; therefore it follows that they have "no immortal part: and happy is it for them, as "they are thereby exempted from being accountable "for all the noiſe and diſturbance they have raiſed "in this world."

In a very ancient treatiſe, called the Wiſdom of all Times, aſcribed to Huſhang, one of the earlieſt kings of Perſia, are the following remarkable words: "The "paſſions of men may, by long acquaintance, be tho-"roughly known; but the paſſions of women are in-"ſcrutable: therefore they ought to be ſeparated from "men, leſt the mutability of their tempers ſhould in-"fect others."

Ideas of a ſimilar nature ſeem to have been, at this time, generally diffuſed over the eaſt. For we find Solomon, almoſt every where in his writings, exclaiming againſt women; and, in the Apocrypha, the author of Eccleſiaſticus is ſtill more illiberal in his reflections.

* Xantippe was the wife of Socrates, and the moſt famous ſcold of antiquity.

Both

Both theſe authors, it is true, join in the moſt enraptured manner to praiſe a virtuous woman; but take care at the ſame time to let us know, that ſhe is ſo great a rarity as to be very ſeldom met with.

Nor have the Aſiatics alone been addicted to this illiberality of thinking concerning the ſex. Satiriſts of all ages and countries, while they flattered them to their faces, have from their cloſets moſt profuſely ſcattered their ſpleen and ill-nature againſt them. Of this the Greek and Roman poets afford a variety of inſtances: but they muſt nevertheleſs yield the palm to ſome of our moderns. In the following lines, Pope has outdone every one of them:

"*Men ſome to pleaſure, ſome to buſineſs take,*
"*But every woman is at heart a rake.*"

Swift and Dr. Young have hardly been behind this celebrated ſplenetic in illiberality. They perhaps were not favourites of the fair, and in revenge vented all their envy and ſpleen againſt them. But a more modern and accompliſhed writer, who by his rank in life, by his natural and acquired *graces*, was undoubtedly a favourite, has repaid their kindneſs by taking every opportunity of exhibiting them in the moſt contemptible light. "Almoſt every man," ſays he, "may be gained ſome way; almoſt every woman any "way." Can any thing exhibit a ſtronger caution to the ſex? It is fraught with information; and it is to be hoped they will uſe it accordingly.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

ON FEMALE SIMPLICITY.

WOULD we conceive properly of that ſimplicity which is the ſweeteſt expreſſion of a well-informed and well-meaning mind, which every where diffuſes tenderneſs and delicacy, ſweetens the relations of life, and gives a zeſt to the minuteſt duties of humanity, let us contemplate every perceptible operation of nature, the twilight of the evening, the pearly dew-drops of the early morning, and all that various growth which indicates the genial return of ſpring. The ſame principle, from which all that is ſoft and pleaſing, amiable or exquiſite, to the eye or the ear, in the exterior frame of nature, produces that taſte for true ſimplicity, which is one of the moſt uſeful, as well as the moſt elegant leſſons, that *ladies* can learn.

Infancy is, perhaps, the fineſt and moſt perfect illuſtration of ſimplicity. It is a ſtate of genuine nature throughout. The feelings of children are under no kind of reſtraint, but pure as the fire, free as the winds, honeſt and open as the face of heaven. Their joys inceſſantly flow in the thickeſt ſucceſſion, and their griefs only ſeem fleeting and convaleſcent. To the calls of nature they are only attentive. They know no voice but hers. Their obedience to all her commands is prompt and implicit. They never anticipate her bounties, nor relinquiſh her pleaſures. This ſituation renders them independant of artifice. Influenced only by nature, their manners, like the principle that produces them, are always the ſame.

Genuine ſimplicity is that peculiar quality of the mind, by which ſome happy characters are enabled to avoid

avoid the moſt diſtant approaches to every thing like affectation, inconſiſtency, or deſign, in their intercourſe with the world. It is much more eaſily underſtood, however, than defined; and conſiſts not in a ſpecific tone of the voice, movement of the body, or mode impoſed by cuſtom, but is the natural and permanent effect of real modeſty and good ſenſe on the whole behaviour.

This has been conſidered, in all ages, as one of the firſt and moſt captivating ornaments of the ſex. The ſavage, the plebeian, the man of the world, and the courtier, are agreed in ſtamping it with a preference to every other female excellence.

Nature only is lovely, and nothing unnatural can ever be amiable. The genuine expreſſions of truth and nature are happily calculated to impreſs the heart with pleaſure. No woman, whatever her other qualities may be, was ever eminently agreeable, but in proportion as diſtinguiſhed by theſe. The world is good-natured enough to give a lady credit for all the merit ſhe can poſſeſs or acquire, without affectation. But the leaſt ſhade or colouring of this odious foible brings certain and indeliable obloquy on the moſt elegant accompliſhments. The blackeſt ſuſpicion inevitably reſts on every thing aſſumed. She who is only an ape of others, or prefers formality, in all its gigantic and prepoſterous ſhapes, to that plain unembarraſſed conduct which nature unavoidably produces, will aſſuredly provoke an abundance of ridicule, but never can be an object either of love or eſteem.

The various artifices of the ſex diſcover themſelves at a very early period. A paſſion for expence and ſhow is one of the firſt they exhibit. This gives them a taſte for refinement, which diveſts their young hearts of almoſt every other feeling, renders their tempers deſultory and capricious, regulates their dreſs only by the moſt fantaſtic models of finery and faſhion, and makes

makes their company rather tireſome and aukward, than pleaſing or elegant.

No one perhaps can form a more ludicrous contraſt to every thing juſt and graceful in nature, than the woman whoſe ſole object in life is to paſs for a *fine lady*. The attentions ſhe every where and uniformly pays, expects, and even exacts, are tedious and fatiguing. Her various movements and attitudes are all adjuſted and exhibited by rule. By a happy fluency of the moſt elegant language, ſhe has the art of imparting a momentary dignity and grace to the mereſt trifles. Studious only to mimic ſuch peculiarities as are moſt admired in others, ſhe affects a loquacity peculiarly flippant and teazing; becauſe ſcandal, routs, finery, fans, china, lovers, lap-dogs, or ſquirrels, are her conſtant themes. Her amuſements, like thoſe of a magpye, are only hopping over the ſame ſpots, prying into the ſame corners, and devouring the ſame ſpecies of prey. The ſimple and beautiful deliniations of nature, in her countenance, geſtures, and whole deportment are habitually deranged, diſtorted, or concealed, by the affected adoption of whatever grimace or deformity is lateſt, or moſt in vogue.

She accuſtoms her face to a ſimper, which every ſeparate feature in it belies. She ſpoils, perhaps, a blooming complexion with a profuſion of artificial colouring. She diſtorts the moſt exquiſite ſhape by loads or volumes of uſeleſs drapery. She has her head, her arms, her feet, and her gait, equally touched by art and affectation, into what is called the *taſte*, the *ton*, or the *faſhion*.

She little conſiders to what a torrent of ridicule and ſarcaſm this mode of conduct expoſes her; or how exceedingly cold and hollow that ceremony muſt be, which is not the language of a warm heart. She does not reflect how inſipid thoſe ſmiles are, which indicate no internal pleaſantry; nor how aukward thoſe

thoſe graces, which ſpring not from habits of good-nature and benevolence. Thus, pertneſs ſucceeds to delicacy, aſſurance to modeſty, and all the vagaries of a liſtleſs, to all the ſenſibilities of an ingenious mind.

With her, punctilio is politeneſs; diſſipation, life; and levity, ſpirit. The miſerable and contemptible drudge of every tawdry innovation in dreſs or ceremony, ſhe inceſſantly miſtakes extravagance for taſte, and finery for elegance.

Her favourite examples are not thoſe perſons of acknowledged ſincerity, who ſpeak as they feel, and act as they think; but ſuch only as are formed to dazzle her fancy, amuſe her ſenſes, or humour her whims. Her only ſtudy is how to glitter or ſhine, how to captivate and gratify the gaze of the multitude, or how to ſwell her own pomp and importance. To this intereſting object all her aſſiduities and time are religiouſly devoted.

How often is debility of mind, and even badneſs of heart, concealed under a ſplendid exterior! The faireſt of the ſpecies, and of the ſex, often want ſincerity; and without ſincerity every other qualification is rather a blemiſh than a virtue or excellence. Sincerity operates in the moral, ſomewhat like the ſun in the natural world; and produces nearly the ſame effects on the diſpoſitions of the human heart, which he does on inanimate objects. Wherever ſincerity prevails, and is felt, all the ſmiling and benevolent virtues flouriſh moſt, diſcloſe their ſweeteſt luſtre, and diffuſe their richeſt fragrance.

Heaven has not a finer or more perfect emblem on earth, than a woman of genuine ſimplicity. She affects no graces which are not inſpired by ſincerity. Her opinions reſult not from paſſion and fancy, but from reaſon and experience. Candour and humility give expanſion to her heart. She ſtruggles for no kind of chimerical credit, diſclaims the appearance of every

every affectation, and is in all things juſt what ſhe ſeems, and others would be thought. Nature, not art, is the great ſtandard of her manners; and her exterior wears no varniſh, or embelliſhment, which is not the genuine ſignature of an open, undeſigning, and benevolent mind. It is not in her power, becauſe not in her nature, to hide, with a fawning air, and a mellow voice, her averſion or contempt, where her delicacy is hurt, her temper ruffled, or her feelings inſulted.

In ſhort, whatever appears moſt amiable, lovely, or intereſting in nature, art manners, or life, originates in ſimplicity. What is correctneſs in taſte, purity in morals, truth in ſcience, grace in beauty, but ſimplicity? It is the garb of innocence. It adorned the firſt ages, and ſtill adorns the infant ſtate of humanity. Without ſimplicity, woman is a vixen, a coquette, a hypocrite; ſociety a maſquerade, and pleaſure a phantom.

The following ſtory, I believe, is pretty generally known. A lady, whoſe huſband had long been afflicted with an acute but lingering diſeaſe, ſuddenly feigned ſuch an uncommon *tenderneſs* for him, as to reſolve on dying in his ſtead. She had even the addreſs to perſuade him not to outlive this extraordinary inſtance of her conjugal fidelity and attachment. It was inſtantly agreed they ſhould mutually ſwallow ſuch a quantity of arſenic, as would ſpeedily effect their dreadful purpoſe. She compoſed the fatal draught before his face, and even ſet him the deſperate example of drinking firſt. By this device, which had all the appearance of the greateſt affectation and candour, the dregs only were reſerved for him, and ſoon put a period to his life.

It then appeared that the doſe was ſo tempered, as, from the weight of the principal ingredient, to be deadly only at the bottom, which ſhe had artfully

appropriated for his ſhare. Even after all this fineſſe, ſhe ſeized, we are told, his inheritance, and inſulted his memory by a ſecond marriage.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

ON THE MILD MAGNANIMITY OF WOMEN.

A LATE eminent anatomiſt, in a profeſſional diſcourſe on the female frame, is ſaid to have declared, that it almoſt appeared an act of cruelty in nature to produce ſuch a being as woman. This remark may, indeed, be the natural exclamation of refined ſenſibility, in contemplating the various maladies to which a creature of ſuch delicate organs is inevitably expoſed; but, if we take a more enlarged ſurvey of human exiſtence, we ſhall be far from diſcovering any juſt reaſon to arraign the benevolence of its provident and gracious author. If the delicacy of woman muſt render her familiar with pain and ſickneſs, let us remember that her charms, her pleaſures, and her happineſs, ariſe alſo from the ſame attractive quality. She is a being, to uſe the forcible and elegant expreſſion of a poet,

"*Fine by defect, and amiably weak.*"

There is, perhaps, no charm by which ſhe more effectually ſecures the tender admiration and the laſting love of the more hardy ſex, than her ſuperior indureance, her mild and *graceful* ſubmiſſion to the common evils of life.

Nor is this the ſole advantage ſhe derives from her gentle fortitude. It is the prerogative of this lovely virtue,

virtue, to lighten the preſſure of all thoſe incorrigible evils which it cheerfully endures. The frame of man may be compared to the ſturdy *oak*, which is often ſhattered by reſiſting the tempeſt. Woman is the pliant *oſier*, which, in bending to the ſtorm, elades its violence.

The accurate obſervers of human nature will readily allow, that patience is moſt eminently the characteriſtic of woman. To what a ſublime and aſtoniſhing height this virtue has been carried by beings of the moſt delicate texture, we have ſtriking examples in the many female martyrs who were expoſed, in the firſt ages of chriſtianity, to the moſt barbarous and lingering tortures.

Nor was it only from chriſtian zeal that woman derived the power of defying the utmoſt rigours of perſecution with invincible fortitude. Saint Ambroſe, in his elaborate and pious treatiſe on this ſubject, records the reſolution of a fair diſciple of Pythagoras, who, being ſeverely urged by a tyrant to reveal the ſecrets of her ſex, to convince him that no torments ſhould reduce her to ſo unworthy a breach of her vow, bit her own *tongue* aſunder, and darted it in the face of her oppreſſor.

In conſequence of thoſe happy changes which have taken place in the world, from the progreſs of purified religion, the inflexible ſpirit of the tender ſex is no longer expoſed to ſuch inhuman trials. But, if the earth is happily delivered from the demons of torture and ſuperſtition; if beauty and innocence are no more in danger of being dragged to periſh at the ſtake—perhaps there are ſituations, in female life, that require as much patience and magnanimity, as were formerly exerted in the fiery torments of the virgin martyr. It is more difficult to ſupport an accumulation of *minute* infelicities, than any ſingle calamity of the moſt terrific magnitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

ON FEMALE DELICACY.

WHERE the human race has little other culture than what it receives from nature, the two ſexes live together, unconſcious of almoſt any reſtraint on their words or on their actions. The Greeks, in the heroic ages, as appears from the whole hiſtory of their conduct, where totally unacquainted with delicacy. The Romans, in the infancy of their empire, were the ſame, Tacitus informs us that the ancient Germans had not ſeperate beds for the two ſexes, but that they lay promiſcuouſly on reads or on hearth, ſpread along the walls of their houſes. This cuſtom ſtill prevails in Lapland among the peaſants of Norway, Poland, and Ruſſia; and it is not altogether obliterated in ſome parts of the highlands of Scotland and of Wales.

In Otaheite, to appear naked, or in clothes, are circumſtances equally indifferent to both ſexes; nor does any word in their language, nor any action to which they are prompted by nature, ſeem more indelicate or reprehenſible than another. Such are the effects of a total want of culture.

Effects not very diſſimilar are, in France and Italy, produced from a redundance of it. Though theſe are the politeſt countries in Europe, women there ſet themſelves above ſhame, and deſpiſe delicacy. It is laughed out of exiſtence, as a ſilly and unfaſhionable weakneſs.

But in China, one of the politeſt countries in Aſia. and perhaps not even, in this reſpect, behind France or Italy, the caſe is quite otherwiſe. No human being can be more delicate than a Chineſe woman, in her dreſs,

dreſs, in her behaviour, and in her converſation; and ſhould ſhe ever happen to be expoſed in any unbecoming manner, ſhe feels with the greateſt poignancy the aukwardneſs of her ſituation, and if poſſible covers her face, that ſhe may not be known.

In the midſt of ſo many diſcordant appearances, the mind is perplexed, and can hardly fix upon any cauſe to which female delicacy is to be aſcribed. If we attend, however, to the whole animal creation, if we conſider it attentively wherever it falls under our obſervation, it will diſcover to us, that in the female there is a greater degree of delicacy or coy reſerve than in the male. Is not this a proof, that, through the wide extent of creation, the ſeeds of delicacy are more liberally beſtowed upon females than upon males?

In the remoteſt periods of which we have any hiſtorical account, we find that the women had a delicacy to which the other ſex were ſtrangers. Rebecca veiled herſelf when ſhe firſt approached Iſaac her future huſband. Many of the fables of antiquity mark, with the moſt diſtinguiſhing characters, the force of female delicacy. Of this kind is the fable of Actæon and Diana. Actæon, a famous hunter, being in the woods with his hounds, beating for game, accidentally ſpied Diana and her nymphs bathing in a river. Prompted by curioſity, he ſtole ſilently into a neighbouring thicket, that he might have a nearer view of them. The goddeſs diſcovering him, was ſo affronted at his audacity, and ſo much aſhamed to have been ſeen naked, that in revenge ſhe immediately tranſformed him into a ſtag, ſet his own hounds upon him, and encouraged them to overtake and devour him. Beſides this and other fables, and hiſtorical anecdotes of antiquity, their poets ſeldom exhibit a female character, without adorning it with the graces of modeſty and delicacy. Hence we may infer, that theſe

qualities have not only been always eſſential to virtuous women in civilized countries, but were alſo conſtantly praiſed and eſteemed by men of ſenſibility; and that delicacy is an innate principle in the female mind.

There are ſo many evils attending the loſs of virtue in women, and ſo greatly are the minds of that ſex depraved when they have deviated from the path of rectitude, that a general contamination of their morals may be conſidered as one of the greateſt misfortunes that can befal a ſtate, as in time it deſtroys almoſt every public virtue of the men. Hence all wiſe legiſlators have ſtrictly enforced upon the ſex a particular purity of manners; and not ſatisfied that they ſhould abſtain from vice only, have required them even to ſhun every appearance of it.

Such, in ſome periods, were the laws of the Romans; and ſuch were the effects of theſe laws, that if ever female delicacy ſhone forth in a conſpicuous manner, it was perhaps among thoſe people, after they had worn off much of the barbarity of their firſt ages, and before they became contaminated by the wealth and manners of the nations which they plundered and ſubjected. Then it was that we find many of their women ſurpaſſing in modeſty almoſt every thing related by fable; and then it was that their ideas of delicacy were ſo highly refined, that they could not even bear the ſecret conſciouſneſs of an involuntary crime, and far leſs of having tacitly conſented to it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

ON FEMALE WIT.

WIT has been well compared to the dancing of a meteor, that blazes, allures, and miſleads, Moſt certainly it alone can never be a ſteady light; and too probably it is often a fatal one. Of thoſe who have reſigned themſelves to its guidance, how few has it not betrayed into great indiſcretions at leaſt, by inflaming their thirſt of applauſe; by rendering them little nice in their choice of company; by ſeducing them into ſtrokes of ſatire, too offenſive to the perſons againſt whom they were levelled, not to be repelled upon the authors with full vengeance; and, finally, by making them, in conſequence of that heat which produces, and that vanity which foſters it, forgetful of thoſe cool and moderate rules that ought to regulate their conduct!

A very few there may have been endowed with judgment and temper ſufficient to reſtrain them from indulging "the raſh dexterity of wit," and to direct it to purpoſes equally agreeable and beneficial. But one thing is certain—that witty men, for the moſt part, have had few friends, though many admirers. Their converſation has been courted, while their abilities have been feared, or their characters hated—or both. In truth, the laſt have ſeldom merited affection, even when the firſt have excited eſteem. Sometimes their hearts have been ſo bad, as at length to bring their heads into diſgrace.

At any rate, the faculty termed *wit* is commonly looked on with a ſuſpicious eye, as a two-edged ſword, from which not even the ſacredneſs of friendſhip can ſecure.

It is generally more dreaded in *women* than in men. In a Mrs. Rowe, we may preſume, it was not. To great brilliancy of imagination, that angelic female joined yet greater goodneſs of diſpoſition; and never wrote, nor was ever ſuppoſed to have ſaid, in her whole life, an ill-natured, or even an indelicate thing. Of ſuch a woman, with all her talents, none could be afraid. In her company, it muſt have been impoſſible not to feel reſpect. If aught on earth can preſent the image of celeſtial excellence in its ſofteſt array, it is ſurely an *accompliſhed woman;* in whom purity and meekneſs, intelligence and modeſty, mingle their charms.

Men of the beſt ſenſe, however, have been uſually averſe to the thought of marrying a *witty* female. Were they afraid of being outſhone? Some of them perhaps might be ſo, but many of them acted on different motives. Men who underſtand the ſcience of domeſtic happineſs, know that its very firſt principle is eaſe. Of that indeed we grow fonder, in every condition, as we advance in life, and as the heat of youth abates. But we cannot be eaſy where we are not ſafe. We are never ſafe in company of a *critic;* and almoſt every wit is a critic by profeſſion. In ſuch company we are not at liberty to unbend ourſelves. All muſt be the ſtraining of ſtudy, or the anxiety of apprehenſion. How painful! Where the heart may not expand and open itſelf with freedom, farewel to real friendſhip, farewel to convivial delight! But to ſuffer this reſtraint at home, what miſery! From the brandiſhings of wit in the hand of ill-nature, of imperious paſſion, or of unbounded vanity, who would not flee? But when that weapon is brandiſhed at a huſband, is it to be wondered if, from his own houſe, he take ſhelter in the tavern! He ſought a friend, he expected to be happy in a reaſonable companion; he has found a perpetual ſatiriſt, or a ſelf-ſufficient prattler.

ther. How does one pity ſuch a man, when one ſees him in continual fear on his own account, and that of his friends, and for the poor lady herſelf; leſt, in the run of her diſcourſe, ſhe ſhould be guilty of ſome petulence or ſome indiſcretion, that would expoſe her, and hurt them all!

But take the matter at the beſt, there is ſtill all the difference in the world between the entertainer of an evening, and a partner for life. Of the latter, a ſober mind, ſteady attachment, and gentle manners, joined to a good underſtanding, will ever be the chief recommendations; whereas the qualities that ſparkle will be often ſufficient for the former.

CHAP. XLI.

ON FEMALE CREDULITY.

OF ſome females, credulity is a very ſtriking characteriſtic. A credulous woman is ſupremely ſkilled in the ingenious and happy art of building caſtles in the air; and, as often as one fabric of illuſion is demoliſhed, ſhe erects another in its place. Her life is a ſcene of perpetual and ever-varying hope; and, as hope is one of the moſt lively paſſions, her temper is naturally gay. Her head may be compared to one of thoſe raree-ſhow boxes, which are filled with ſplendid and ſucceſſive pictures of one magnificent object. At the firſt peep you may diſcern the temple of Hymen. The ſtructure preſently vaniſhes; but diſappears only to make room for a more captivating view, either of the temple itſelf, or of ſome delightful avenue which is terminated by the ſame noble edifice.

She

She can recollect a thouſand inſtances in real life, as well as romance, of ladies who have made the moſt ſudden and fortunate conqueſts, by the ſimple and natural circumſtance of looking out of a window; and ſhe therefore devotes herſelf, with particular aſſiduity, to this favourite amuſement. She ſees a lover in every man by whom ſhe is civilly accoſted; and hears a hint at leaſt, if not an offer of marriage, in every common compliment that is caſually addreſſed to her.

There is one danger to which a credulous lady, if ſhe happens to be rich, is particularly expoſed; I mean, the very ſerious danger ariſing from thoſe vigilant and aſſiduous gentlemen, 'ycleped fortune hunters, who think themſelves entitled to plunder an opulent female, in the character of a bridegroom.

Flaccilla was an unfortunate example of this fatal credulity. She inherited an ample fortune, and poſſeſſed from her childhood a romantic turn of mind. She happened to paſs ſome months in autumn at the ſeat of a nobleman to whom ſhe was diſtantly related. The peer had lately received a new gamekeeper into his ſervice—a ſtout and enterpriſing ſon of Hibernia, who had ſeen, though under thirty, many viciſſitudes of life; and had ſuſtained the active parts of a travelling valet, a common ſoldier, and a ſtrolling player, before he engaged in his preſent occupation. The lively Patrick ſoon contracted a great intimacy with the fair attendant of Flaccilla; who diverted him, in their vacant moments, by relating with ludicrous humour the whimſies of her lady.

The ingenious Hibernian, who had founded his amuſement on the foibles of the maid, now determined to build his fortune on the foibles of the miſtreſs. Having arrayed himſelf in his new ſuit of green, he ſurpriſed the tender Flaccilla alone, in a ſequeſtered ſpot of her favourite wood, to which ſhe delighted to retire

retire, for the convenience of *devouring* a new novel without interruption.

Patrick ſoon prevailed on her to quit the viſionary tale for a more engaging romance. In ſhort, he perſuaded her that he was the ſon of an Iriſh peer in diſguiſe, who had only ſubmitted to his preſent humiliation, to ſecure the ecſtatic delight, which he now enjoyed, of throwing himſelf at her feet. The ſteady impoſtor played his part with dexterity and ſucceſs. The lady conſented to elope, was married, and made miſerable, before the activity of her friends could undeceive her. All, indeed, that they were at laſt able to do for her was, to prevail on the reaſonable Patrick to leave his wife to reflect on her credulous imprudence, and to bargain for a chance of future tranquillity at the expence of her fortune. Some inconſiderable ſhare of this, indeed, ſhe was lucky enough to recover and retain; but her health and ſpirits were impared by the diſgrace of her adventure, and her latter years were embittered by unavailing repentance for her abſurd credulity.

This foible, however, though riſing to a high degree of abſurdity, may ſtill, in ſome inſtances, be an object more worthy of tenderneſs and pity, than of contempt and deriſion. Inſtead of being the offenſive offspring of arrogance and vanity, it is frequently the mere baby of ſimplicity and benevolence. It often ariſes ſolely from the moſt natural and the moſt amiable of human wiſhes, the wiſh of being beloved; and, when its origin is ſuch, who would not be tender to the child for the ſake of the parent?

As hope is one of the moſt potent of our illuſive paſſions, we cannot wonder that the juſt and laudable hope of finding a huſband, ſhould often cheat the moſt ſenſible of ladies into an erroneous belief of having found him. How often does the philoſopher delude himſelf in much clearer matters, and where the ſilence of

of his heart affords him not ſo good an excuſe for the confuſion of his judgment!

This eaſineſs of belief, with regard to many, is ſo perfectly free fom every other blemiſh, that one cannot but lament the raillery to which it is expoſed. It has been perceived to be united with ſuch frames, that, inſtead of deriding it as a weakneſs, ſome have been almoſt led to regard it as a gift from heaven, to compenſate for the misfortunes of deformity. The young and inconſiderate cannot be expected to veiw it in ſo ſerious a light. But, to caution them from the danger of treating it with ſuch unintended cruelty as they may afterwards regret, I ſhall relate the brief hiſtory of a lady, whoſe fate was as ſingular as her perſon was unfortunate, and her character deſerving.

Harriot Aſpin was the youngeſt of four ſiſters, who in their childhood had all a proſpect of paſſing through life with every advantage that beauty and fortune can beſtow. But deſtiny ordained it otherwiſe; the extravagance of their father abridged the portion of each; and the little Harriot had the additional affliction of perſonal calamities.

From a fall which her nurſe occaſioned, and concealed, ſhe contracted a great degree of deformity; and the iujuries that her frame had received from accident, were completed in what her countenance ſuffered from that cruel diſtemper, by which beauty was ſo frequently deſtroyed before the happy introduction of inoculation. Her countenance and perſon were wretchedly disfigured; but her mind ſtill poſſeſſed the moſt valuable of mental powers, and her heart was embelliſhed by every generous affection, Her friends were many; but ſhe had paſſed her fortieth year without once hearing the addreſſes of a ſingle lover, Yet the fancied whiſper of this enchanting paſſion often vibrated in her ear; for, with a ſolid and brilliant underſtanding, ſhe was deeply tinctured with this credulous

credulous foible. As ſhe advanced towards fifty, finding her income very narrow, and her ſituation unpleaſant, ſhe took ſhelter in the family of her favourite ſiſter, married to a good-natured man of eaſy fortune; who, though he had ſeveral children, very readily allowed his wife to afford an aſylum, and adminiſter all the comforts in her power, to this unfortunate relation.

The good deeds of benevolence rarely paſs unrewarded. The obliging temper of Harriot, united to infinite wit and vivacity, contributed to reſtore the declining health of her ſiſter, and enlivened the houſe into which ſhe was ſo kindly admitted. She endeared herſelf to every branch of it; but her ſecond nephew, whoſe name is Edward, became her principal favourite, and returned her partiality with more eſteem and affection than nephews are uſed to feel for an old maiden aunt. Indeed, there was a ſtriking ſimilarity in their characters; for they both poſſeſſed a very uncommon portion of wit, with extreme generoſity and good-nature. Harriot had the moſt perfect penetration into the foibles of every character but her own; and had the art of treating them with ſuch tender and ſalutary mirth, that ſhe preſerved her nephew, whoſe conſtitution was amorous and vain, from a thouſand follies into which the giddineſs of his paſſions would otherwiſe have betrayed him; and, what is ſtill more to her honour, when he was really fallen into ſome juvenile ſcrape, which ſometimes would happen, ſhe never failed to aſſiſt him, both with ſecret advice, and the private aid of ſuch little ſums of money, as ſhe always contrived to ſave from her ſlender income, for the moſt generous of purpoſes.

By her laſt beneficence of this nature, ſhe had enabled her nephew to redeem his gold watch, which Edward, who ſtood in awe of his father, had actually

pawned, to deliver a poor and unfortunate girl from a ſpunging-houſe.

It was almoſt impoſſible not to love a maiden aunt of ſo engaging a character; and Edward, whoſe affections were naturally ardent, loved her indeed moſt ſincerely. But his penetration diſcovered her foible, and the vivacity of his ſpirit often tempted him to ſport with it.

Hitherto, however, he had done ſo in the moſt harmleſs manner; but a circumſtance aroſe, which fully proved the danger of this ordinary diverſion. Edward, being a younger brother, was deſigned for the profeſſion of phyſic. He had ſtudied at Edinburgh; and, returning from thence to London, had brought with him a medical friend, who was a native of Savoy, and was preparing to ſettle as a phyſician at Turin. In the gaiety of his heart, Edward informed his aunt Harriot that he had provided her with a huſband; and he enlarged on the excellent qualities of his friend. The Savoyard was extremely polite: and, either attracted by the pleaſantry of her converſation, or touched with medical pity for the ſtriking infelicity of her diſtorted frame, he had paid particular attention to Miſs Aſpin; for, being yet under fifty, ſhe had not aſſumed the title of Mrs.

This particular attention was fully ſufficient to convince the credulous Harriot that her nephew was ſerious. But ſhe was unluckily confirmed in that illuſion, by his ſaying to her, one evening, "Well, my dear "aunt, my friend is to leave England on Monday. "Conſider, upon your pillow, whether you will paſs "the Alps, to ſettle with him for life; and let me "know your deciſion before the week expires."

The ſportive Edward was very far from ſuppoſing that theſe idle words could be productive of any fatal event; for the health of his aunt was ſuch, that he conſidered his propoſal of croſſing the Alps full as extravagant

extravagant as if he had propoſed to her to ſettle in the moon. But let youth and vigour remember, that they ſeldom can form a juſt eſtimate of the wiſhes, thoughts, and feelings of infirmity.

Poor Harriot had no ſooner retired to her chamber, than ſhe entered into a profound debate with a favourite maid, who uſed to ſleep in her room, concerning the dangers of croſſing the Alps, and the ſtate of her health. In this debate, both her heart and her fancy played the part of very able advocates, and defended a weak cauſe by an aſtoniſhing variety of arguments in its favour. They utterly overpowered her judgment. But they could not bias the ſounder ſenſe of Molly, who was ſeated on the bench on this occaſion.

The honeſt girl, who happened to have a *real* lover in England, had many motives to diſſuade her miſtreſs from an extravagant project of ſettling in a foreign country; and ſhe uttered as many reaſons to poor Harriot againſt the paſſage of the Alps, as were urged to the ſon of Hamilcar by his Carthaginian friends, when he firſt talked of traverſing thoſe tremenduous mountains. The debate was very warm on both ſides, and ſupported through the greateſt part of the night. The ſpirited Harriot was horribly fatigued by the diſcourſe, but utterly unconvinced by the forcible arguments of her opponent. She even believed that the journey would prove a remedy for her aſthmatic complaints. Her deſire of a matrimonial eſtabliſhment was full as efficacious as the vinegar of Hannibal; and the Alps *melted* before it.

At the dawn of day, ſhe had poſitively determined to follow the fortunes of the amiable Savoyard. The peace of mind which this deciſion produced, afforded her a ſhort ſlumber: but, on waking, ſhe was very far from being refreſhed; and found that her unhappy frame had ſuffered ſo much from the agitation of her ſpirit, and the want of her uſual ſleep, that ſhe was

unable

unable to appear at breakfaſt. This, however, was a circumſtance too common to alarm the family: for, though her cheerfulneſs never forſook her, yet her little portion of ſtrength was frequently exhauſted; and her breath often ſeemed at the very point of departing from her diminutive body.

Towards noon, her ſiſter entered her chamber, to make a kind enquiry concerning her health. It was a warm day in ſpring; yet Harriot, who was extremely chilly, had ſeated herſelf in a little low chair, by the ſide of a large fire. Her feet were ſtrangely twiſted together, and, leaning forward to reſt her elbow on her knee, ſhe ſupported her head on her right hand. To the affectionate queſtions of her ſiſter ſhe made no reply, but, ſtarting from her reverie, walked with apparent difficulty acroſs the chamber, and, ſaying with a feeble and fainting voice, "I can never paſs the Alps," ſunk down on the ſide of her bed, and with one deep ſigh, but without any convulſive ſtruggle, expired.

Whether the much-injured and defective organs of her life were completely worn out by time, or whether the conflict of different affections, which had haraſſed her ſpirit through the night, really ſhortened her exiſtence, the all-ſeeing Author of it alone can determine. It is certain, however, that her death, and the peculiar circumſtances attending it, produced among her relations the moſt poignant affliction, As ſhe died without one convulſive motion, her ſiſter could hardly believe her to be dead; and as this good lady had not attended to the levities of her ſon Edward ſhe could not comprehend the laſt words of Harriot, till her faithful ſervant gave a full and honeſt account of the nightly converſation which had paſſed between herſelf and her departed miſtreſs.

An intimate friend of her nephew Edward, who well knew his regard for this ſingular little being, haſtened to him the firſt moment that he heard ſhe was no more.

He

He found him under the ſtrongeſt impreſſion of recent grief, and in the midſt of that ſelf-accuſation ſo natural to a generous ſpirit upon ſuch an occaſion. He endeavoured to comfort him, by obſerving that death, which ought, perhaps, never to be conſidered as an evil, might ſurely be eſteemed a bleſſing to a perſon, whoſe unfortunate infirmities of body muſt undoubtedly have been a ſource of inceſſant ſuffering. "Alas! my dear friend," he replied, "both my heart and my underſtanding refuſe to ſubſcribe to the ideas, by which you ſo kindly try to conſole me. I allow, indeed, that her frame was unhappy, and her health moſt delicate. But who had a keener reliſh of all the genuine pleaſures which belong to a lively and cultivated mind, and ſtill more of all thoſe higher delights, which are at once the teſt and the reward of a benevolent heart? It is true, ſhe had her foibles; but what right had I to ſport with them? To me they ought to have been particularly ſacred, for ſhe never looked upon mine, but with a moſt generous indulgence." "Poor Harriot!" he would frequently exclaim; "poor aunt Harriot! I have baſely abridged thy very weak, but not unjoyous exiſtence, by the moſt unthinking barbarity. I will, however, be tender to thy memory; and I wiſh that I could warn the world againſt the dangerous cruelty of jeſting with the credulity of every being who may reſemble thee."

CHAP. XLII.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.

THE company of ladies has a very powerful influence on the ſentiments and conduct of men. Women, the fruitful ſource of half our joys, and perhaps of *more* than half our ſorrows, give an elegance to our manners, and a reliſh to our pleaſures, They ſooth our afflictions and ſoften our cares. Too much of their company will render us effeminate, and infallibly ſtamp upon us many ſignatures of the female nature. A rough and unpoliſhed behaviour, as well as ſlovenlineſs of perſon, will certainly be the conſequence of an almoſt conſtant excluſion from it. By ſpending a reaſonable portion of our time in the company of the women, and another in the company of our own ſex, we ſhall imbibe a proper ſhare of the ſoftneſs of the female, and at the ſame time retain the firmneſs and conſtancy of the male.

"We believe that it is proper," ſays an amiable writer, who has ſtudied the human heart with ſucceſs, for perſons of the ſame age, of the ſame ſex, of ſimilar diſpoſitions and purſuits, to aſſociate together. But here we ſeem to be deceived by words. If we conſult nature and common ſenſe, we ſhall find, that the true propriety and *harmony* of ſocial life depend upon the connection of people of *different* diſpoſitions and characters judiciouſly blended together. Nature hath made no individual, nor no claſs of people, independent of the reſt of their ſpecies, or ſufficient for their own happineſs.

"Each ſex, each character, each period of life, have their ſeveral advantages and diſadvantages; and that union is the happieſt and moſt proper where wants are mutually ſupplied.

"The

"The fair ſex ſhould naturally hope to gain from our converſation, knowledge, wiſdom, and ſedateneſs; and they ſhould to give us, in exchange, humanity, politeneſs, cheerfulneſs, taſte, and ſentiment.

"The levity, the raſhneſs, and folly of early life are tempered with the gravity, the caution, and the wiſdom of age; while the temidity, coldneſs of heart, and languor incident to declining years, are ſupported and aſſiſted by the courage, the warmth, and the vivacity of youth."

As little ſocial intercourſe ſubſiſted between the two ſexes, in the more early ages of antiquity, we find the men leſs courteous, and the women leſs engaging. Vivacity and cheerfulneſs ſeem hardly to have exiſted. Even the Babylonians, who appear to have allowed their women more liberty than any of the ancients, ſeem not to have lived with them in a friendly and familiar manner. But, as their intercourſe with them was conſiderably greater than that of the neighbouring nations, they acquired thereby a poliſh and refinement unknown to any of the people who ſurrounded them. The manners of both ſexes were ſofter, and better calculated to pleaſe.

They likewiſe paid more attention to cleanlineſs and dreſs.

After the Greeks became famous for their knowledge of the arts and ſciences, their rudeneſs and barbarity were only ſoftned a *few degrees*. It is not therefore arts, ſciences, and *learning*, but the company of the other ſex, that forms the manners and renders the man *agreeable*.

The Romans were, for ſome time, a community without women, and conſequently without any thing to ſoften the ferocity of male nature. The Sabine virgins, whom they had ſtolen, appear to have infuſed into them the firſt ideas of politeneſs. But it was many ages before this politeneſs baniſhed the roughneſs of

of the warrior, and aſſumed the refinement of the gentlmen.

During the times of chivalry, famale enfluence was at the zenith of its glory and perfection. It was the ſource of valour, it gave birth to politeneſs, it awakened pity, it called forth benevolence, it reſtricted the hand of oppreſſion, and meliorated the human heart. "I cannot approach my miſtreſs," ſaid one, "till I have done ſome glorious deed that may deſerve her notice. Actions ſhould be the meſſengers of the heart; they are the homage due to beauty, and they only ſhould diſcover love."

Marſan, inſtructing a young knight how to behave ſo as to gain the favour of the fair, has theſe remarkable words:—"When your arm is raiſed, if your lance fail, draw your ſword directly; and let heaven and hell reſound with the claſh. Lifeleſs is the ſoul which beauty cannot animate, and weak is the arm which cannot fight valiantly to defend it."

The Ruſſians, Poles, and even the Dutch, pay leſs attention to their females than any of their neighbours, and are, by conſequence, leſs diſtinguiſhed for the graces of their perſons, and the feelings of their hearts.

The lightneſs of their food, and the ſalubrity of their air, have been aſſigned as reaſons for the vivacity and cheerfulneſs of the French, and their fortitude in ſupporting their ſpirits through all the adverſe circumſtances of this world. But the conſtant mixture of the young and old, of the two ſexes, is no doubt one of the *principal* reaſons, why the cares and ills of life ſit lighter on the ſhoulders of that fantaſtic people, than on thoſe of any other country in the world.

The French reckon an excurſion dull, and a party of pleaſure without reliſh, unleſs a mixture of both ſexes join to compoſe it. The French women do not even withdraw from the table after meals; nor do the men

diſcover

diſcover that impatience to have them diſmiſſed, which they ſo often do in England.

It is alleged by thoſe who have no reliſh for the converſation of the fair ſex, that their preſence curbs the freedom of ſpeech, and reſtrains the jollity of mirth. But, if the converſation and the mirth are decent, if the company are capable of reliſhing any thing but wine, the very reverſe is the caſe. Ladies, in general, are not only more cheerful than gentlemen, but more eager to promote mirth and good humour.

So powerful, indeed, are the company and converſation of the fair, in diffuſing happineſs and hilarity, that even the cloud, which hangs on the *thoughtful brow* of an Engliſhman, begins in the preſent age to brighten, by his devoting to the ladies a larger ſhare of time, than was formerly done by his anceſtors.

Though the influence of the ſexes be reciprocal, yet that of the ladies is certainly the greateſt. How often may one ſee a company of men, who were diſpoſed to be riotous, checked all at once into decency by the accidental entrance of an amiable woman; while her good ſenſe and obliging deportment charms them into at leaſt a temporary conviction, that there is nothing ſo beautiful as female excellence, nothing ſo delightful as female converſation, in its beſt form! Were ſuch conviction frequently repeated, what might we not expect from it at laſt?

"Were Virtue," ſaid an ancient philoſopher, "to appear amongſt men in viſible ſhape, what vehement deſires would ſhe enkindle!" Virtue exhibited without affectation, by a lovely young perſon, of improved underſtanding and gentle manners, may be ſaid to appear with the moſt alluring aſpect, ſurrounded by the *Graces*.

It would be an eaſy matter to point out inſtances of the moſt evident reformation, wrought on particular men, by their having happily conceived a paſſion for virtuous women.

To

To form the manners of men, various cauſes contribute; but nothing, perhaps, ſo much as the turn of the women with whom they converſe. Thoſe who are moſt converſant with women of virtue and underſtanding; will be always found the moſt amiable characters, other circumſtances being ſuppoſed alike. Such ſociety, beyond every thing elſe, rubs off the *corners* that give many of our ſex an ungracious roughneſs. It produces a poliſh more perfect, and more pleaſing, than that which is received from a general commerce with the world. This laſt is often ſpecious, but commonly ſuperficial. The other is the reſult of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity. The heart itſelf is moulded. Habits of undiſſembled courteſy are formed. A certain flowing *urbanity* is acquired. Violent paſſions, raſh oaths, coarſe jeſts, indelicate language of every kind, are precluded and diſreliſhed.

Underſtanding and virtue, by being often contemplated in the moſt engaging lights, have a ſort of aſſimilating power. Let it not be ſuppoſed, however, that the men, here deſcribed, will become feminine. Their ſentiments and deportment will only contract a grace: their principles will have nothing ferocious or forbidding: their affections will be chaſte and ſoothing at the ſame inſtant. In that caſe, the *gentlemen*, the man of *worth*, and the *religious* man, will all melt inſenſibly and ſweetly into one another.

The French and Italian nobility are generally educated in the drawing-room, at the toilette, and places of public amuſement, where they are conſtantly in the company of women.

The Engliſh nobility and gentry receive their education at the univerſity, and at Newmarket, where books, grooms, and jockeys muſt, of courſe, be their companions.

Some mode of education, between theſe two extremes, would have a tendancy to preſerve the dignity of

of the man, as well as to infuſe a ſufficient quantity of the addreſs of the woman.

Female ſociety gives men a taſte for cleanlineſs and elegance of perſon. Our anceſtors, who kept but little company with their women, were not only ſlovenly in their dreſs, but had their countenances diſfigured with long beards. By female, influence, however, beards were, in proceſs of time, mutilated down to muſtaches. As the gentlemen found that the ladies had no great reliſh for muſtaches, which were the relics of a beard, they cut and curled them into various faſhions, to render them more agreeable. At laſt, however, finding ſuch labour vain, they gave them up altogether. But as thoſe of the three learned profeſſions were ſuppoſed to be endowed with, or at leaſt to ſtand in need of, more wiſdom than other people, and as the longeſt beard had always been deemed to ſprout from the wiſeſt chin, to ſupply this mark of diſtinction, which they had loſt, they contrived to ſmother up their heads in enormous quantities of frizzled hair, that they might bear the greater reſemblance to an owl, the bird ſacred to wiſdom and Minerva.

To female ſociety it has been objected by the learned and ſtudious, that it enervates the mind, and gives it ſuch a turn for trifling, levity, and diſſipation, as renders it altogether unfit for that application which is neceſſary in order to become eminent in any of the ſciences. In proof of this they allege, that the greateſt philoſophers ſeldom or never were men who enjoyed, or were fit for, the company or converſatiou of women. Sir Iſaac Newton hardly ever converſed with any of the ſex. Bacon, Boyle, Des Cartes, and many others, conſpicuous for their learning and application, were but indifferent companions to the fair.

It is certain, indeed, that the youth, who devotes his whole time and attention to female converſation, and the

the little offices of gallantry, never diſtinguiſhes himſelf in the literary world. But notwithſtanding this, without the fatigue and application of ſevere ſtudy, he often obtains, by female intereſt, what is denied to the merited improvements acquired by the labour of many years.

CHAP. XLIII.

OF THE BRITISH LADIES AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

WHAT poliſhed nations underſtand by ſociety, appears to have been little known in England, before the reign of Henry VIII. This backwardneſs may in ſome meaſure be aſcribed to our continental wars with France and with Scotland. By our quarrels with the one, we were ſhut out from foreign intercourſe; and by our hoſtilities with both, we were diverted from cultivating the arts of peace.

The ſpirit of chivalry, which produced ſuch amazing effects on the Continent, was more weakly felt here. Edward III. had indeed eſtabliſhed the order of the garter. But real wars allowed the knights little time for the mock encounter, or the generous viſions of romantic heroiſm. *Love* was ſtill a ſimple paſſion, which led the ſhorteſt way to its gratification, and generally in conformity with law and cuſtom. It partook little of imagination; and conſequently, required few perfections in its object. It aſpired neither at angels nor goddeſſes.

The women, who ſtill retained all their native innocence and modeſty, were regarded only as wives and mothers. Where qualifications are not *demanded*, they will never be found. The accompliſhments of the ſex entitled

entitled them to no other character; and it had perhaps been happy for both ſexes, if they could have remained in ſuch a ſtate of ſimplicity.

The Scots, by means of their alliance with France, which had ſubſiſted for ſeveral centuries, and that ſpirit of adventure, which has at all times led them abroad in queſt of reputation, civil or military, may be ſuppoſed at this time to have been better acquainted with the elegances, of life, than their wealthy and powerful neighbours. Accordingly we find, in the court of James IV. a taſte in muſic, in letters, and in *gallantry*, to which the great monarch of the houſe of Tudor and his haughty barons were yet ſtrangers.

But the political ſtate of both kingdoms was an inſuperable bar to all liberal intercourſe. The barons, or chiefs, were hoſtile to the court, from which they had every thing to fear, and nothing to hope. They were dreaded by it in their turn; they looked from the walls of their caſtles with a jealous eye on each other; they never went abroad, but attended by a numerous train of domeſtics. They viſited each other with the ſtate, and the diffidence, of neighbouring princes. Their *marriages* were contracted from family motives, and their courtſhips were conducted with the greateſt *form*, and the moſt diſtant reſpect. They took liberties indeed with the women of inferior condition, and they rioted in thoughtleſs jollity with their dependents. But the ideas of inferiority and dependance are incompatable with thoſe of ſociety and gallantry.

Henry VII. by curbing the hoſtile ſpirit of the barons, by abridging their power, by diminiſhing their retainers, by extending commerce, by encouraging agriculture, by ſecuring peace to his ſubjects, at home and abroad, prepared the way for learning, arts, and elegance. But the taſte of the nation was not yet ripe for their reception; and the temper of his ſon, Henry

VIII. was not highly favourable to ſuch a revolution. That prince, however, by his taſte for tournaments, foſtered the ſpirit of chivalry. By his magnificence and profuſion he drew the nobility to court; and, by his interviews with the emperor, and the French king, he rouſed their emulation of foreign elegance. They were ſmitten with the love of letters and of gallantry. The Earl of Surrey, in particular, celebrated his *miſtreſs* in his verſes, and defended her honour with his ſword, againſt all who dared, with unhallowed lips, to profane her *immaculate* name.

The women in this reign likewiſe began to diſcover a taſte for literature and politeneſs. The counteſs of Richmond, mother to Henry VII. and who ſurvived him, had ſhewn the way. She tranſlated two pious treatiſes from the French; and was a great patroneſs of learning. Elizabeth Blount, miſtreſs to Henry VIII. was a woman of elegant *accompliſhments*; and his laſt queen, Catharine Parr, wrote with facility both in Latin and Engliſh, and appears beſides to have been a woman of addreſs.

But the houſe of Sir Thomas More ſeems, in a more particular manner, to have been the habitation of the Muſes, and even of the Graces. He was poſſeſſed of all the learning of antiquity, and was pious even to weakneſs. But neither his religion, nor his learning, ſoured his temper, nor blunted his taſte for ſociety. His ideas of the *female* character would do honour to a gentleman of the preſent age. "May you meet with a wife not ſtupidly ſilent, nor always prattling nonſenſe. May ſhe be learned, if poſſible, or at leaſt capable of being made ſo. A woman, thus accompliſhed, will be always drawing ſentiments and maxims out of the beſt authors. She will be *herſelf*, in all the changes of fortune. She will neither be blown up with proſperity, nor broken in adverſity. You will find in her an even, cheerful, good-humoured friend,

friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuſe knowledge into your children with their *milk*, and from their infancy train them up to wiſdom. Whatever company you are engaged in, you will *long* to be at home; and will retire with delight from the ſociety of men into the *boſom* of a woman, who is ſo dear, ſo knowing, and ſo amiable. If ſhe touches her lute, and more particularly if ſhe ſings to it any of her own compoſitions, it will ſooth your ſolitude, and her voice will ſound ſweeter in your ear, than the ſong of the nightingale. You will ſpend whole days and nights with pleaſure in her company, and you will be always finding out new beauties in her mind. She will keep your ſoul in perpetual ſerenity. She will reſtrain its mirth from being diſſolute, and prevent its melancholy from becoming painful."

According to theſe ideas, he educated his three daughters, whoſe virtues and talents appear to have merited all his care. They lived for ſome time in one houſe, with their father, their huſbands, and their children, and formed a ſociety, all things conſidered, which has ſeldom, if ever, been equalled, in any age or country; where morals were ſublimed by religion; where manners were poliſhed by a ſenſe of elegance, and ſoftened by a deſire to pleaſe; where friendſhip was warmed by love, and ſtrengthened by the ties of blood. Their converſation, animated by genius, enriched by learning, and moderated by reſpect, exulting in the dignity of its object, ſeemed to approach to that fine tranſport, which immortal beings may be ſuppoſed to feel, in pouring out their contemplations of the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Creator. When lighter matters were the ſubject of diſcourſe, wit had a ſpring, humour a flow, and ſentiment a poignancy, of which thoſe who are always talking of trifles, who hover continually on the ſurface of the earth, and rove like

like butterflies from ſenſe to ſenſe, both in their lives and converſations, can have no conception.

The reign of Elizabeth is juſtly conſidered as one of the moſt ſhining periods in the Engliſh hiſtory. For purity of manners, vigour of mind, vigour of character, and perſonal addreſs, it is perhaps unequalled.

The magnificent entertainments, which that illuſtrious princeſs ſo frequently gave her court, and at which ſhe generally appeared in perſon, with a moſt engaging familiarity, rubbed off the ancient reſerve of the nobility, and increaſed the taſte of ſociety, and even of gallantry. The maſculine boldneſs of her character, however, was unfavourable to female *graces*. The women of her court, like herſelf, were rather objects of reſpect than love. Their virtues were ſevere; their learning and their talents were often great; they had paſſions, but they knew how to ſuppreſs them, or to divert them into the channel of intereſt or ambition. They did not however want their admirers. Men were leſs *delicate* in thoſe days.

Spenſer, by writing his *Fairy Queen*, revived in Britain the ſpirit of chivalry, at a time, when it began to expire on the Continent; and Sir Philip Sidney, in his Arcadia, refined on that ſentiment. The Fairy Queen was intended as a compliment to Elizabeth; and the Arcadia was dedicated by Sir Philip to his ſiſter, the counteſs of Pembroke, the moſt amiable and accompliſhed woman of her time.

The following ingenious and well-known verſes were intended as part of her epitaph:

"*Underneath this ſable hearſe*
"*Lies the ſubject of all verſe,*
"*Sidney's ſiſter, Pembroke's mother—*
"*Death! ere thou haſt kill'd another,*
"*Fair, and learn'd, and good as ſhe,*
"*Time ſhall throw a dart at thee.*"

Elizabeth

Elizabeth herſelf was a great and ſingular character. But ſhe had few qualities to recommend her as a woman, though paſſionately fond of perſonal admiration. Nor were her talents, as a writer, either ſtriking or elegant, though ſhe appears to have been ambitious of literary fame. Her ability as a ſovereign has been already conſidered. Her virtues were thoſe of her rank, and of her age; and her weakneſſes, thoſe of her ſex. They failed, however, to render her amiable.

Mary queen of Scotland. the cotemporary of Elizabeth, and her rival in beauty, in letters, and in ſway, though a leſs perfect, is a more attractive character. While we blame her conduct, ſhe conciliates our affection. Even thoſe who accuſe her of guilt, muſt weep for her misfortunes; and will feel their boſoms ſwell with indignation againſt her *inhuman* ſubjects, and her perfidious protectreſs, while they read her unhappy ſtory, as told by her enemies.

The return of Mary to her native kingdom, after the death of her huſband Francis II. with all the elegancies of France, ſuperadded to the fineſt natural endowments, made the Scots hope, and not without reaſon, that literature, arts, and politeneſs, would arrive at perfection among them, as ſoon as in any northern nation. But the ſpirit of fanaticiſm, that awaked in Scotland about this time, which was attended with ſuch amazing effects, and which ſpread itſelf over the whole iſland—which produced the death of the *lovely* Mary, of the *pious* Charles, and which terminated in the expulſion of the royal houſe, threw a cloud over the manners and the ſtudies of that country, which two centuries have ſcarcely been able to diſpel.

The acceſſion of James VI. to the throne of England, contributed ſtill farther to obſtruct the progreſs of civilization in Scotland, and to the decline of the arts in that country. The removal of the court drew

the nobility to London, to ſpend their fortunes, or obtain preferment. Men of genius and learning likewiſe looked this way.

That event, however, muſt have contributed to the advancement of ſociety in England; yet not ſo much as might be expected. The ſcantineſs of James's revenue, together with his want of œconomy, rendered him unable to ſupport the ſplendonr of a court. It was beſides inconſiſtent with his maxims of policy, and with his temper. He loved to be ſocial with his friends, but hated a crowd; and had rather an averſion to the *company* of women. A mean jealouſy, which took place of a generous emulation, between the Scotch and Engliſh courtiers, prevented ſtill farther the refinement of manners; which can only be effected by a liberal intercourſe.

The nobility and gentry of England are ſtill fonder of a country life, than thoſe of any poliſhed nation in Europe. It prevailed much more then, and was highly encouraged by James. He even iſſued proclamations, containing ſevere threatenings, againſt the gentry who lived in town. By theſe means, the ancient pride of family was preſerved. Men of birth were diſtinguiſhed by a ſtateline ſs of carriage. Much ceremony took place in the ordinary commerce of life; and, as riches acquired by trade were ſtill rare, little familiarity was indulged by the great.

The king's pacific, or rather puſillanimous diſpoſition, though it ſunk the national character, was favourable to commerce, and not altogether unfriendly to letters. James himſelf was a ſcholar; but he was unhappy in a bad taſte, which infected his whole court, and indeed the whole nation. He was fond of metaphyſical quibbles, the jingle of words, and every ſpecies of falſe wit. Such a taſte is in ſome meaſure inſeparable from the revival of letters. We admire what

what is glaring, before we can diſcern what is beautiful.

The theatre, that great former of manners, and which is formed by them, had been founded by Shakeſpeare, under the reign of Elizabeth. He was ſucceeded by Jonſon and Fletcher. Theſe writers have ſeldom painted the manners of their own country, and ſeldom thoſe of their own age. But, as they muſt have endeavoured to pleaſe the people to whom they wrote, and as they no doubt knew the taſte of the public, we may diſcern that taſte more perfectly in their compoſitions, than in the barren records of the times.

In the writings of Shakeſpeare, we find all the noble ſpirit of the virgin-reign. Love has its *native* importance, but little more. It is productive of the greateſt events, when connected with circumſtances; but, when a ſimple paſſion, its effects are feeble and tranſient. He ſeldom attempts to be wanton. But when he is ſo, he expreſſes his meaning in the plaineſt, and often in the broadeſt words.

In the writings of Fletcher, love has acquired an *imaginary* power, It is equal to every thing in *itſelf*, and ſeems to diſregard thoſe circumſtances, which alone can give it conſequence. He treats of the ſubject with a grace peculiar to himſelf; for a genteel education, and a good natural taſte, conſpired to render him the moſt elegant writer of his age.

From his comedies we may conclude that love was ambitious of being thought more *important* than it really was; that it had purpoſes to carry, which it durſt not reveal; and which, conſequently, ſuggeſted the diſguiſe of delicate expreſſion. The duel, we know, had taken place of the tournament; and the intrigue, we may be certain, would not be long behind.

Under Charles I. a good taſte in letters, in arts, and in ſociety, began to prevail. The king himſelf was both

both a judge and an example of fine writing. He was a lover of painting, muſic, and architecture; all which he liberally encouraged. But the religious and political diſputes, which early in this reign divided the nation, and which brought about the death of the king, and the ſubverſion of the monarchy, diverted the thoughts of men from every elegant purſuit. The dread of popery and arbitrary power, and the hope of heaven and of liberty, threw the whole iſland into the moſt violent convulſions, and gave birth to ſome of the greateſt geniuſes, and called forth ſome of the greateſt characters, in the hiſtory of mankind.

The cavaliers, or royal party, however, notwithſtanding the horrors of civil war, maintained a gaiety of temper which was altogether aſtoniſhing, and a freedom of manners which too often bordered on licentiouſneſs. But the republicans, though perhaps not infected with fewer vices, and thoſe of a leſs amiable caſt, diſcover ſo much vigour of mind, ſuch a reſolute ſpirit of action, a love of freedom, and a contempt of death, that we almoſt deſpiſe the poliſh of ſociety, even while we deteſt the cant of hypocriſy.

The moſt diſtinguiſhed women of this period, in Britain, were the Ducheſs of Newcaſtle, Lady Pakington, and Lady Halket.

The Ducheſs of Newcaſtle has left us a variety of compoſitions, both in proſe and verſe, of no mean character.

Lady Pakington has long been reputed the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, and ſeveral other moral and divine treatiſes; which are written with ſo much temper, purity, piety, philoſophy, and good ſenſe, that ſhe may be juſtly reckoned the glory of her ſex, and an honour to human nature. What greatneſs of mind and goodneſs of heart muſt the perſon be poſſeſſed of, who could deny herſelf the honour of ſuch works,

works, leſt the name of a woman ſhould render them of leſs ſervice to mankind!

Under the commonwealth, the face of the nation was entirely changed. It experienced a revolution, as compleat in manners as in policy. One would have imagined himſelf in a different world. The theatres were ſhut. Games, ſports, ſhows, and amuſements of every kind were prohibited. Inſtead of the voice of mirth and joy, nothing was to be heard but groans, ſighs, prayers, and ſpiritual ſongs. All liberal knowledge, ornamental learning, gentility of manner, elegance of dreſs, and all ſuperfluity in eating and drinking were proſcribed, as carnal vanities, and as the accomplices of ſin and Satan. All ranks, ages, and ſexes were confounded. The illuminations of the ſpirit placed all on a level. The leaders of the republic prayed, or exhorted one while, and liſtened the next to the meaneſt of the people.

Women were often teachers. Thoſe *fair divines*, by reaſon of their finer feelings and more vivid imaginations, were often carried into the moſt extraordinary ſeverities, and the wildeſt enthuſiaſm. They were not contented with laying aſide the allurements of their ſex, but they condemned themſelves to humiliation and faſting, for the wandering of their hearts.

Love, under the commonwealth, was a mixture of cant and hypocriſy. Never was beauty ſo much in diſgrace. It was not only denied all adventitious ornaments and excellencies, but even the advantages of nature were ſubject of reproach. It was forbid to pleaſe; and it was criminal to conſider it as an object of deſire.

The emotions of nature were conſidered as the ſtruggles of original guilt; and beauty was viewed as a *ſpell* in the hands of Satan, to ſeduce the hearts of the faithful.

But

But the reſtoration of monarchy made ample amends to beauty for the indignities of the commonwealth. The reign of Charles II. may be conſidered, in one light, as the moſt glorious æra to women in the hiſtory of Britain, and as the moſt debaſing in another. They were never ſo much *careſſed*; never ſo little *reſpected*.

Charles himſelf had a ſuſceptible, but changeable heart; a ſocial temper, a genteel manner, and a lively wit. His courtiers partook much of the character of their maſter. They had all ſuffered the preſſure of adverſity, or felt the inſolence of pious tyranny. They began to think that chriſtianity was a fable; that virtue was a cheat; that friendſhip and generoſity were but words of courſe; and, in greedily enjoying their change of fortune, they ſunk themſelves beneath the dignity of men. In avoiding ſpiritual pride, and in retaliating ſelfiſhneſs, they departed from the eſſential principles of religion and morals; and, by contraſting the language and the manners of hypocriſy, they ſhameleſsly violated the laws of decency and decorum.

Overjoyed at the return of their ſovereign, the whole royal party diſſolved in thoughtleſs jollity; and even many of the republicans, particularly the younger claſs, and the women, were glad to be relieved from the gloomy auſterity of the commonwealth. A general relaxation of manners took place. *Pleaſure* became the univerſal object, and love the prevailing taſte; but that love was rather an *appetite* than a paſſion. Beauty, unconnected with virtue, was its object: it was therefore void of honour and attachment. In conſequence of ſuch manners, female virtue, robbed of its reward, became rather a mode of behaviour, to inflame deſire, or procure elevation, than a ſentiment or principle; and, of courſe, ſooner or later, was either ſacrificed to inclination or to caprice.

But

But theſe obſervations, in their full extent, muſt only be underſtood of the court. The greater part of the gentry ſtill reſided on their eſtates in the country, equally ſtrangers to the pleaſures of the court and town; and one half of the iſland was filled with indignation at the vices of Whitehall. The ſtage, which generally takes its complexion from the court, was a continued ſcene of ſenſuality, blaſphemy, and abſurdity.

The free intercourſe, however, of all ranks of men, from the king to the commoner, improved the talent of ſociety, and poliſhed the language of converſation. Gallantry, licentious as it was, produced a habit of politeneſs; and from the irregular, and even impious freedom of writing and thinking, ſprung many ſtrokes of real genius, and a liberal ſpirit of enquiry, whoſe reſearches and experiments have benefited mankind, and carried philoſophy and the ſciences to a height that does honour to modern times.

The women of this reign, as may be expected from the taſte of the men, were more ſolicitous about adorning their perſons, than their minds. But the frequent intercourſe between the ſexes in ſome meaſure compenſated that neglect. By ſuch a commerce they became more eaſy, more free, more lively, and more capable of converſation, than the women of any preceding age. They had leſs learning, but more accompliſhments; and, perhaps, more genius. They wanted nothing but virtue to have made their memories immortal; and, notwithſtanding the general depravity, there were ſome who trod the narrow path, whoſe taſte and ſentiments were uncorrupted, and whoſe names ſtill live in their writings, and in the verſes of their cotemporaries.

The reign of James II. was too ſhort to have any diſtinct character. It is only ſingular for the blind bigotry, and blinder diſpoſition of the prince, which rouſed

rouſed the minds of men from the delirium of pleaſure, in which they had been loſt, and brought about the Revolution.

Under William III. the effects of that change were viſible on the manners. The nation returned to what may be called its natural ſtate. An attention to juſt politics, to ſound philoſophy and true religion, characteriſe the æra of Britiſh liberty.

William himſelf was of a gloomy temper, and had a *diſlike* to the company of women. The intercourſe of the ſexes, and thoſe amuſements which are its conſequences, were therefore little countenanced during his reign. By theſe means the ladies had more time for the purſuits of learning and knowledge; and they made uſe of it accordingly. Many of them became adepts in the ſciences. Lady Maſham, and Mary Aſtell, particularly, diſcuſſed with judgment and ability the moſt abſtract points in metaphyſics and divinity.

Theſe two ladies differed on a very delicate point. Mary affirmed that we ought to love with *deſire* God only, every other love being *ſinful*. Lady Maſham oppoſed that doctrine as a dangerous refinement. Each had her abettors. Miſs Aſtell was ſupported by Mr. Norris, and Lady Maſham by Mr. Locke.—They were both great advocates for the learning of women; and their arguments and example appear to have rouſed many of the ſex to a more ſerious attention to religion and morality.

The reign of Queen Anne may be ſaid to have been the ſummer, of which Williams was only the ſpring. Every thing was ripened; nothing was corrupted. It was a ſhort, but glorious period of heroiſm and national capacity, of taſte and ſcience, learning and genius, of gallantry without licentiouſneſs, and politeneſs without effeminacy.

One is in doubt which moſt to admire in the women of this reign, the manners, the talents, or the accompliſhments.

pliſhments. They were religious without ſeverity, and without enthuſiaſm. They were learned without pedantry. They were intelligent and attractive, without neglecting the duties of their ſex. They were elegant and entertaining, without levity. In a word, they joined the graces of ſociety to the knowledge of letters, and the virtues of domeſtic life. They were friends and companions, without ceaſing to be wives and mothers.

In ſupport of the foregoing character of the Britiſh ladies under the reign of Queen Anne, we need only add the names of Lady Chudleigh, Lady Winchelſea, the Honourable Mrs. Monk, Mrs. Bovey, and Stella.

Of theſe ladies, Mrs. Bovey is perhaps the leaſt known, as ſhe has left no writings, and had no poetical lover to ſpread her name. She is, however, very handſomely complimented by Sir Richard Steele, in the dedication of the ſecond volume of the *Ladies Library*; and Mrs. Manley gives the following elegant character of her in *The New Atalantis*: "Her perſon "has as many charms as can be deſired. Her air, her "manner, her judgment, her wit, her converſation, "are admirable. Her ſenſe is ſolid and perſpicuous. "She is ſo perfect an œconomiſt, that, in taking in "all the greater duties of life, ſhe does not diſdain to "ſtoop to the moſt inferior. In ſhort, ſhe knows all "that a man can know, without deſpiſing what, as a "woman, ſhe ought not to be ignorant of."

Under George I. the manners of the nation were ſenſibly changed; but not ſo much as the national ſpirit. The South Sea ſcheme, and other mercenary projects, produced a paſſion of avarice, and a taſte of luxury, which prepared the way for all the corruptions of the following reign.

The delirium of riches was beyond what the moſt extravagant imagination can conceive. Any ſcheme, however abſurd, met with encouragement, if it only propoſed ſufficient advantages. All ranks and con-

ditions, and even *women*, reſorted to 'Change Alley, with the looks of harpies ready to ſeize upon their prey; but, in reality, the victims of their own credulity and ſordid paſſions. The peers of the realm became ſtock-jobbers, and its miniſters brokers. Public virtue was loſt in the viſions of private benefit. Letters fell into contempt, though ſupported by the greateſt examples of ſucceſsful genius. Love grew *covetous*, and beauty *venal*.

There were, however, in this reign, many women of liberal and elegant talents; among the firſt of whom may be ranked Lady Mary W. Montague, ſo well known for her ſpirited poems, and ingenious letters.

Under George II. the debaſement of mind diſcovered itſelf more fully in the manners. Corruption became general.

The Revolution had reſtrained the powers of the prince within ſuch narrow limits, that a coalition of parties, or the abſolute ſuperiority of one, was eſſential to carry the meaſures of government; and, as the oppoſition, or country party, began to gather ſtrength, the political machine was in danger of ſtanding ſtill by counteracting forces. It was therefore neceſſary that there ſhould be an aſcendancy. It was likewiſe, perhaps, neceſſary that it ſhould be on the ſide of the court.

At this criſis Sir Robert Walpole, an artful and able miniſter, a lover of peace, and an encourager of commerce, found means to increaſe the influence of the crown, without enlarging the prerogative. But he did it at the expence of the virtues of the people; and his example has been followed by all ſucceeding miniſters. He took advantage of that ſpirit of avarice and luxury which he had foſtered. The treaſury was let looſe at elections. A majority was obtained of the refuſe of both parties; of men determined to ſupport the meaſures of the court, in defiance of conſcience, honour,

honour, and honeſty, and who were only formidable by the number of their voices. Places and penſions were multiplied to reward the mercenary tribe; and men of ability and integrity were deprived of their employments, to make way for thoſe who were deſtitute of both.

When virtue and talents are no longer the means of honour and preferment, they naturally diſappear in the public walks of life: they are only to be found in the ſolitary ſhade. Character ceaſed to create diſtinction. The effect of ſuch a want of ſentiment may eaſily be conceived. Patriotiſm became the common object of ridicule; and virtue and genius were made the butt of ignorance, dulneſs and profligacy.

As the manners of the two ſexes generally keep pace with each other, in proportion as the men grew *regardleſs* of character, the women *neglected* the duties of their ſex. Though little inclined to *hoarding*, they are not perhaps leſs diſpoſed to avarice than men. Gold to them is deſirable, as the miniſter of vanity, voluptuouſneſs, and ſhow. It became their ſupreme object, and the only ſource of the matrimonial union, to the excluſion of that tender ſentiment, which alone can give ſtrength to the ſacred tie, or pleaſure to the nuptial ſtate. The young, the beautiful, the healthful, were wedded, though not always with their own conſent, to age, deformity, and diſeaſe. Virtue was joined to profligacy, and wantonneſs to ſeverity.

Such marriages were neceſſarily deſtructive of domeſtic felicity. The want of cordiality at home, naturally leads us abroad; as the want of happineſs in ourſelves, leads us to ſeek it in externals, and to torture imagination for the gratification of appetites, which, undepraved, are ſimple and uniform. New amuſements and ſocieties of pleaſure were every day formed; new modes of diſſipation were invented; the order of nature was changed; night and day were inverted;

verted; fancy and language were exhauſted for names to the aſſemblies of politeneſs and gallantry.

Nothing is ſo oppreſſive as time to the unhappy, or thought to the vacant mind. Theſe were not all enough. They ſeemed afraid of themſelves, and of each other. The huſband had one ſet of viſitors; the wife another. He proſecuted his pleaſures abroad: ſhe entertained her friends at home; or reſorted to ſome public amuſement, or private pleaſure.

A ſpirit of gaming, which mingled itſelf with diſſipation and pleaſure, afforded a pretence for nocturnal meetings. And gaming, it muſt be acknowledged, diſcovers the temper, ruffles the paſſions, corrupts the heart, and breaks down the ſtrongeſt barrier of virtue—a decent reſerve between the ſexes.

At preſent, we preſume, that, notwithſtanding the relaxation of manners, the averſion to whatever is ſerious, the thirſt of admiration, and the neglect of thoſe qualities which produce eſteem, ſo conſpicuous in ſome; yet the generality of our fair countrywomen poſſeſs the domeſtic virtues in a conſiderable degree of perfection. Infidelity is not ſo common as ſome *libertines* would endeavour to perſuade us; and elopements are ſtronger proofs of ſenſibility than the want of ſhame.

In this iſland, and even in the *metropolis*, there are many women who would have done honour to any age or country; who join a refined taſte and a cultivated underſtanding to a feeling heart, and who adorn their talents and their ſenſibility with ſentiments of virtue, honour, and humanity. We have women who could have reaſoned with Locke, who might have diſputed the laurel with Pope, and to whom Addiſon would have liſtened with pleaſure.

Even in the middle of opulence, and of that luxury which too often mingles avarice with ſtate, which narrows the heart, and makes it at the ſame time vain and cruel, we ſee women who yearly ſet apart a portion of their

their ſubſtance for the poor; who make it their buſineſs to find out the abodes of miſery, and who number among their pleaſure the relief of the orphan and the tears ſhed in the conſolation of the widow.

CHAP. XLIV.

ON THE PRIVILEGES OF BRITISH WOMEN.

THOUGH the French and Italians are ſuperior to the inhabitants of Great Britain in politeneſs and in elegance, yet the condition of their women, upon the the whole, is not preferable. Such privileges and immunities as they derive from the influence of politeneſs, the Britiſh derive from the laws of their country.

In France, the Salique law does not allow a female to inherit the crown. But in England, a woman may be the firſt perſonage in the kingdom, may ſucceed to the crown in her own right, and in that caſe, not bound by any of the laws which reſtrain woman, ſhe may enjoy the ſame powers and privileges as a king. Such a queen, if ſhe marry, retains alſo the ſame power, iſſues the orders, and tranſacts the buſineſs of the ſtate in her own name, and continues ſtill the ſovereign, while her huſband is only a ſubject.

When a king ſucceeds in his own right to the crown, and marries, his queen is then only a ſubject, and her rights and privileges are not near ſo extenſive. She is exempted, however, from the general laws, which exclude married women from having any property in their own right. She may ſue any perſon at law, without joining her huſband in the ſuit; ſhe

may purchaſe lands; ſhe may ſell and convey them to another perſon, without the interference of her huſband; ſhe may have a ſeparate property in goods and in lands, and may diſpoſe of theſe by will, as if ſhe were a ſingle woman. On the commiſſion of any crime, however, ſhe may be tried and puniſhed by the peers of the realm.

To violate the chaſtity of the queen, of the conſort of the prince of Wales, or of the eldeſt daughter of the king, although with their own conſent, is high treaſon, and puniſhable accordingly. The younger *daughters*, as well as ſons of the king, are hardly otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed by the laws, than by having the precedency of all other ſubjects in public ceremonies.

A peereſs, when guilty of any crime, cannot be tried but by the houſe of peers.

A woman, who is noble in her own right, cannot loſe her nobility by marrying the meaneſt plebeian. She communicates her nobility to her children, but not to her huſband.

She who is only ennobled by marrying a peer, loſes that nobility, if ſhe afterwards marry a commoner.

She who firſt marries a duke or other peer of a ſuperior order, and afterwards a ſimple baron, is ſtill allowed to retain her firſt title, and the privileges annexed to it; for the law conſiders all peers as equals.

By the courteſy of this country, the wives of baronets are called ladies, a title ſuperior to that of their huſbands, but at the ſame time a title to which they have no legal right, being in all judicial writs and proceedings only denominated Dame ſuch-a-one, according to the names of their huſbands.

The law of England ordains, that if a man courts a woman, promiſes to marry her, and afterwards marries another, ſhe may, by bringing an action againſt him, recover ſuch damages, as a jury ſhall think adequate to the loſs ſhe has ſuſtained. In Scotland, ſhe may receive one

one half of the fortune he receives with his wife. On the other hand, as it ſometimes happens that artful women draw on the more fond and ſilly part of our ſex to make them valuable preſents under pretence of marriage, and afterwards laugh at or refuſe to marry them;—a man, who has been ſo bubbled, may ſue the woman to return the preſents he made her, becauſe they were preſumed to have been conditionally given, and ſhe has failed in performing her part of the condition.

Wives cannot be impriſoned for debt, nor deprived of their perſonal liberty for any thing but crimes; and even ſuch of theſe as ſubject the offender only to a pecuniary puniſhment muſt be expiated by the huſband.

No married woman is liable to pay any debt, even though contracted without the knowledge, or againſt the conſent, of her huſband. And, what is ſtill more extraordinary, whatever debts ſhe may have contracted while ſingle, devolve, the moment of her marriage, upon the hapleſs ſpouſe, who, like the ſcape-goat, is loaded by the prieſt who performs the ceremony with all the ſins and extravagances of his wife.

It is a common opinion among the vulgar, that a general warning in the Gazette, or in a news paper, will exempt a man from the payment of ſuch debts as are contracted by his wife without his knowledge. But this opinion is without any good foundation. Particular warnings, however, given in writing, have been held as good exemptions. But ſuch are of little advantage to a huſband, as his wife may always find people to give her credit, whom the huſband has not cautioned againſt it.

When a huſband forces his wife to leave him by cruel uſage, ſhe may claim a ſeparate maintenance; While ſhe enjoys this, he is not liable to pay any of her debts.

If

If a huſband, conſcious of having uſed his wife ill, will not allow her to go out of his houſe, or carries her away, or keeps her concealed, in order to prevent her endeavouring to find redreſs of the evils that ſhe ſuffers, her friends may, in that caſe, by applying to the court of King's Bench, obtain an order for the huſband to produce his wife before the ſaid court: and if ſhe there ſwears the peace againſt him, ſhe delivers herſelf from his juriſdiction, and he cannot compel her to live with him, but the court will grant her an order to live were ſhe pleaſes.

Among the Romans, among ſeveral other ancient nations, and among ſome people in the preſent times, it is not deemed culpable for a huſband to kill the man whom he ſurpriſes committing adultery with his wife. By the laws of England, he who kills ſuch a man is reckoned guilty of manſlaughter; but, in conſequence of the great provocation given, the court commonly orders the ſentence of burning on the hand to be inflicted in the ſlighteſt manner.

A huſband is not allowed to leave his wife, without ſhewing ſufficient cauſe. For if he does ſo, ſhe may enter a ſuit againſt him for the reſtitution of the rights of marriage; and the ſpiritual court will compel him to return, to live with her, and to reſtore them.

A huſband cannot deviſe by his will ſuch of his wife's ornaments and jewels as ſhe is accuſtomed to wear; though it has been held that he may, if he pleaſes, diſpoſe of them in his lifetime.

A huſband is liable to anſwer all ſuch actions at law as were attached againſt his wife at the time of their marriage, and alſo to pay all the debts ſhe had contracted previous to that period. But if his wife ſhall happen to die before he has made payment of ſuch debts, the compact which made them one fleſh, and blended their intereſts into one, being diſſolved, the huſband is thereby abſolved from paying her antenuptial debts.

Though

Though a woman marries the meaneſt plebeian, ſhe does not loſe the rank which ſhe derived from her birth. But though ſhe be deſcended of the loweſt of the human race herſelf, ſhe may by marriage be raiſed, in this country, to any rank beneath the ſovereignty.

No woman can by marriage confer a ſettlement in any pariſh on her huſband. But every man who has a legal ſettlement himſelf, confers the ſame ſettlement by marriage on his wife.

It is no uncommon thing, in the preſent times, for the matrimonial bargain to be made ſo, as that the wife ſhall retain the ſole and abſolute power of enjoying and diſpoſing of her own fortune, in the ſame manner as if ſhe were not married. But what is more inequitable, the huſband is liable to pay all the debts which his wife may think proper to burden him with, even though ſhe have abundance of her own to anſwer that purpoſe. He is alſo obliged to maintain her, though her circumſtances be more opulent than his; and if he die before her, ſhe has a right to one third of his real eſtate. If, however, ſhe die before him, he is not entitled to the value of one ſingle halfpenny, unleſs ſhe has deviſed it to him by will.

One of the moſt peculiar diſadvantages in the condition of Britiſh women is, their being poſtponed to all males in the ſucceſſion to the inheritance of landed eſtates, and generally allowed much ſmaller ſhares than the men even of the money and effects of their fathers and anceſtors, when this money or thoſe effects are given them in the lifetime of their parents, or deviſed to them by will. If the father, indeed, dies inteſtate, they ſhare equally with ſons in all perſonal property.

When an eſtate, in default of male heirs, deſcends to the daughters, the common cuſtom of England is that the eldeſt ſhall not, in the ſame manner as an eldeſt ſon, inherit the whole, but all the daughters ſhall have an equal ſhare in it. Weſtmoreland, however, and ſome other

other places, are exceptions to this general rule. The eldeſt daughter, there, ſucceeds to the whole of the land, in preference to all the other ſiſters.

Women are not allowed to be members of our ſenate, nor to concern themſelves much with our trades and profeſſions. Both in their virgin and married ſtate, a perpetual guardianſhip is, in ſome meaſure, exerciſed over them: and ſhe who, having laid a huſband in the grave, enjoys an independent fortune, is almoſt the only woman among us, who can be called *entirely* free. They derive the greater part of the power which they enjoy, from their charms; and theſe, when joined to ſenſibility, often fully compenſate, in this reſpect, for the little diſadvantages they are laid under by law and cuſtom.

CHAP. XLV.

ON FEMALE KNOWLEDGE.

SCIENCE is to the mind what light is to the body; and a blind is juſt ſo much leſs ſhocking than an ignorant woman, as her mental are ſuperior to her corporeal powers.

This ſpecies of accompliſhment has been ridiculed, as raiſing the ſex above that ſphere where nature ſeems to have fixed their movements. Such is the paradox which has occaſioned ſo much illiberality and ſarcaſm, and on which every woman of more knowledge than ordinary has been ſo often repreſented as a pedant.

Learning, it is alſo ſaid, would improve women's talents of addreſs, and only make them worſe by rendering them more artful. This is likewiſe an idea which no

no man, who enjoys the converſation and friendſhip of modeſt and good women, ever indulged. Whoever has the leaſt regard for decency and truth, and is not deſtitute of all reliſh for the happineſs which ſprings from the chaſte ſenſibilities of an unpolluted heart, muſt own he has ſuffered much more from the ſelfiſhneſs and cunning of men than from any bad qualities in women. Indeed, the preſent ſituation of both, in this country. renders it impoſſible to be otherwiſe. The maſculine character is peculiarly obnoxious to the petrifying influence of vulgar opinion. Our young men are ſoon intoxicated with the fallacious maxims either of the gay or the buſy world; and both *extremes* are equally pernicious to *ſocial* excellence. Ideas of the meaneſt and moſt ſordid tendency abſorb their minds at a very early period, which often render them ever after callous to the workings of humanity. With a ſtrong predilection for wealth, independence or libertiniſm, they cheerfully proſtitute all the powers of their minds and all the feelings of their hearts, in acquiring one or all of theſe objects. This unavoidably plunges them into all the machinations of pride, all the intrigues of gallantry, all the intricacies, riſques, and viciſſitudes of buſineſs. *Sentiment* conſequently loſes its weight, and ſenſibility its edge. Intereſt triumphs in the abſence of principle, and nature relinquiſhes her dominion to art.

The moſt engaging diſpoſitions of the female mind ſeldom undergo ſuch a total revolution. If we except a few of the moſt perverſe and unrelenting tempers, women, who are not flagrantly vicious, have ſeldom bad hearts. Their attachments, which conſtitute the moſt comfortable circumſtance in domeſtic life, when innocent and undiſſembled, are more laſting and fervent than ours.

Let no ribaldry, therefore, however plauſible and fallacious, divert the attention of females from intellectual

lectual improvement. In youth, all the powers of ſenſual or pleaſurable enjoyments are nature, and decline only as the paſſions cool. Then let the fair furniſh themſelves with a ſtock of other and more durable materials, that they may live with ſatisfaction, when theſe are no more.

It is when her fibres, and juices, and ſalts are tender and genial, that the earth receives her ſeed, that the laws of vegetation operate, and that all thoſe plants take root and ſpring, which afterwards fill her boſom with plenty, and her face with beauty. Nor is there one barren or blighted ſpot, or any part of her ſurface more perfectly black and diſmal, than a mind involved in ignorance, or benumbed with inſenſibility.

In the ſeaſon of youth, therefore, ladies ſhould make it their ſtudy to cultivate their minds in ſuch a manner, as to render their intrinſic value as *ſubſtantial*, as they wiſh their exterior to be *amiable*. Knowledge improves the human intellect, and endows it with all its excellence. It unmaſks to our view our own natures. It ſhews us what we are, and diſcloſes all that can be hoped or dreaded from the circumſtances we are in. By the regulations it preſcribes, and the delicacy it inſpires, knowledge improves our taſte for ſociety, and imparts a finer reliſh to all our mutual attachments. It is the inſeparable handmaid of happineſs; opens a thouſand avenues to indulgence of the pureſt and moſt exalted kind; unlocks to human view the myſteries of Providence; creates a heaven on earth; adds to the joys of the preſent the hopes of futurity; and when the objects of this world expire on the ſenſes, fills the whole heart with the glorious and animating proſpects of another.

Without knowledge the poſſeſſions of time were imperfect, and the preſages of eternity unſatisfying. Speak, ye who are old and uninformed, do not all things appear inſipid? Your paſſions have loſt their fire,

fire, your feelings their edge, your very ſenſes the natural reliſh of their reſpective objects. Worſe, not better, for all you have ſeen and heard, in the various ſtages of life, your every thought muſt be as inſipid to others, as it is to yourſelves. And, of all the empty prattle which fills an empty world, that of ſecond childhood, becauſe leaſt natural and innocent, is moſt tireſome and impertinent. Yet, under a hoary head, the ſacred and venerable emblem of wiſdom and experience, how frequently do we meet with nothing but ſtupidity, puerility, inſignificance, a mind continually out of humour, and a tongue that never is at reſt!

Women can never arrive at that importance ſeemingly deſigned them by nature, while their genius is not cultivated, and their latent qualities called forth into view. Viſible qualities, ſuch as beauty, and the art of ſhewing it to advantage, may, in thoſe moments when the heart is ſoftened by love, or the ſpirits elevated by wine, give the women a temporary aſcendancy over the men, and enable them to bend them at pleaſure; as in the caſe of *Thais* and *Alexander*. Such an aſcendancy, however, is commonly fleeting and tranſient. Cool reaſon ſoon reſumes the place which paſſion had uſurped; and the empire, which had been built on paſſion, tumbles *like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion*; while that which is ſupported by *mental beauties*, ſtands the teſt of time, and the various incidents of life.

The ſum of all human prudence is to provide againſt the worſt. Perſonal beauty ſoon dies; but that which is intellectual is immortal. And though age be almoſt every where attended with gray hairs, ſhattered teeth, dim eyes, trembling joints, ſhort breath, ſtiff limbs, and a ſhrivelled ſkin—there is a charm in wiſdom, which, with all theſe melancholy circumſtances, diffuſes a pleaſing ſerenity over the evening of our days. Indeed, nothing is ſo truly reſpectable at this period of humanity, when dignified, as it ought to be, by all

the habits and principles of genuine benignity and honour. Age is then wiſdom combined with experience. It is the very ſpirit or ſum of all earthly perfection. It is an emblem, or earneſt, of that future and divine fruition, which is the certain conſequence, and happy conſummation, of all mental and moral excellence.

Hence it is from knowledge alone, that the greateſt and the beſt have found even ſolitude and retirement ſo particularly charming, and that the decline of life, with all its infirmities, ſo frequently glides away amidſt the ſweeteſt endearments and the ſereneſt hopes. It is this which conſtitutes the only real and laſting diſtinction, which can ſubſiſt between mortals of the ſame ſpecies; which neither rank, nor title, nor fortune, however high or ſplendid, can deſtroy or confer; and which, on every emergency, gives an obvious and decided ſuperiority to wealth, or power, or grandeur. By knowledge, women, as well as men, ſhare the prerogative of intelligence, hold the dominion of the world, boaſt the lineaments of divinity, and aſpire to an imitation of him who made them!

CHAP. XLVI.

OF FEMALE CULTURE AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS, IN DIFFERENT AGES.

AMONG the Greeks, their mothers, or other female relations, taught young ladies the common female employments and cuſtoms of their country, and inſtilled into the minds of ſuch as would receive it, a tincture of that ſtoical pride and heroiſm, for which their men were ſo much renowned. In every thing elſe

elſe they were very deficient, and their conſtant confinement added want of knowledge of the world to their want of education.

In the earlier periods of the great republic of Rome, the Romans being poor, and ſurrounded with rude and ferocious neighbours like themſelves, were obliged to learn rigid œconomy, inflexible patriotiſm, and the art of war. Theſe are all virtues of neceſſity in the infancy of almoſt every ſtate.

The duties and employments of domeſtic life, ſuch as cookery, ſpinning, weaving, and ſewing, were taught the Roman women by their mothers or relations. Theſe alſo ſuperintended not only their ſerious ſtudies, but even their amuſements, which were always conducted with decency and moderation. But when the Romans became rich with the plunder of their neighbours, the taſte for the arts and ſciences became more general. The education of the women, therefore, began to be extended on a larger ſcale. To the domeſtic duties, taught them by their mothers, were added ſuch parts of polite education as were thought neceſſary for cultivating their minds.

Cicero mentions, with high encomiums, ſeveral ladies, whoſe taſte in eloquence and philoſophy did honour to their ſex; and Quinctilian, with conſiderable applauſe, has quoted ſome of the letters of Cornelia.

There is a ſpeech of Hortenſia, preſerved by Appian, which for elegance of language, and juſtneſs of thought, would have done honour to a Cicero, or a Demoſthenes. What gave occaſion to this ſpeech, was the following circumſtance: the triumvirs of Rome wanted a large ſum of money for carrying on a war, and having met with great difficulties in raiſing it, they drew up a liſt of fourteen hundred of the richeſt of the ladies, intending to tax them. Theſe ladies, after having in vain tried every method to evade ſo great an innovation: at laſt choſe Hortenſia for their

ſpeaker,

ſpeaker, and went along with her to the market-place, were ſhe thus addreſſed the triumvirs, while they were adminiſtering juſtice.

" The unhappy women you ſee here imploring your juſtice and bounty, would never have preſumed to appear in this place, had they not firſt made uſe of all other means, which their natural modeſty could ſuggeſt to them. Though our appearing may ſeem contrary to the rules of decency preſcribed to our *ſex*, which we have hitherto obſerved with all ſtrictneſs; yet the loſs of our fathers, children, brothers, and huſbands, may ſufficiently excuſe us, eſpecially when their unhappy deaths are made a pretence for our further misfortunes. You pretend they had offended and provoked you. But what injury have we women done, that we muſt be impoveriſhed? If we are blameable as the men, why do you not proſcribe us too? Have we declared you enemies to your country? Have we ſuborned your ſoldiers, raiſed troops againſt you, or oppoſed you in the purſuits of thoſe honours and offices which you claim? We pretend not to govern the republic; nor is it our ambition, which has drawn the preſent misfortunes on our heads. Empire, dignities, and honours are not for *us*. Why ſhould we then contribute to a war, in which we have no manner of *intereſt*?

" It is true, indeed, that in the Carthaginian war, our mothers aſſiſted the republic, which was, at that time, reduced to the utmoſt diſtreſs. But neither their houſes, their lands, nor their moveables, were ſold for that ſervice. Some rings and a few jewels furniſhed the ſupply. Nor was it conſtraint, nor violence, that forced theſe from them. What they contributed was the voluntary offering of generoſity.

" What danger at preſent threatens Rome? If the Gauls, or Parthians, were encamped on the banks of the Tiber, or the Anio, you ſhould find us no leſs zealous

lous in the defence of our country, than our mothers were before us. But it becomes not us; and we are reſolved that we will not be any way concerned in civil war.

"Neither Marius, nor Cæſar nor Pompey, ever thought of obliging us to take part in the domeſtic troubles, which their ambition had raiſed. Even Sylla himſelf, who firſt ſet up tyranny in Rome, never harboured ſuch an intention. And yet you aſſume the glorious title of *Reformers of the State!* a title which will turn to your eternal infamy; if, without the leaſt regard to the laws of equity, you perſiſt in your wicked reſolution of plundering thoſe of their lives and fortunes, who have given you no juſt cauſe of offence."

The triumvirs being offended at the boldneſs of the women, ordered them to be driven away. But the populace growing tumultuous, they were afraid of an inſurrection, and reduced the liſt of the women to be taxed to four hundred.

During the reign of chivalry in Europe, women endeavoured only to acquire ſuch accompliſhments as would excite heroes to fight for, and lovers to adore them. So far were they from poſſeſſing any literary attainments, that they could hardly read the language of their reſpective countries.

In the following age, the ladies found that the ſame arts which captivated a knight clad in armour and ignorance, were in vain practiſed upon the enlightened ſcholar and philoſopher. Being conſcious, therefore, that the way to pleaſe the men was to ſeem fond of what they approved of, and diſlike what they diſliked, they applied themſelves to letters and philoſophy, hoping to keep poſſeſſion, by their talents, of what they had gained by their charms. Though theſe meaſures were not calculated to inſpire love, and attract the heart, and conſequently did not produce the effects

which the ladies intended, yet they raiſed them in that period to a pitch of learning, unknown in any other.

A love of gaiety, expence, and parade, was introduced into Europe, by the immenſe treaſures of gold and ſilver imported from America, after the diſcovery and conqueſt of that country; and, perhaps, by the ſtill greater riches accumulated by commerce. The French took the lead in this new mode of life, and ſoon diſſeminated it all over Europe. The education of their women, which before conſiſted in reading their own language, and in learning needle-work, was by degrees changed to vocal and inſtrumental muſic, dancing, and dreſſing in the moſt faſhionable manner; to which may be added, the art of captivating and governing their men. This ſlimſy pattern was copied by every other nation.

In Aſia and Africa, it is the intereſt of the men that almoſt no culture ſhould be beſtowed on the minds of their females, leſt it ſhould teach them to aſſert their rights of nature, and refuſe to ſubmit to the yoke of bondage ſo unjuſtly impoſed upon them. They are, however, taught all the perſonal graces; and particular care is taken to inſtruct them in the art of converſing with elegance and vivacity. Some of them are alſo taught to write, and the generality to read, that they may be able to read the *Koran*. But, inſtead of this, they more frequently ſpend their time in reading tales and romances; which, being related in all the lively imagery of the eaſt, ſeldom fail to corrupt the minds of creatures ſhut up from the world, and conſequently forming to themſelves extravagant and romantic notions of all that is tranſacted in it.

Though they are never permitted to attend public worſhip in a moſque, they are obliged to learn by heart ſome prayers in Arabic, which they aſſemble in a hall at certain hours to repeat. They are enjoined always to

to waſh themſelves before praying; and, indeed, the virtues of cleanlineſs, of chaſtity, and obedience, are ſo ſtrongly and conſtantly inculcated on their minds, that, in ſpite of their general corruption of manners, there are ſeveral among them who, in their common deportment, do credit to the inſtructions beſtowed upon them. This indeed is not much to be wondered at, when we conſider the tempting recompence that is held out to them. They are, in paradiſe, to flouriſh for ever, in the vigour of youth and beauty; and however old, ugly, or deformed, when they depart this life, are there to be immediately transformed into all that is fair, and all that is graceful.

It is a very laborious taſk to learn to read or write the Chineſe language. Even among the men, it ſeems chiefly confined to ſuch as aſpire after employments of ſtate. Women are ſeldom much inſtructed in it. Such as are rich, however, learn muſic, the modes of behaviour, and ceremonial punctilios of the country. The laſt of theſe cannot poſſibly be diſpenſed with. A failure in the leaſt circumſtance, as the number of bows, or the manner of making them, to a ſuperior, would infallibly ſtamp the mark of ignorance on the perſon ſo failing. Women are, in general, alſo taught a baſhfulneſs and modeſty of behaviour, not to be met with in any other country.

In many parts of North-America, they never beat their children of either ſex. This, they ſay, would only weaken and diſpirit their minds, without producing any good effect. When, therefore, a mother ſees her daughter behave ill, inſtead of having recourſe to a rod, ſhe falls *a-crying*. The daughter naturally enquires the cauſe. The mother anſwers, becauſe you diſgrace me. This reproach ſeldom fails to produce an amendment.

Gentle treatment of children, we are informed, is abſolutely neceſſary. The puniſhments inflicted in moſt

moſt other nations, only make the Japaneſe more ſtubborn and refractory; and ſometimes there, as well as in America, provoke them to commit ſuicide.

The ſum of what has been ſaid is this:—The education of women in Europe is perhaps too much calculated to inſpire them with love of admiration, of trifling, and of amuſement. In moſt other places of the globe it is infinitely worſe. It tends to eradicate every moral ſentiment, and introduce vice dreſſed up in the garb of voluptuous refinement.

That women ſhould pore out their fair eyes in becoming adepts in learning, would be highly improper. Nature ſeems not to have intended them for the more intenſe and ſevere ſtudies. The gaining of the laurels of literary fame would rob their brows of many of thoſe charms, which to them are more valuable, as they are by men more eſteemed. Ignorance makes a female contemptible, pedantry makes her ridiculous. Both extremes ſhould be avoided.

CHAP. XLVII.

ON THE NECESSARY MENTAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF LADIES.

THE degree of thoſe intellectual accompliſhments, which women ſhould aim at, it is not eaſy to determine. That muſt depend on the capacities, opportunities, and encouragements which they ſeverally enjoy.

Hiſtory, in which may be included biography and memoirs, ought to employ a conſiderable ſhare of female attention. Thoſe pictures which it exhibits, of

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the paſſions operating in real life, and genuine characters; of virtues to be imitated, and of vices to be ſhunned; of the effects of both on ſociety and individuals; of the mutability of human affairs; of the conduct of divine providence; of the great conſequences that often ariſe from little events; of the weakneſs of power, and the wanderings of prudence, in the human race; with the ſudden, unexpected, and frequently unaccountable revolutions, that daſh triumphant wickedneſs, or diſappoint preſumptuous hope—the pictures which *hiſtory* exhibits of all theſe, have been ever reckoned, by the beſt judges, among the richeſt ſources of inſtruction and entertainment.

Voyages and travels, too, are very inſtructive and entertaining. How amuſing are they to the curioſity, how enlarging to our proſpects of mankind! They intereſt the mind as much as a novel. They make it uſefully inquiſitive, and furniſh it with matter for reflection.

There is not a ſon nor daughter of Adam that has not occaſion for *geography*. It is often uſeful in converſation; and a competent knowledge of it may be acquired with little application, but much amuſement.

The principal facts or great outlines of *aſtronomy*, are beautiful, as well as improving. Some of them preſent the moſt intereſting ſcenes. All contain the moſt pleaſing diſcoveries. They open and enlarge the mind; they dilate and humanize the heart; they remind us that we are citizens of the univerſe; they ſhew us how ſmall a part we fill in the immenſe orb of being. Amidſt the amplitude of ſuch contemplations, ſuperfluous titles ſhrink away. Wealth and grandeur "hide their diminiſhed heads." A generous ambition riſes in the thoughtful mind, to approve itſelf to the all-inſpecting eye of *him*, to whom none of his works are indifferent.

In

In *poetry* of all kinds, but chiefly of the ſublimer forms, where nature, virtue, and religion are painted and embelliſhed with all the beauties of a chaſte, yet elevated imagination, what a field is opened within the reach, and adapted to the turn of the female faculties! What a profuſion of intellectual ornament is ſpread before them, for memory to collect, and for reflection to work upon! How many ſprightly, delightful, and lofty ideas do here paſs before the mental eye, all dreſſed in the brighteſt colours! How ſtrangely inexcuſable muſt thoſe be, who complain at any time of want of amuſement, when the genius and invention of every illuminated age have taken ſuch happy pains to ſupply the nobleſt.

How much are both ſexes indebted to the elegant pens of the *Spectator*, *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, *Connoiſſeur*, *Idler*, &c. for a ſpecies of inſtruction, better fitted perhaps than moſt others of human device, to delight and improve at the ſame moment! Such is its extent, its diverſity, its familiarity, its eaſe, its playful manner, its immediate reference to ſcenes and circumſtances, with which we are every day converſant.

There are few novels that can be read with ſafety; and fewer ſtill that convey any uſeful inſtruction. But as ladies *will* read novels, the beſt and moſt innocent productions of this kind are thoſe of *Mr. Richardſon*, *Mr. Cumberland*, and *Miſs Burney*; Mrs. Helme's *Louiſa*, and Miſs Blower's *Features from Life*: *the Receſs*, *Caroline of Lichtfield*, *the Vicar of Wakefield*, and a few others.

The moſt obvious branches both of *natural philoſophy*, and *natural hiſtory*, ſhould engage, at leaſt, ſome portion of time. That they are ſo ſeldom and ſo ſlightly thought of, is rather a melancholy reflection. Does creation, through her infinitely extended and infinitely diverſified ſcenery, diſplay innumerable wonders? Have theſe been traced with ſkill and accuracy

racy by many learned and many laborious hands? Are they laid open to us, and almoſt preſſed upon us, from every quarter? And can we, with a giddy eye, turn away from this noble and entertaining ſpectacle, to gaze on the meaneſt ornament of beauty, or the ſilliest pageant of vanity?

Whilſt I am on this ſubject, I cannot help taking notice of *Mr. Dinwiddie*'s ſuperior talents, and laudable exertions in this branch of ſcience; who, at his lecture-room in Portugal-Street, Lincolns-Inn-Fields, blends the moſt ingenious remarks with the moſt uſeful and entertaining experiments, to a genteel, attentive, and often *aſtoniſhed* audience of both ſexes. Where can any evening be ſpent to better purpoſe?

The French and Italian, as well as the Latin and Greek languages, may be read by the fair ſex with much pleaſure and advantage. By this means their taſte will be improved, and a never-failing ſource of inſtruction will be opened. Several ladies of *rank* and *faſhion*, of the preſent day, make Virgil and Homer their *companions*, two or three mornings every week.

The *theatre*, which by the indefatigable labour of the late Mr. Garrick is brought to very great perfection, affords an equally rational and improving entertainment. The judgment of ladies is not now called in queſtion, their underſtanding is not affronted, nor is their modeſty offended, by the indecent ribaldry of thoſe authors, who to their defect in wit have added the want of good ſenſe and of good manners. Faults of this kind, that, from a blameable compliance with a corrupted taſte, have ſometimes crept into the works of good writers, are now generally rectified or omitted on the ſtage. Since, however, there are ſome exceptionable plays, it is better to be preſent only at thoſe, which are approved by perſons of underſtanding and virtue, as calculated to anſwer the proper end

end of the theatre, namely, that of conveying inſtruction in the moſt pleaſing method.

Tragedy is deſigned to ennoble, refine, and expand the beſt affections of the heart, to render our natures ſuſceptible and ſympathetic, and to teach by example the moſt intereſting leſſons of humanity.

Comedy has a tendancy to familiarize the ductile minds of young ladies to what may be called the elegant and faſhionable minutiæ of life. The beſt definition of this ſpecies of the drama perhaps is, that, when properly executed, it conſiſts in a juſt exhibition of the trueſt politeneſs, not extracted from the dull preſcriptions of formal pedagogues, but as daily practiſed by the *genteeleſt* company.

One half hour, or more, either before or immediately after breakfaſt, ſhould be conſtantly devoted to the attentive peruſal of ſome part of *Holy Writ*. It is the baſis on which our religion is founded. From this practice more real benefit will be reaped, than can be ſuppoſed by thoſe who have never made the experiment.

The ſcriptures preſent religion to us in the moſt engaging dreſs. They communicate truths, which philoſophy could never inveſtigate, and in a ſtyle, which poetry can never equal. Calculated alike to profit and to pleaſe, they inform the underſtanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of *Him*, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they ſuit mankind in all ſituations, grateful as the manna that decended from above, and conformed itſelf to every palate.

The faireſt productions of human wit, after a few peruſals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and loſe their fragrance. But the ſcriptures, thoſe unfading plants of paradiſe, the more we are accuſtomed to them, become ſtill more and more beautiful. Their

Their bloom appears to be daily heightened. Freſh odours are diffuſed, and new ſweets extracted from them.

The ſcriptures have been ſtudied and admired by the greateſt and beſt of men, as well as women. Whatever inſtruction or amuſement may be derived from human compoſitions, let it always be remembered, that the ſacred writings alone contain that wiſdom, "which maketh wiſe unto ſalvation."

Controverſy on religious ſubjects ſhould never be meddled with. Such books only ought to be read as are addreſſed to the *heart*, inſpire pious and devout affections, and tend to regulate the conduct.

CHAP. XLVIII.

ON THE MONASTIC LIFE.

THE venerable Bede has given us a very ſtriking picture of monaſtic enormities, in his epiſtle to Ecgbert. From this we learn, that many young men, who had no title to the monaſtic profeſſion, got poſſeſſion of monaſteries; where, inſtead of engaging in the defence of their country, as their age and rank required, they indulged themſelves in the moſt diſſolute indolence.

We learn from Dugdale, that, in the reign of Henry the Second, the nuns of Amſbury abbey in Wiltſhire were expelled from that religious houſe, on account of their incontinence. And, to exhibit in the moſt lively colours the total corruption of monaſtic chaſtity, biſhop Burnet informs us, in his *Hiſtory of the Reformation*, that when the nunneries were viſited by the command

of Henry the Eighth, " whole houſes almoſt were " found, whoſe vows had been made in vain."

When we conſider to what oppreſſive indolence, to what a variety of wretchedneſs and guilt, the young and fair inhabitants of the cloiſter were frequently betrayed, we ought to admire thoſe benevolent authors, who, when the tide of religious prejudice ran very ſtrong in favour of monaſtic virginity, had ſpirit enough to oppoſe the torrent, and to caution the devout and tender ſex againſt ſo dangerous a profeſſion. It is in this point of view that the character of Eraſmus appears with the moſt amiable luſtre; and his name ought to be eternally dear to the female world in particular. Though his ſtudies and conſtitution led him almoſt to idolize thoſe eloquent fathers of the church, who have magnified this kind of life, his good ſenſe, and his accurate ſurvey of the human race, enabled him to judge of the miſery in which female youth was continually involved by a precipitate choice of the veil. He knew the ſucceſsful arts by which the ſubtle and rapacious monks inveigled young women of opulent families into the cloiſter; and he exerted his lively and delicate wit in oppoſition to ſo pernicious an evil.

The writings of many eminent authors have been levelled againſt the abuſes of the monaſtic life. But ſeveral of theſe, like the noted work of the humourous Rabelais, appear to have flowed from a ſpirit as wanton and licentious, as ever lurked in a convent. It is not thus with Eraſmus. His productions are written with admirable pleaſantry, and ſeem to have been dictated by a chaſte and angelic deſire to promote the felicity of the fair ſex.

In thoſe nations of Europe where nunneries ſtill exiſt, how many lovely victims are continually ſacrificed to the avarice or abſurd ambition of inhuman parents! The miſery of theſe victims has been painted with great force by ſome benevolent writers of France.

In

In moſt of thoſe pathetic hiſtories that are founded on the abuſe of convents, the miſery originates from the parent, and falls upon the child. The reverſe has ſometimes happened; and there are examples of unhappy parents, who have been rendered miſerable by the religious perverſity of a daughter. In the fourteenth volume of that very amuſing work, *Les Cauſes Célébres*, a work which is ſaid to have been the favourite reading of Voltaire, there is a ſtriking hiſtory of a girl under age, who was tempted by pious artifice to ſettle herſelf in a convent, in expreſs oppoſition to parental authority. Her parents, who had in vain tried the moſt tender perſuaſion, endeavoured at laſt to redeem their loſt child, by a legal proceſs againſt the nunnery in which ſhe was impriſoned. The pleadings on this remarkable trial may, perhaps, be juſtly reckoned among the fineſt pieces of eloquence that the lawyers of France have produced. Monſieur Gillet, the advocate for the parents, repreſented, in the boldeſt and moſt affecting language, the extreme baſeneſs of this religious ſeduction. His eloquence appeared to have fixed the ſentiments of the judges; but the cauſe of ſuperſtition was pleaded by an advocate of equal power, and it finally prevailed. The unfortunate parents of Marie Vernal (for this was the name of the deluded girl) were condemned to reſign her for ever, and to make a conſiderable payment to thoſe artful devotees who had piouſly robbed them of their child.

When we reflect on the various evils that have ariſen in convents, we have the ſtrongeſt reaſon to rejoice and glory in that reformation, by which the nunneries of England were aboliſhed. Yet it would not be candid or juſt to conſider all theſe as the mere harbours of licentiouſneſs; ſince we are told that, at the time of their ſuppreſſion, ſome of our religious houſes were very honourably diſtinguiſhed by the purity of their inhabitants.

inhabitants. "The viſitors," ſays biſhop Burnett, "interceded earneſtly for one nunnery in Oxfordſhire, "Godſtow, where there was great ſtrictneſs of life, "and to which moſt of the young gentlewomen of the "country were ſent to be bred; ſo that the gentry of "the country deſired the king would ſpare the houſe: "yet all was ineffectual."

In this point of view, much, undoubtedly, may be ſaid in favour of convents. Yet, when the arguments on both ſides are fairly weighed, it is preſumed, that every true friend to female innocence will rejoice in thoſe ſenſible regulations which our Catholic neighbours have lately made reſpecting nunneries, and which ſeem to promiſe their univerſal abolition.

As convents, for many ages, were the treaſures of all the learning that remained upon earth, one is rather ſurpriſed to find ſo few monaſtic ladies, who have bequeathed to the world any literary production. Perhaps, indeed, many a fair and chaſte author has exiſted, whoſe name and works have been unjuſtly buried in ſudden oblivion.

Juana Inez de la Cruz, a native of the New Hemiſphere, was ſo eminent for her poetical talents, that ſhe has been honoured with the title of a Tenth Muſe.

A ſhort account of this lady, not much known in Europe, with a ſpecimen of her poetry, will no doubt be acceptable to female readers.

Juana was born, in November 1651, at the diſtance of a few leagues from the city of Mexico. Her father was one of the many Spaniſh gentlemen, who ſought to improve a ſcanty fortune by an eſtabliſhment in America, where he married a lady of that country, deſcended from Spaniſh parents. Their daughter Juana was diſtinguiſhed in her infancy by an uncommon paſſion for literature, and a wonderful facility in the compoſition of Spaniſh verſes. Her parents ſent her, when ſhe was eight years old, to reſide with her uncle

uncle in the city of Mexico. She had there the advantage of a learned education; and, as her extraordinary talents attracted univerſal regard, ſhe was patroniſed by the lady of the viceroy, the marquis de Mancera, and, at the age of ſeventeen, was received into his family. A Spaniſh encomiaſt of Juana relates a remarkable anecdote, which, he ſays, was communicated to him by the viceroy himſelf. That nobleman, aſtoniſhed by the extenſive learning of young Juana, invited forty of the moſt eminent literati that his country could afford, to try the extent and ſolidity of Juana's erudition. The young female ſcholar was freely but politely queſtioned, on the different branches of ſcience, by theologians, philoſophers, mathematicians, hiſtorians, and poets; "and as a royal "galleon," ſays our Spaniſh author, "would defend "herſelf againſt a few ſcallots that might attack her, "ſo did Juana Inez extricate herſelf from the various "queſtions, arguments, and rejoinders, that each in "his own province propoſed to her."

The applauſe which ſhe received, on this ſignal diſplay of her accompliſhments, was far from inſpiring the modeſt Juana with vanity or preſumption. Indeed, a pious humility was her moſt ſtriking characteriſtic. Her life amounted only to forty-four years; and of theſe ſhe paſſed twenty-ſeven, diſtinguiſhed by the moſt exemplary exerciſe of all the religious virtues, in the convent of St. Geronimo. Her delight in books was extreme, and ſhe is ſaid to have poſſeſſed a library of four thouſand volumes; but towards the cloſe of her life ſhe made a ſtriking ſacrifice to charity, by ſelling her darling books for the relief of the poor. Few female authors have been more celebrated in life, or in death more lamented. The collection of her works, in three quarto volumes, contains a number of panegyrics, in verſe and proſe, beſtowed on this chaſte poteſs by the moſt illuſtrious characters both of Old and

New Spain. The moſt ſenſible of the Spaniſh critics, father Feyjoo, has made this general remark on Juana's compoſitions—" that they excel in eaſe and ele-" gance, but are deficient in energy; a failing the more remarkable, as the pious enthuſiaſm of this poetical nun was ſo great, that ſhe wrote in her own blood a profeſſion of her faith. It may be obſerved, however, in anſwer to her critic, that moſt of Juana's verſes are written on ſubjects, where poetical energy was not to be expected. Many of her poems are occaſional compliments to her particular friends; and, in her ſacred dramas, the abſurd ſuperſtitions of her country were ſufficient to annihilate all poetical ſublimity.

In one of her ſhort productions, ſhe deſcribes the injuſtice of men towards her own ſex. An imitation of this performance, in Engliſh, is as follows:

I.

" * *Weak men! who without reaſon aim*
" *To load poor woman with abuſe,*
" *Not ſeeing that yourſelves produce*
" *The very evils that you blame;*

II.

" *You 'gainſt her firm reſiſtance ſtrive;*
" *And, having ſtruck her judgment mute,*
" *Soon to her levity impute*
" *What from your labour you derive.*

III.

" *Of woman's weakneſs much afraid,*
" *Of your own proweſs ſtill you boaſt;*
" *Like the vain child who makes a ghoſt,*
" *Then fears what he himſelf has made,*

* *Hombres necios, que acuſais*
A la muger ſin razon;
Sin ver, que ſois la occaſion
De lo miſmo, que culpais, &c.

IV. " *Her*

IV.

" *Her, whom your arms have once embrac'd,*
" *You think preſumptuouſly to find,*
" *When ſhe is woo'd, as Thais kind,*
" *When wedded, as Lucretia chaſte,*

V.

" *How rare a fool muſt he appear,*
" *Whoſe folly mounts to ſuch a paſs,*
" *That firſt he breathes upon the glaſs,*
" *Then grieves becauſe it is not clear!*

VI.

" *Still with unjuſt, ungrateful pride,*
" *You meet both favour and diſdain;*
" *The firm as cruel you arraign,*
" *The tender you as weak deride.*

VII.

" *Your fooliſh humour none can pleaſe;*
" *Since, judging all with equal phlegm,*
" *One for her rigor you condemn,*
" *And one you cenſure for her eaſe.*

VIII.

" *What wondrous gifts muſt her adorn,*
" *Who would your laſting love engage,*
" *When rigorous nymphs excite your rage,*
" *And eaſy fair ones raiſe your ſcorn!*

IX.

" *But while you ſhew your pride or pow'r,*
" *With tyrant paſſions vainly hot,*
" *She's only bleſt who heeds you not,*
" *And leaves you all in happy hour.*"

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

ON SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT.

LOVE, perhaps, ſweetens and expands the feelings more than any paſſion whatever. Being a compoſition of all the tender, of all the humane and diſintereſted virtues, it calls forth at once all their ſoft ideas, and exerts all their good offices.

The ingenious Mr. Sterne, author of Triſtram Shandy, uſed to ſay, that "he never felt the vibrations of his heart ſo much in uniſon with virtue, as when he was in love; and that whenever he did a mean or unworthy action, on examining himſelf ſtrictly, he found that at that time he was looſe from every ſentimental attachment to the fair ſex."

The declaration of this ſocial and benevolent paſſion to the object that inſpires it, is what we commonly call courtſhip; and the time of this courtſhip, notwithſtanding the many embarraſſments and uneaſineſſes which attend it, is generally conſidered as one of the happieſt periods of human life, at leaſt ſo long as the lover is ſupported by hope, that pleaſing delirium of the ſoul.

The interference of parents, however, in order to prevent the union of lovers, is often attended with ſerious conſequences; as the two following ſtories ſufficiently evince.

CHAP.

CHAP. L.

HONORIO AND ELIZA:

A VERY PATHETIC STORY.

HONORIO was the ſon of a London merchant, bred up to the buſineſs of his father, to which he ſucceeded in his early youth: and in a little time diſtinguiſhed himſelf, not only by his knowledge in trade, but alſo by his probity of heart, and generoſity of ſentiment. Nor was he deficient in perſonal accompliſhments. His figure was remarkably agreeable; his addreſs was engaging; and no pains had been ſpared in giving him the advantage of a genteel education.

He was in a fair way of acquiring a very large fortune, when he firſt beheld, at a public aſſembly, the elegant and amiable Eliza, daughter of an eminent trader, to whom his circumſtances were well known. He was deeply ſtruck with her external appearance; and, having found means to inſinuate himſelf into her acquaintance, diſcovered a thouſand charms in her underſtanding and diſpoſition, which at once completed the conqueſt of his heart. It was not long before he diſcloſed his paſſion to the dear object, and had the raviſhing pleaſure to find he had inſpired her with very favourable ſentiments of his character.

After ſome time ſpent in the endearing effuſions of mutual love, he applied to the father, and made a formal demand of her in marriage. His propoſal met with a very cordial reception; and Honorio was admitted into the family, on the footing of a future ſon-in-law. The day was already appointed for the marriage, after all the articles of intereſt had been ſettled to the ſatisfaction of both parties; when, by the ſud-

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den failure of foreign correſpondents at the cloſe of the laſt war, Honorio was obliged to ſtop payment.

He communicated his diſtreſs to Eliza's father; and produced his books, by which it appeared that his effects were more than ſufficient to diſcharge his debts, though they were ſo ſcattered that he could not collect them in time enough to ſupport his credit.

The merchant ſaid he was ſorry for his misfortune, but made no offer of aſſiſtance. On the contrary, he told him bluntly that he could not expect he would beſtow his daughter on a bankrupt, and forbade him the houſe.

The reader may conceive what an effect this treatment had upon an ingenuous mind, endued with an extraordinary ſhare of ſenſibility. He retired to his own houſe, while his heart was burſting with grief and indignation.

The generous Eliza, being appriſed of what had paſſed between her father and her lover, ſeized the firſt opportunity of writing a letter to Honorio, lamenting his misfortune in the moſt pathetic terms, aſſuring him of her inviolable attachment, and offering to give a convincing proof of her love by a clandeſtine marriage.

He made due acknowledgments to his amiable miſtreſs for this mark of diſintereſted affection; but abſolutely refuſed to comply with a propoſal, which might ruin her fortune, endanger her happineſs, and ſubject him to the imputation of being ſordid and ſelfiſh.

He made haſte to ſettle his accounts, and ſatisfy his creditors. Then he wrote a letter to Eliza, releaſing her from all engagements in his favour, and exhorting her to forget that ever ſuch a perſon exiſted.

Immediately after this addreſs he diſappeared, and no perſon could tell in what manner. People, in general, ſuppoſed he had made away with himſelf in deſpair.

Eliza

Eliza was overwhelmed with the moſt poignant ſorrow, which entailed upon her a lingering diſtemper, that brought her to the brink of the grave.

Though nature triumphed over the diſeaſe, it was not in the power of time to remove her grief, which ſettled into a fixed melancholy, that clouded all her charms, and made a deep impreſſion on her father's heart.

Her only brother dying of a conſumption, ſhe became the ſole heireſs of a conſiderable fortune; and many advantageous matches were propoſed without effect.

At length, ſhe plainly told her father, that he had once made her miſerable, and it was not now in his power to make her happy; for ſhe had made a ſolemn vow to heaven, that ſhe would never join her fate to any other man but him on whom he had allowed her to beſtow her affection.

The merchant was thunder-ſtruck at this declaration. He ſaw himſelf deprived, by his own cruel avarice, of that happineſs with which he had flattered himſelf, in the hope of enjoying a riſing generation of his own poſterity. He became penſive and ſullen, loſt his ſenſes, and in a few months expired.

Eliza purchaſed a retired houſe in the country, where ſhe gave a full ſcope to her ſorrow; while ſhe lived the life of a ſaint, and ſpent the beſt part of her time, as well as fortune, in the exerciſe of charity and benevolence: witneſs the ſighs that are ſtill uttered by all that knew her, when her name is pronounced: witneſs the tears of the widow and the fatherleſs that are daily ſhed upon her tomb.

Honorio, deſparate in his fortune and his love, took a paſſage in a Spaniſh ſhip for Cadiz, under the name of Benſon; and, as he underſtood the language, as well as the management of accompts, he was admitted,

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as an inferior factor, on board of the Flota, bound for South America.

He ſettled at *La Vera Cruz*; and fortune ſo proſpered his endeavours, that, in a few years, he was maſter of forty thouſand piſtoles.

But neither proſperity, nor the univerſal eſteem he had acquired among the Spaniards for his worth and integrity, could ſooth the anguiſh of his heart, or efface the remembrance of Eliza, whoſe charms ſtill dwelt upon his imagination.

At length, impatient of living ſo long in ignorance of her ſituation, he remitted his effects to Europe, returned to Cadiz, and there, in a Britiſh bottom, took ſhipping for England.

At the Race of Portland the ſhip was attacked by a paltry French privateer; and Honorio had the misfortune to receive a ſhot in his neck, which appeared very dangerous.

After the privateer had ſheered off, he deſired that he might be put aſhore at the neareſt land, as there was no ſurgeon on board; and the boat immediately conveyed him and part of his baggage into a creek, within half a mile of Eliza's dwelling.

He was obliged to take up his lodgings at a wretched public houſe, and diſpatched an expreſs to the next town for a ſurgeon; but, before he arrived, the unfortunate Honorio had loſt his eye-ſight in conſequence of his wound, and his fever was conſiderably increaſed.

The humane Eliza, being made acquainted with the circumſtances of his diſtreſs, without dreaming it was her beloved Honorio, deſired a worthy old clergyman, who was rector of the pariſh, to take her chariot, and bring the wounded man to her houſe, where he might be properly attended and accommodated.

Thither he was carried accordingly, and there firſt viſited by the ſurgeon; who, after having dreſſed the wound, declared he had no hopes of his recovery.

He

He heard the ſentence without emotion; and deſired he might have an opportunity to thank the lady of the houſe for the charitable compaſſion ſhe had manifeſted towards a ſtranger in diſtreſs.

The tender-hearted Eliza being informed of his requeſt, immediately viſited him in his apartment, accompanied by the clergyman, and a female relation who lived with her as her companion.

Approaching his bed-ſide, ſhe condoled with him on his misfortune, begged he would think himſelf at home, and command every thing in her houſe as freely as if it were his own.

He no ſooner heard her voice than he ſtarted; and raiſing himſelf in his bed, rolled his eyes around, as if in queſt of ſome favourite object.

His ear was more faithful than his memory. He remembered and was affected by the ſtrain, though he could not recollect the ideas to which it had been annexed.

After ſome pauſe he exclaimed, "Excellent lady! "I could wiſh to live in order to expreſs my gratitude. "But it will not be.—You have given ſhelter to a "poor wearied pilgrim, and your charity muſt be ſtill "farther extended, in ſeeing his body committed to the duſt.

"I have, moreover, another favour to aſk, namely, "that you and this good clergyman will atteſt my laſt "will, which is locked in a paper caſe, depoſited in "my portmanteau."

So ſaying, he delivered the key to the doctor, who opened the trunk, found the paper, and was deſired to read it aloud in the hearing of all preſent.

The will was written by the hand of Honorio himſelf, who, in conſideration of his tender affection for the incomparable Eliza, which nothing but death ſhould eraſe from his heart, had bequeathed to her all

his worldly ſubſtance, excluſive of ſome charitable legacies,

When the name of Honorio was pronounced, Eliza ſtarted, grew pale, and trembled with ſtrong emotion. She conſidered, however, his ſituation, and reſtrained her tranſports, while her eyes poured forth a torrent of tears, and the chair ſhook under her, with the violence of her agony.

The humane clergyman was not unmoved at this ſcene. He had often heard the ſtory of her unfortunate love, and by his ſenſible conſolations enabled her to bear her affliction with temper and reſignation.

He no ſooner perceived the names of Honorio and Eliza in the will, than he was ſeized with extreme wonder and ſympathizing ſorrow. His voice faultered. The tears ran down his cheeks, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he read the paper to an end. Then obſerving the agitation of Eliza, he conducted her into another room, where, her grief and ſurpriſe becoming too ſtrong for her conſtitution, ſhe fainted away in the arms of her companion.

When ſhe recovered from her ſwoon, ſhe gave vent to her ſorrow, in a loud paſſion of tears and exclamation. She afterwards became more calm; and begged the doctor would endeavour to prepare Honorio for an interview with his long loſt Eliza. He forthwith returned to the merchant; but was in too much confuſion to communicate the diſcovery with diſcretion and compoſure.

Honorio, though blind, had perceived the lady's agitation, as well as the clergyman's diſorder, and was not a little ſurpriſed at their abrupt departure. His mind had already formed an aſſemblage of the moſt intereſting ideas before the doctor returned; and when he began to expatiate on the myſterious ways of Providence, he was interrupted by the ſtranger, who, raiſing his head, and claſping his hand, exclaimed

claimed aloud—" O bountiful Heaven—it muſt be the " incomparable Eliza !"

At that inſtant ſhe entered the apartment, kneeled by the bed-ſide, and taking him by the hand, cried out,—" It is, indeed, the unfortunate Eliza—O my " Honorio ! Is it thus we meet !"

A long ſilence enſued, during which he bathed her hand with tears. At length he ſpoke to this effect:— " Theſe are not the tears of ſorrow, but of joy.— " Eliza then lives !—ſhe remembers—ſhe retains her " regard for the hapleſs Honorio !—It was indeed the " kind hand of Providence that threw me on this hoſ- " pitable ſhore.—Could I once more behold thoſe dear " features, which I have ſo often contemplated with " admiration and delight—But I am ſatisfied."

The ſequel of this affecting ſcene I cannot pretend to deſcribe. Honorio's wound, at the next dreſſing, had the appearance of a gangrene. The ball, however which had been lodged among the nerves and ſinews of the neck, was now with eaſe extracted, and his eye-ſight was immediately reſtored.

Having ſettled his temporal affairs, and made his peace with Heaven, he on the fourth day expired in the arms of Eliza, who was the ſole and laſt object on which his eyes were ſtrained.

She did not long ſurvive her unfortunate lover. Her grief at length exhauſted her conſtitution, and brought her to the grave, after ſhe had endowed alms-houſes for the maintenance of twenty poor cripples, bequeathed a handſome fortune to her kinſwoman, a conſiderable preſent to the clergyman, and a large ſum to the poor of the pariſh.

At her own deſire, ſhe was buried in the ſame grave with her lover, and over them is raiſed a plain unembelliſhed tomb of black marble, with this modeſt inſcription: " Dedicated to the memory of Honorio " and Eliza."

CHAP.

CHAP. LI.

HENRY AND CHARLOTTE.

A MOST AFFECTING HISTORY.

UNDER the maſterſhip of the celebrated Buſby, there was a boy at ſchool, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Henry, equally eſteemed by his maſters for the brilliancy of his talents, and beloved by his ſchool-fellows for the various excellent qualities of his mind, and the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition.

Before he had riſen very high in the ſchool, he conceived a paſſion for a young lady in the neighbourhood, eminently beautiful, and differing from him in character, only as the natural delicacy and ſoftneſs of her ſex added a charm to every perfection of her lover.

From the many interviews they had had, the flame, which at firſt fired his boſome, quickly became mutual, and they already indulged themſelves in romantic ideas of celebrating their nuptuals, when they ſcarce knew what love was, but from the fluttering it cauſed in each of their tender breaſts.

Two years were now elapſed ſince they had declared their flame to each other. Henry had long pleaded his love to his dear Charlotte, with all the force, which a ſincere, and daily increaſing paſſion could inſpire him with.

Marriage was what they both looked up to, but impoſſibilities dimmed the proſpect; and though he loved her with a tenderneſs, which nought but various motives can implant, yet ſtill his deſires tended to that point of bliſs, which nothing but the privilege of marriage can give ſanction to.

His

His father, it ſeems, having long obſerved the cloſe intimacy which exiſted between our hero and this amiable girl, and fearful of the conſequence, namely marriage (for ſhe had no fortune) reſolved to ſeperate them.

Accordingly he purchaſed him an enſigncy in a regiment juſt going abroad; and paying little regard to his ſon's diſapprobation of a military life, ſent him off to Jerſey.

This precaution, however, proved fruitleſs; for Henry, as ſoon as he was acquainted with his father's cruel determination, having obtained Charlotte's full conſent, had their marriage conſummated unknown to any of his friends; and, as his regiment was detained in England, by unforeſeen delays, a much longer time than was expected, he found means to paſs the greater part of his time in her company.

I ſhall paſs over the tender ſcene, which took place at their parting. Suffice it to ſay, that never was a picture of grief diſplayed in more natural and affecting colours, than what this interview exhibited. With difficulty he diſſuaded her from the earneſt deſire ſhe had of accompanying him; but he knew the dangers of the voyage, and the difficulties a women is expoſed to in a camp, too well to comply with her requeſt. All he had to conſole her with was, an aſſurance of the moſt ſpeedy return he could obtain.

Before he had been ſix months in Jerſey, he received the news of her being brought to bed of a ſon. Since ſhe had laſt ſeen her dear Henry, her conſtancy had been put to the trial by a thouſand preſſing calamities.

Juſt after he had ſet ſail, ſhe felt a ſevere ſhock in the loſs of a kind and affectionate mother, her only ſurviving parent, and was now left an helpleſs orphan, expoſed to all the dangers of the wide world, deprived

of every comfort of life, and nearly deſtitute of all its neceſſaries.

Her mother being the relict of a colonels had with ſome œconomy, made ſhift to ſupport herſelf and daughter, in a genteel manner on her penſion. But this dropt at her death, and poor Charlotte, who, either from the too great indulgence or the pride of her parents, had not been brought up to any buſineſs, was now reduced to the deſperate alternative of either ſtarving, or maintaining herſelf by the moſt deſperate trade her ſex is acquainted with.

Happily an old ſchool-fellow of Henry's learning the diſtreſſed ſtate of her circumſtances, flew to her aſſiſtance with all the ardour the thought of relieving his friend's dearer half could inflame him with, and (as ſhe had too much virtue ever to become a proſtitute) ſaved her from the rigour of a death ſhe no ways merited, and which had long appeared to her inevitable.

Shortly after this timely reſcue, ſhe received the following letter from her Henry:

"My dearest Charlotte,

"Judge my happineſs on hearing that Heaven has bleſt us with a token of our love! That he may reſemble his mother in every thing, is the only boon I crave now for him:—But I change my joy to a note of ſorrow! The pernicious effects of this climate have inflicted on me an illneſs, which I fear I never ſhall get over. Life, however, is a burthen to me, while thou art abſent: — Nor could I have held it out thus long, but that I ſupport myſelf on the proſpect of that bliſs, which will, I hope, crown the reſt of our years, ſhould I ever return to thee. I live, I breathe but for thee, and fear not death, but as it ſhall ſnatch thee from me.—But there is a place, a paradiſe, where we ſhall one day meet, to part no more!—Farewell! May Heaven ſhed its choiceſt bleſſings on thee and thy infant,

ſant, and render you both happy, as it made thee good!"

Equally alarmed at the ſeverity of her Henry's diſorder, and charmed with the ſincerity of his paſſion, ſhe reſolved to ſet ſail in queſt of him. Accordingly, ſupplied by the kindneſs of his friend with every thing requiſite for her voyage, ſhe went on board a tranſport bound for the place of her huſband's deſtination. But the bittereſt ſcene of her affliction remained as yet unaccompliſhed. All thoſe flattering images of joy, which the thought of quickly ſeeing her Henry had preſented to her, were ſuddenly overclouded by the ſtorm, which intercepted them in their paſſage.

After every exertion of the crew had proved vain, they were driven to the laſt reſource, and fired the ſignal of diſtreſs. This was inſtantly anſwered by another ſhip, which had long been near, but, from the darkneſs which reigned around, without the knowledge of either. It was, however, too late to ſave their veſſel. The leak, which had ſo long diſtreſſed them, now took in ſo faſt, that it was impoſſible to keep her above water; and juſt as the ſhip made up to her, ſhe ſunk. Her long-boat, ſtowed full, was now approaching the ſide of the ſhip, when a cruel wave ſnatched it under, and Charlotte, with her dear infant cloſe claſped to her breaſt, floated at the mercy of a ſtormy ſea.

Muſt I ſtop my reader to tell him, that Henry, having procured leave of abſence, was returning in the other ſhip?

He had long fixed his eyes on the boat, ſtruck with the beauty of his unknown wife. Unable any longer to be witneſs to ſuch a ſcene of diſtreſs, without taking an active part in it, he plunged in at the hazard of his own life, and catching her as ſhe roſe on the back of a billow, bore her to her own ſhip's boat.

But what were his feelings, when he beheld the face of his Charlotte! Her benumbed arm had dropt its tender

tender charge. The horror of her diſtreſs had deprived her cheeks of their roſeate hue, and plundered her ruby lips of all their melting beauties. Dead was the luſtre of her gloſſy eye, and cold her lily hand.

He preſſed her to his breaſt in the agonies of deſpair, and ſtrove to recal her affrighted ſpirits to their gay abode. She at length awoke almoſt from the ſhades of death: but ſeeing her Henry's face, ſhrieked aſtoniſhment, and ſunk into his arms a breathleſs corſe!

CHAP. LII.

ON THE DEGREES OF SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

IN the earlier ages, ſentiment in love does not appear to have been much attended to. When Abraham ſent his ſervant to court a bride for his ſon Iſaac, we do not ſo much as hear, that Iſaac was conſulted on the matter; nor is there even a ſuſpicion, that he might refuſe or diſlike the wife which his father had ſelected for him.

From the manner in which Rebecca was ſolicited, we learn, that women were not then courted in perſon by the lover, but by a proxy, whom he, or his parents, deputed in his ſtead. We likewiſe ſee, that this proxy did not, as in modern times, indeavour to gain the affection of the lady he was ſent to, by enlarging on the perſonal properties, and mental qualifications of the lover; but by the richneſs and magnificence of the preſents he made to her and her relations.

Preſents

Preſents have been, from the earlieſt ages, and are to this day, the mode of tranſacting all kinds of buſineſs in the Eaſt. When a favour is to be aſked of a ſuperior, one connot hope to obtain it without a preſent. Courtſhip, therefore, having been anciently tranſacted in this manner, it is plain, that it was only conſidered in the ſame light as any other negociable buſineſs, and not as a matter of ſentiment, and of the heart.

In the courtſhip, however, or rather purchaſe of a wife by Jocob, we meet with ſomething like ſentiment; for when he found that he was not poſſeſſed of mony or goods, equal to the price which was probably ſet upon her, he not only condeſcended to purchaſe her by ſervitude, but even ſeemed much diſappointed, when the tender-eyed Leah was faithleſsly impoſed upon him inſtead of the beautiful Rachel.

The ancient Gauls, Germans, and neighbouring nations of the North, had ſo much veneration for the ſex in general, that in courtſhip they behaved with a ſpirit of gallantry, and ſhewed a degree of ſentiment, to which *thoſe*, who called them Barbarians, never arrived. Not contented with getting poſſeſſion of the perſon of his miſtreſs, a nothern lover could not be ſatisfied without the ſincere affection of her heart; nor was his miſtreſs ever to be gained but by ſuch methods, as plainly indicated to her the tendereſt attachment from the moſt deſerving man.

The women of Scandinavia were not to be courted but by the moſt aſſiduous attendance, ſeconded by ſuch warlike atchievements as the cuſtom of the country had rendered neceſſary to make a man deſerving of his miſtreſs. On theſe accounts, we frequently find a lover accoſting the object of his paſſion, by a minute and circumſtantial detail of all his explots, and all his accompliſhments. "We fought with ſwords," ſays King Regner, in a beautiful ode compoſed by himſelf,

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in memory of the deeds of his former days, "that "day wherein I ſaw ten thouſand of my foes rolling "in the duſt, near a promontory of England. A "dew of blood diſtilled from our ſwords. The ar- "rows, which flew in ſearch of the helmets, bellowed "through the air. The pleaſure of that day was truly "exquiſite.

"We fought with ſwords. A young man ſhould "march early to the conflict of arms. Man ſhould "attack man, or bravely reſiſt him. In this hath al- "ways conſiſted the nobility of the warrior. He "who aſpires to the love of his miſtreſs, ought to be "dauntleſs in the claſh of ſwords."

The deſcendants of the nothern nations, long after they had plundered and repeopled the greateſt part of Europe, retained nearly the ſame ideas of love, and practiſed the ſame methods in declaring it, that they had imbibed from their anceſtors. "Love," ſays, William of Montagnogout, "engages to the moſt "amiable conduct. Love inſpires the greateſt actions "Love has no will but that of the object beloved, "nor ſeeks any thing but what will augment her "glory. You cannot love, nor ought to be beloved, "if you aſk any thing that virtue condemns. Never "did I form a wiſh, that could wound the heart of "my beloved, nor delight in a pleaſure that was incon- "ſiſtent with her delicacy."

The method of addreſſing females, among ſome of the tribes of American Indians, is the moſt ſimple that can poſſibly be deviſed. When the lover goes to viſit his miſtreſs, he only begs leave, by ſigns, to enter her hut. After obtaining this, he goes in, and ſits down by her in the moſt reſpectful ſilence. If ſhe ſuffers him to remain there without interruption, her doing ſo is conſenting to his ſuit. If, however, the lover has any thing given him to eat and drink, it is a refuſal;

refuſal: though the woman is obliged to ſet by him till he has finiſhed his repaſt. He then retires in ſilence.

In Canada, courtſhip is not carried on with that coy reſerve, and ſeeming ſecrecy, which politeneſs has introduced among the inhabitants of civilized nations. When a man and woman meet, though they never ſaw each other before, if he is captivated with her charms, he declares his paſſion in the plaineſt manner; and ſhe, with the ſame ſimplicity, anſwers, Yes, or No, without further deliberation. "That female reſerve," ſays an ingenious writer, "that ſeeming reluctance to enter "into the married ſtate, obſervable in polite countries, "is the work of art, and not of nature. The hiſtory "of every uncultivated people amply proves it. It "tells us, that their women not only ſpeak with "freedom the ſentiments of their hearts, but even "bluſh not to have theſe ſentiments made as public as "poſſible*."

In Formoſa, however, they differ ſo much from the ſimplicity of the Canadians, that it would be reckoned the greateſt indecency in the man to declare, or in the woman to hear, a declaration of the paſſion of love. The lover is, therefore, obliged to depute his mother, ſiſter, or ſome female relation; and from any of theſe the ſoft tale may be heard without the leaſt offence to delicacy.

In Spain, the women had formerly no voice in diſpoſing of themſelves in matrimony. But as the empire of common ſenſe began to extend itſelf, they began to claim a privilege, at leaſt of being conſulted in the choice of the partners of their lives. Many fathers and guardians, hurt by this female innovation, and puffed up with Spaniſh pride, ſtill inſiſted on forcing their daughters to marry according to their pleaſure, by means of duennas, locks, hunger, and even ſometimes of poiſon and daggers. But as nature will revolt againſt

* Dr. Alexander.

againſt every ſpecies of oppreſſion and injuſtice, the ladies have for ſome time begun to aſſert their own rights. The authority of fathers and guardians begins to decline, and lovers find themſelv : obliged to apply to the affections of the fair, as well as to the pride and avarice of their relations.

The nightly muſical ſerenades of miſtreſſes by their lovers are ſtill in uſe. The gallant compoſes ſome love ſonnets, as expreſſive as he can, not only of the ſituation of his heart, but of every particular circumſtance between him and the lady, not forgetting to lard them with the moſt extravagant encomiums on her beauty and merit. Theſe he ſigns in the night below her window accompanied with his lute, or ſometimes with a whole band of muſic. The more piercingly cold the air, the more the lady's heart is ſuppoſed to be thawed with the patient ſufferance of her lover, who, from night to night, frequently continues this exerciſe for many hours, heaving the deepeſt ſighs, and caſting the moſt piteous, looks towards the window; at which if his goddeſs at laſt deigns to appear, and drops him a curtſey, he is ſuperlatively paid for all his watching; but if ſhe bleſſes him with a ſmile, he is ready to run diſtracted.

In Italy the manner of addreſſing the ladies, ſo far as it relates to ſerenading, nearly reſembles that of Spain. The Italian, however, goes a ſtep farther than the Spaniard. He endeavours to blockade the houſe, where his fair one lives, ſo as to prevent the entrance of any rival. If he marries the lady who coſt him all this trouble and attendance, he ſhuts her up for life. If not, ſhe becomes the object of his eternal hatred, and he too frequently endeavours to revenge by poiſon the ſucceſs of his happier rival.

In one circumſtance relating to courtſhip, the Italians are ſaid to be particular. They protract the time of it as long as poſſible, well knowing that, even with

with all the little ills attending it, a period thus employed is one of the ſweeteſt of human life.

A French lover, with the word ſentiment perpetually in his mouth, ſeems by every action to have excluded it from his heart. He places his whole confidence in his exterior air and appearance. He dreſſes for his miſtreſs, dances for her, flutters conſtantly about her, helps her to lay on her rouge, and to place her patches. He attends her round the whole circle of amuſements, chatters to her conſtantly, whiſtles and ſings, and plays the fool with her. Whatever be his ſtation, every thing gaudy and glittering within the ſphere of it is called in to his aſſiſtance, particularly ſplendid carriages and tawdry liveries; but if, by the help of all theſe, he cannot make an impreſſion on the fair one's heart, it coſts him nothing but a few ſhrugs of his ſhoulders, two or three ſilly exclamations, and as many ſtanzas of ſome ſatirical ſong againſt her; and, as it is impoſſible for a Frenchman to live without an amour, he immediately betakes himſelf to another.

There is hardly any ſuch thing among people of faſhion as courtſhip. Matters are generally ſo ordered by parents and guardians, that to a bride and bridegroom the day of marriage is often the ſecond time of their meeting. In many countries, to be married in this manner would be reckoned the greateſt of misfortunes. In France it is little regarded. In the faſhionable world few people are greater ſtrangers to, or more indifferent about each other, than huſband and wife; and any appearance of fondneſs between them, or their being ſeen frequently together, would infallibly make them forfeit the reputation of the *ton*, and be laughed at by all polite company. On this account, nothing is more common than to be acquainted with a lady without knowing her huſband, or viſiting the huſband without ever ſeeing his wife.

CHAP. LIII.

MINDS AND TEMPERS IN UNISON ARE RARELY TO BE FOUND,

I.

SAY, mighty Love! and teach my ſong
To whom thy ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whoſe yielding hearts and joining hands
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains,
That thoughtleſs fly into the chains,
As cuſtom leads the way:
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſs'd as they.

III.

Not ſordid ſouls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move!
So two rich mountains of Peru
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires.
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

V. *Not*

V.

Not the dull pairs, whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are married juſt like Stoic ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heav'nly conserts ſpring
From too old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſides the baſs.

VII.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind,
For love abhors the ſight:
Looſe the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Riſe and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet;
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus, on her rolling throne,
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIV.

A VIEW OF MATRIMONY IN THREE DIFFERENT LIGHTS.

THE marriage-life is always an inſipid, a vexatious, or an happy condition. The firſt is, when two people of no taſte meet together, upon ſuch a ſettlement as has been thought reaſonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and caſh of both parties. In this caſe, the young lady's perſon is no more regarded than the houſe and improvements in purchaſe of an eſtate; but ſhe goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. Theſe make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence towards thoſe below them, or reſpect towards thoſe above them; and lead a deſpicable, independent, and uſeleſs life, without ſenſe of the laws of kindneſs, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant ſatisfactions which flow from reaſon and virtue.

The vexatious life ariſes from a conjunction of two people of quick taſte and reſentment, put together for reaſons well known to their friends, in which eſpecial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty; and enſure to them riches, with every evil beſides. Theſe good people live in a conſtant conſtraint before company, and, when alone, revile each other's perſon and conduct. In company, they are in purgatory; when by themſelves, in hell.

The happy marriage is, where two perſons meet, and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumſtances of fortune or beauty. Theſe may ſtill love in ſpite of adverſity or ſickneſs. The former we may, in ſome meaſure,

meaſure, defend ourſelves from; the other is the common lot of humanity. Love has nothing to do with riches or ſtate. Solitude, with the perſon beloved, has a pleaſure, even in a woman's mind, beyond ſhow or pomp.

CHAP. LV.

OF BETROTHING AND MARRIAGE.

AT a very early period, families who lived in a friendly manner, fell upon a method of ſecuring their children to each other, by what is called in the ſacred writings betrothing. This was agreeing on a price to be paid for the bride, the time when it ſhould be paid, and when ſhe ſhould be delivered into the hands of her huſband.

There were, according to the Talmudiſts, three ways of betrothing. The firſt, by a written contract. The ſecond, by a verbal agreement, accompanied with a piece of money. And the third, by the parties coming together, and living as huſband and wife; which might have been as properly called marriage as betrothing.

The written contract was in the following manner: "On ſuch a day, month, and year, A. the ſon of B. has ſaid to D. the daughter of E. be thou my ſpouſe according to the law of Moſes and of the Iſraelites; and I will give thee as a dowry, the ſum of two hundred ſuzims, as it is ordered by our law. And the ſaid D. hath promiſed to be his ſpouſe upon the conditions aforeſaid, which the ſaid A. doth promiſe to perform on the day of marriage. And to this the ſaid

A. doth hereby bind himſelf and all that he hath, to the very cloak upon his back; engages himſelf to love, honour, feed, clothe, and protect her, and to perform all that is generally implied in contracts of marriage in favour of the Iſraelitiſh wives."

The verbal agreement was made in the preſence of a ſufficient number of witneſſes, by the man ſaying to the woman, "Take this money as a pledge, that at ſuch a time I will take thee to be my wife." A woman, who was thus betrothed or bargained for, was almoſt in every reſpect by the law conſidered as already married.

Before the legiſlation of Moſes, "marriages among the Jews," ſay the Rabbies, "were agreed upon by the parents and relations of both ſides. When this was done the bridegroom was introduced to his bride. Preſents were mutually exchanged, the contract ſigned before witneſſes, and the bride, having remained ſome time with her relations, was ſent away to the habitation of her huſband, in the night, with ſinging, dancing, and the ſound of muſical inſtruments."

By the inſtitution of Moſes, the Rabbies tell us, the contract of marriage was read in the preſence of, and ſigned by, at leaſt ten witneſſes, who were free and of age. The bride, who had taken care to bathe herſelf the night before, appeared in all her ſplendor, but veiled, in imitation of Rebecca, who veiled herſelf when ſhe came in ſight of Iſaac. She was then given to the bridegroom by her parents, in words to this purpoſe: "Take her according to the law of Moſes:" And he received her, by ſaying, "I take her according to that law." Some bleſſings were then pronounced upon the young couple, both by the parents and the reſt of the company.

The bleſſings or prayers generally ran in this ſtile: "Bleſſed art thou, O Lord of heaven and earth, who haſt created man in thine own likeneſs, and haſt appointed

pointed woman to be his partner and companion! Bleſſed art thou, who filleſt Sion with joy for the multitude of her children! Bleſſed art thou, who ſendeſt gladneſs to the bridegroom and his bride! who haſt ordained for them love, joy, tenderneſs, peace, and mutual affection. Be pleaſed to bleſs, not only this couple, but Judah and Jeruſalem, with ſongs of joy, and praiſe for the joy that thou giveſt them, by the multitude of their ſons and of their daughters."

After the virgins had ſung a marriage ſong, the company partook of a repaſt, the moſt magnificent the parties could afford; after which they began a dance, the men round the bridegroom, the women round the bride. They pretended that this dance was of divine inſtitution, and an eſſential part of the ceremony. The bride was then carried to the nuptial bed, and the bridegroom left in the chamber with her. The company again returned to their feaſting and rejoicing; and the Rabbies inform us, that this feaſting, when the bride was a widow, laſted only three days, but ſeven if ſhe was a virgin.

At the birth of a ſon, the father planted a cedar; and at that of a daughter, he planted a pine. Of theſe trees the nuptial bed was conſtructed, when the parties, at whoſe birth they were planted, entered into the married ſtate.

The Aſſyrians had a court, or tribunal, whoſe only buſineſs was to diſpoſe of young women in marriage, and to ſee the laws of that union properly executed. What theſe laws were, or how the execution of them was enforced, are circumſtances which have not been handed down to us. But the erecting a court ſolely for the purpoſe of taking cognizance of them, ſuggeſts an idea that they were many and various.

Among the Greeks, the multiplicity of male and female deities who were concerned in the affairs of love, made the invocations and ſacrifices, on a matrimonial occaſion,

occaſion, a very tedious affair. Fortunate omens gave great joy; and the moſt fortunate of all others, was a pair of turtles ſeen in the air, as thoſe birds were reckened the trueſt emblems of conjugal love and fidelity. If, however, one of them was ſeen alone, it infallibly denoted ſeparation, and all the ills attending an unhappy marriage.

On the wedding-day, the bride and bridegroom were richly dreſſed, and adorned with garlands of herbs and flowers. The bride was conducted in the the evening to the houſe of her huſband in a chariot, ſeated between the huſband and one of his relations. When ſhe alighted from the chariot, the axle-tree of it was burnt, to ſignify that there was no method left for her to return back. As ſoon as the young couple entered the houſe, figs and other fruits were thrown upon their heads to denote plenty; and a ſumptuous entertainment was ready for them to partake of, to which all the relations on both ſides were invited.

The bride was lighted to bed by a number of torches, according to her quality; and the company returned in the morning, to ſalute the new-married couple, and to ſing *epithalamia* at the door of their bed-chamber.

Epithalamia were marriage-ſongs, anciently ſung in praiſe of the bride or bridegroom, wiſhing them happineſs, proſperity, and a numerous iſſue.

Among the Romans there were three different kinds of marriage. The ceremony of the firſt conſiſted, in the young couple eating a cake together, made only of wheat, ſalt, and water. The ſecond kind was celebrated by the parties ſolemnly pledging their faith to each other, by giving and receiving a piece of money. This was the moſt common way of marrying among the Romans. It continued in uſe, even after they became Chriſtians. When writings were introduced to teſtify that a man and a woman had become huſband and wife, and alſo, that the huſband had ſettled a dower upon

upon his bride, theſe writings were called *Tabulæ Dotales* (dowry tables;) and hence, perhaps, the words in our marriage ceremony, "I thee endow."

The third kind of marriage was, when a man and woman, having cohabited for ſome time and had children, found it expedient to continue together. In this caſe, if they made up the matter between themſelves, it became a valid marriage, and the children were conſidered as legitimate.

Something ſimilar to this is the preſent cuſtom in Scotland. There, if a man live with, and have children by a woman, though he do not marry her till he be upon his death-bed, all the children are thereby legitimated, and become entitled to the honours and eſtates of their father. The caſe is the ſame in Holland, and ſome parts of Germany; with this difference only, that all the children to be legitimated muſt appear with the father and mother in church, at the ceremony of their marriage.

CHAP. LVI.

A PICTURE OF MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

CLEON and Caliſta had lived together in all the harmony of married minds for the ſpace of ſeventeen months, during which time they had ſhared together an infinite variety of changes in their fortune. But, as if they were originally deſigned for one another, every action of life afforded both of them ſome beautiful inſtance of the ſtrength and tenderneſs of this attachment.

When

When Cleon was abſent, the boſom of Caliſta felt ſomething always wanting to compleat her happineſs. When Caliſta was away, the heart of Cleon was deſtitute of its principal ſupport, and like a bird which had loſt its companion, ſorrowed for her return.

It often happens, that, in human life, the ſpirits will yield to unbidden dejection, and the breaſt throb with oppreſſion, it ſcarce knows why. In theſe moments, the balm of affection is of particular influence, and affords a comfort, which nothing in this world can ſo adequately beſtow.

Whenever Cleon chanced to fall into a melancholy of this kind, the gentle Caliſta would yield up her entire attention to reſtore her lover to himſelf. Tranquility is wounded and cured ſometimes by imperceptible cauſes. Caliſta would ſoothe her Cleon with a delicate perſuaſiveneſs, inſpired by the generous paſſion that ſhe bore him. Inſtead of complaining of his fretfulneſs, her only hope and endeavour was to remove it; and her endeavours were generally ſucceſsful. For what is there ſo diſtreſſing in life, which the ſmiles and careſſes of a loving and beloved woman cannot alleviate?

Behold poverty on the one hand, and diſtemper on the other; yet, if the kind partner of our fates is reſolved to ſhare the lot with us, and is ſmiling, like the angle of patience, on our ſick pillows, we may then defy the utmoſt malice of ill-fortune, and receive from the obligation aſſiduities of love, thoſe bleſſings which are denied us abroad, in a buſtling, malicious, and ungenerous world.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVII.

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

ASSIST me, ye Nine,
Whilſt the youth I define,
With whom I in wedlock would claſs;
And ye blooming fair,
Lend a liſtening are,
To approve of the man as you paſs.

Not the changeable fry
Who love, nor know why,
But follow bedup'd by their paſſions:
Such vot'ries as theſe
Are like waves of the ſeas,
And ſteer'd by their own inclination.

The hectoring blade
How unfit for the maid,
Where meekneſs and modeſty reigns!
Such a thundering Bully
I'll ſpeak againſt truly,
Whatever I get for my pains.

Not the dogmatic elf,
Whoſe great all is himſelf,
Whoſe alone ipſe dixit is law:
What a figure he'll make,
How like Momus he'll ſpeak
With ſneering burleſque, a pſhaw! pſhaw!

Not the covetous wretch
Whoſe heart's at full ſtretch
To gain an inordinate treaſure;

Him

Him leave with the reſt,
And ſuch mortals deteſt,
Who ſacrifice life without meaſure.

The fluttering fop,
How empty his top!
Nay but ſome call him coxcomb, I trow;
But 'tis loſing your time,
He's not half worth a rhyme,
Let the fag ends of proſe bind his brow.

The guttling ſot,
What a conduit his throat!
How beaſtly and vicious his life!
Where drunkards prevail,
Whole families feel,
Much more an affectionate wife.

One character yet,
I with ſorrow repeat,
And oh! that the number were leſs;
'Tis the blaſphemous crew:
What a pattern they'll ſhew
To their hapleſs and innocent race!

Let wiſdom then ſhine
In the youth that is mine,
Whilſt virtue his footſteps impreſs;
Such I'd chooſe for my mate,
Whether ſooner or late:
Tell me, Ladies, what think you of this?

"The chief point to be regarded," ſays Lady Pennington in her Advice to her Daughters, "in the choice of a companion for life, is a really virtuous principle—an unaffected goodneſs of heart. Without this, you will be continually ſhocked by indecency, and

and pained by impiety. So numerous have been the unhappy victims to the ridiculous opinion, *a reformed libertine makes the beſt huſband*—that, did not experience daily evince the contrary, one would believe it impoſſible for a girl, who has a tolerable degree of common underſtanding, to be made the dupe of ſo erroneous a poſition, which has not the leaſt ſhadow of reaſon for its foundation, and which a ſmall ſhare of obſervation will prove to be falſe in fact. A man, who has been long converſant with the worſt ſort of women, is very apt to contract a bad opinion of, and a contempt for, the ſex in general. Incapable of eſteeming any, he is ſuſpicious of all; jealous without cauſe, angry without provocation, and his own diſturbed imagination is a continued ſource of ill-humour. To this is frequently joined a bad habit of body, the natural conſequence of an irregular life, which gives an additional ſourneſs to the temper. What rational proſpect of happineſs can there be with ſuch a companion? And, that this is the general character of thoſe who are called *reformed rakes*, obſervation will certify. But, admit there may be ſome exceptions, it is a hazard, upon which no conſiderate woman would venture the peace of her whole future life. The vanity of thoſe girls who believe themſelves capable of working miracles of this kind, and who give up their perſons to men of libertine principles, upon the wild expectation of reclaiming them, juſtly deſerves the diſappointment which it will generally meet with; for, believe me, a wife is, of all perſons, the leaſt likely to ſucceed in ſuch an attempt.—Be it your care to find that virtue in a lover, which you muſt never hope to form in a huſband. Good ſenſe, and good nature, are almoſt equally requiſite. If the former is wanting, it will be next to an impoſſibility for you to eſteem the perſon, of whoſe behaviour you may have cauſe to be aſhamed. Mutual eſteem is as eſſential to happineſs in the mar-

ried ſtate, as mutual affection. Without the latter, every day will bring with it ſome freſh cauſe of vexation, until repeated quarrels produce a coldneſs, which will ſettle into an irreconcileable averſion, and you will become, not only each other's torment, but the object of contempt to your family, and to your acquaintance.

"This quality of good-nature is, of all others, the moſt difficult to be aſcertained, on account of the general miſtake of blending it with good-humour, as if they were in themſelves the ſame; whereas, in fact, no two principles of action are more eſſentially different. But this may require ſome explanation.—By good-nature, I mean that true benevolence, which partakes the felicity of all mankind, which promotes the felicity of every individual within the reach of its ability, which relieves the diſtreſſed, comforts the afflicted, diffuſes bleſſings, and communicates happineſs, far as its ſphere of action can extend; and which, in the private ſcenes of life, will ſhine conſpicuous in the dutiful ſon, in the affectionate huſband, the indulgent father, the faithful friend, and in the compaſſionate maſter both to man and beaſt. Good-humour, on the other hand, is nothing more than a cheerful, pleaſing deportment, ariſing either from a natural gaiety of mind, or from an affectation of popularity, joined to an affability of behaviour, the reſult of good-breeding, and from a ready compliance with the taſte of every company. This kind of mere good-humour is, by far, the moſt ſtriking quality. It is frequently miſtaken for, and complimented with the ſuperior name of, *real good-nature*. A man, by this ſpecious appearance, has often acquired that appellation who, in all the actions of his private life, has been a moroſe, cruel, revengeful, ſullen, haughty tyrant. Let them put on the cap, whoſe temples fit the galling wreath!

"A man of a truly benevolent diſpoſition, and formed to promote the happineſs of all around him, may

may ſometimes, perhaps, from an ill habit of body, an accidental vexation, or from a commendable openneſs of heart, above the meanneſs of diſguiſe, be guilty of little ſallies of peeviſhneſs, or of ill-humour, which, carrying the appearance of ill-nature, may be unjuſtly thought to proceed from it, by perſons who are unacquainted with his true character, and who take ill-humour and ill-nature to be ſynonimous terms, though in reality they bear not the leaſt analogy to each other. In order to the forming a right judgment, it is abſolutely neceſſary to obſerve this diſtinction, which will effectually ſecure you from the dangerous error of taking the ſhadow for the ſubſtance, an irretrievable miſtake, pregnant with innumerable conſequent evils!

"From what has been ſaid, it plainly appears, that the criterion of this amiable virtue is not to be taken from the general opinion; mere good-humour being, to all intents and purpoſes, ſufficient, in this particular, to eſtabliſh the public voice in favour of a man utterly devoid of every humane and benevolent affection of heart. It is only from the leſs conſpicuous ſcenes of life, the more retired ſphere of action, from the artleſs tenor of domeſtic conduct, that the real character can, with any certainty, be drawn. Theſe, undiſguiſed, proclaim the man. But, as they ſhun the glare of light, nor court the noiſe of popular applauſe, they paſs unnoted, and are ſeldom known till after an intimate acquaintance. The beſt method, therefore, to avoid the deception in this caſe, is to lay no ſtreſs on outward appearances, which are too often fallacious, but to take the rule of judging from the ſimple unpoliſhed ſentiments of thoſe, whoſe dependent connections give them undeniable certainty; who not only ſee but who hourly feel, the good or bad effect of that diſpoſition, to which they are ſubjected. By this, I mean, that if a man is equally reſpected, eſteemed, and beloved by his dependents and domeſtics, you may juſtly conclude,

conclude, he has that true good-nature, that real benevolence, which delights in communicating felicity, and enjoys the ſatisfaction it diffuſes. But if by theſe he is deſpiſed and hated, ſerved merely from a principle of fear, devoid of affection, which is ever eaſily diſcoverable, whatever may be his public character, however favourable the general opinion, be aſſured, that his diſpoſition is ſuch as can never be productive of domeſtic happineſs.—I have been the more particular on this head, as it is one of the moſt eſſential qualifications to be regarded, and of all others the moſt liable to be miſtaken.

"Never be prevailed with, my dear, to give your hand to a perſon defective in theſe material points. Secure of virtue, of good-nature, and underſtanding, in a huſband, you may be ſecure of happineſs. Without the two former it is unattainable. Without the latter, in a tolerable degree, it muſt be very imperfect.

"Remember, however, that infallibility is not the property of man, or you may entail diſappointment on yourſelf, by expecting what is never to be found. The beſt men are ſometimes inconſiſtent with themſelves. They are liable to be hurried, by ſudden ſtarts of paſſion, into expreſſions and actions, which their *cooler* reaſon will condemn. They may have ſome oddities of behaviour, and ſome peculiarities of temper. They may be ſubject to accidental ill-humour, or to whimſical complaints. Blemiſhes of this kind often ſhade the brighteſt character; but they are never deſtructive of mutual felicity, unleſs when they are made ſo by an improper reſentment, or by an ill-judged oppoſition. When cooled, and in his uſual temper, the man of underſtanding, if he has been wrong, will ſuggeſt to himſelf all that could be urged againſt him. The man of good-nature will, unupbraided, own his error. Immediate contradiction is, therefore, wholly unſerviceable, and highly imprudent; an after repe-

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tition is equally unneceſſary and injudicious. Any peculiarities in the temper or behaviour ought to be properly repreſented in the tendereſt and in the moſt friendly manner. If the repreſentation of them is made diſcreetly, it will generally be well taken. But, if they are ſo habitual, as not eaſily to be altered, ſtrike not too often upon the unharmonious ſtring. Rather let them paſs as unobſerved. Such a cheerful compliance will better cement your union; and they may be made eaſy to yourſelf, by reflecting on the ſuperior good qualities, by which theſe trifling faults are ſo greatly overbalanced.

"You muſt remember, my dear, theſe rules are laid down, on the ſuppoſition of your being united to a perſon, who poſſeſſes the three qualifications for happineſs before mentioned. In this caſe, no farther direction is neceſſary, but that you ſtrictly perform the duty of a wife, namely, to love, to honour, and obey. The two firſt articles are a tribute ſo indiſpenſably due to *merit*, that they muſt be paid by *inclination*;—and they naturally lead to the performance of the laſt, which will not only be an eaſy, but a pleaſing taſk, ſince nothing can ever be enjoined by ſuch a perſon that is in itſelf improper, and few things will, that can, with any reaſon, be diſagreeable to you.

"The being united to a man of irreligious principles, makes it impoſſible to diſcharge a great part of the proper duty of a wife. To name but one inſtance, obedience will be rendered impracticable, by frequent injunctions inconſiſtent with, and contrary to, the higher obligations of morality. This it not a ſuppoſition, but is a certainty founded upon facts, which I have too often ſeen and can atteſt. Where this happens, the reaſons for non-compliance ought to be offered in a plain, ſtrong, good-natured manner. There is at leaſt the chance of ſucceſs from being heard. But ſhould thoſe reaſons be rejected, or the hearing them

refuſed, and ſilence on the ſubject enjoined, which is moſt probable, few people caring to hear what they know to be right, when they are determined not to be convinced by it,—obey the injunction, and urge not the argument farther. Keep, however, ſteady to your principles, and ſuffer neither perſuaſion nor threats to prevail on you to act contrary to them. All commands repugnant to the laws of chriſtianity, it is your indiſpenſable duty to diſobey. All requeſts that are inconſiſtent with prudence, or incompatible with the rank and character which you ought to maintain in life, it is your intereſt to refuſe. A compliance with the former would be criminal, a conſent to the latter highly indiſcreet; and it might thereby ſubject you to general cenſure. For a man, capable of requiring, from his wife, what he knows to be in itſelf wrong, is equally capable of throwing the whole blame of ſuch miſconduct on her, and of afterwards upbraiding her for a behaviour, to which he will, upon the ſame principle, diſown that he has been acceſſary. Many ſimilar inſtances have come within the compaſs of my own obſervation. In things of a leſs material nature, that are neither criminal in themſelves, nor pernicious in their conſequences, always acquieſce, if inſiſted on, however diſagreeable they may be to your own temper and inclination. Such a compliance will evidently prove, that your refuſal, in the other caſes, proceeds not from a ſpirit of contradiction, but merely from a juſt regard to that ſuperior duty, which can never be infringed with impunity.

"As the want of underſtanding is by no art to be concealed, by no addreſs to be diſguiſed, it might be ſuppoſed impoſſible for a woman of ſenſe to unite herſelf to a perſon, whoſe defect, in this inſtance, muſt render that ſort of rational ſociety, which conſtitutes the chief happineſs of ſuch an union, impoſſible. Yet here, how often has the weakneſs of female judgment been

been conſpicuous! The advantages of great ſuperiority in rank or fortune have frequently proved ſo irreſiſtible a temptation, as, in opinion, to outweigh, not only the folly, but even the vices of its poſſeſſor—a grand miſtake, ever tacitly acknowledged by a ſubſequent repentance, when the expected pleaſures of affluence, equipage, and all the glittering pomp of uſeleſs pageantry, have been experimentally found inſufficient to make amends for the want of that conſtant ſatisfaction, which reſults from the ſocial joy of converſing with a reaſonable friend!

"But however weak this motive muſt be acknowledged, it is more excuſable than another, which, I fear, has ſometimes had an equal influence on the mind;—I mean ſo great a love of ſway, as to induce her to give the preference to a perſon of weak intellectuals, in hopes of holding, uncontrolled, the reins of government. The expectation is, in fact, ill grounded. Obſtinacy and pride are generally the companions of folly. The ſilliеſt people are often the moſt tenacious of their opinions, and, conſequently, the hardeſt of all others to be managed. But, admit the contrary; the principle is in itſelf bad. It tends to invert the order of Nature, and to counteract the deſign of Providence.

"A woman can never be ſeen in a more ridiculous light, than when ſhe appears to govern her huſband. If, unfortunately, the ſuperiority of underſtanding is on her ſide, the apparent conſciouſneſs of that ſuperiority betrays a weakneſs, that renders her contemptible in the ſight of every conſiderate perſon, and it may, very probably, fix in his mind a diſlike never to be eradicated. In ſuch a caſe, if it ſhould ever be your own, remember that ſome degree of diſſimulation is commendable, ſo far as to let your huſband's defects appear unobſerved. When he judges wrong, never flatly contradict, but lead him inſenſibly into another opinion,

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in ſo diſcreet a manner, that it may ſeem entirely his own, and let the whole credit of every prudent determination reſt on him, without indulging the fooliſh vanity of claiming any merit to yourſelf. Thus a perſon, of but an indifferent capacity, may be ſo aſſiſted, as, in many inſtances, to ſhine with borrowed luſtre, ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from the native, and by degrees he may be brought into a kind of mechanical method of acting properly, in all the common occurrences of life. Odd as this poſition may ſeem, it is founded in fact. I have ſeen the method ſucceſsfully practiſed by more than one perſon, where a weak mind, on the governed ſide, has been ſo prudently ſet off as to appear the ſole director; like the ſtatue of the Delphic god, which was thought to give forth its own oracles, whilſt the humble prieſt, who lent his voice, was by the ſhrine concealed, nor ſought a higher glory, than a ſuppoſed obedience to the power he would be thought to ſerve."

CHAP. LVIII.

ON CONJUGAL MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

FLORIO and Camilla, though in reality they had a regard for one another, were ſo unfortunate in an impatience of temper, that they continually rendered each other miſerable. Florio was a man too eaſily dejected, and Camilla interpreted this into ſullenneſs. In conſequence of which, ſhe would accuſe him of peeviſhneſs, or elſe ſit whole hours with a book in her hand, as regardleſs of his ſighs, as if they were the puffs of an old pair of bellows. If Florio deſired her to avoid a particular thing, ſhe directly conſidered him as laying a ſort

a ſort of command upon her, and therefore thought it incumbent on her pride to do the very thing prohibited. If Florio begged of her to obſerve any point of good-breeding, which Camilla might through accident have forgot, ſhe reproached him as a ſqueamiſh creature. If he appeared particularly deſirous to poliſh her in the art of eloquence, it was imputed to a love of contradiction. And thus two people, really lovers at bottom, tortured one another without any ſolid cauſe.

CHAP. LIX.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE.

THE lady thus addreſs'd her ſpouſe—
What a mere dungeon is this houſe!
By no means large enough; and was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark cloſet,
Thoſe hangings with their worn-out graces,
Long beards, long noſes, and pale faces,
Are ſuch an antiquated ſcene,
They overwhelm me with the ſpleen.

Sir Humphrey, ſhooting in the dark,
Makes anſwer quite beſide the mark:
No doubt my dear, I bade him come,
Engag'd myſelf to be at home,
And ſhall expect him at the door,
Preciſely when the clock ſtrikes four.

You are ſo deaf, the lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beſide)
You are ſo ſadly deaf, my dear,
What ſhall I do to make you hear?

Diſmiſs

Diſmiſs poor Harry! he replies,
Some people are more nice than wiſe;
For one ſlight treſpaſs all this ſtir!
What if I did ride, whip, and ſpur,
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horſe
Will never look one hair the worſe.

Well, I proteſt 'tis paſt all bearing!
Child! I am rather hard of hearing—
Yes, truly—one muſt ſchream and bawl:
I tell you, you can't hear at all.
Then with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or no.

Alas! and is domeſtic ſtrife,
That foreſt ill of human life,
A plague ſo little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd;
To gratify a fretful paſſion,
On ev'ry trivial provocation?

The kindeſt and the happieſt pair
Will find occaſion to forbear,
And ſomething ev'ry day they live,
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.

But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemiſh or a ſenſe impair'd,
Are crimes ſo little to be ſpar'd;
Then farewell all that muſt create
The comfort of the wedded ſtate:
Inſtead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and inteſtine war.

The love that cheers life's lateſt ſtage,
Proof againſt ſickneſs and old age,
Preſerv'd by virtue from declenſion,
Becomes not weary of attention,
But lives, when that exterior grace Which

Which firſt inſpir'd the flame decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compaſſionate or blind,
And will with ſympathy endure
Thoſe evils it would gladly cure?
But angry, coarſe, and harſh expreſſion
Shews love to be a mere profeſſion,
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or ſoon expels him, if it is.

CHAP. LX.

ON ECONOMY.

A GENTLEMAN, whoſe ſituation gave him frequent opportunities of viſiting thoſe places, where a variety of characters may be daily ſeen, languiſhing under all the rigour of confinement, and all the wretchedneſs of penury, took particular notice of one priſoner, whoſe aſpect and manner were ſingularly characteriſtic. He was nearly a ſkeleton, and looked the very picture of ſadneſs and want, Yet, in all this diſtreſsful extremity, nothing about him had an appearance of meanneſs. While his fellow-ſufferers kept teaſing every one for money, he never did. This diſpoſed the gentleman and his companion to exert themſelves, and make up a little ſum for him. When they begged his acceptance of it, they ſignified, at the ſame time, a deſire of hearing how he had been reduced.

"My ſtory," ſaid he, "is but ſhort, and has nothing in it that is very extraordinary. I was the only ſon, and conſequently the ſole heir of rich and reſpectable parents, who gave me a liberal education, and left me

me in poſſeſſion of an ample fortune. I married the daughter of a reputable citizen, who, from his mode of life, was thought very wealthy. His family, who knew nothing of his affairs, were accuſtomed to live in the greateſt ſplendor. My wife had a thouſand amiable qualities. There are few genteel accompliſhments in which ſhe did not excel. Her ſweetneſs of temper endeared her to all who knew her. Her vivacity never forſook her, and was always pleaſing. No heart was ever more tender, more generous, or more uniformly alive to all the delicacies of conjugal affection, than hers. Yet, what with the extreme ſenſibility of her nature, the ſuperfluity in which ſhe was bred, and her peculiar fondneſs for every ſpecies of faſhionable gaiety and diſſipation, her habit of ſquandering was unconquerable and unbounded. She always had what money ſhe wanted, and ſpent it as ſhe pleaſed; for my heart never permitted me to lay her under the leaſt reſtraint. Her extravagance, however romantic and diſtreſſing, aroſe from principles originally good, but ill directed. Nor could I retrench her expence, without occaſioning ſuch a ſhock, as might have injured her health. The moment I was envolved, I ſtretched every point to keep it from her knowledge. I had ſtill great expectation from her father, in whoſe hands the whole reſidue of my property was now lodged. My ſituation ſoon became too critical to be much longer concealed. But, in one fatal day, he failed, and I was at once arreſted, and ſtript of every thing. My poor wife never left me, and never recovered the illneſs occaſioned by our misfortune. Often did theſe walls, and theſe wretches, witneſs her lamentations. At laſt ſhe grew quite frantic, and expired in my arms, muttering, with her laſt breath, curſes on a conduct that had ruined me."

Economy is one of the beſt, and moſt neceſſary leſſons that females can learn. With a little ſeaſonable care

care and attention, what a world of misfortune and misery might often be avoided! For the giddineſs, ſo frequently and haſtily cenſured in the ſex, is not a natural, but adventitious quality.

How amiable and valuable a partner for life muſt that lady be, who knows how to hit the happy medium between meanneſs and oſtentation, plenty and ſuperfluity, delicacy and refinement, liberality and exceſs! This beautiful and well-corrected temper of mind is her beſt ornament at home or abroad. It affects her whole arrangement, and regulates the minuteſt of her actions. She is not tawdry within, nor the ape of folly and finery when ſhe goes out. The diſpoſition of her furniture, whether ſuperb or ordinary, is happy and commodious. She ſuffers nothing to be laid or continue out of its place. Her conduct is the reſult of thought, not of levity. She does nothing at random. Her very pleaſures are ſelected with taſte, and indulged on principle; and all her words are few, and well ordered.

One leading feature of reaſonable beings is, a ſenſe of order; and this is a quality which peculiarly marks the female temper. Women ſhew, by their very make and manners, how much more finely their minds are faſhioned, and their feelings turned, than ours.

"*Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can,*
"*Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter man.*"

Our paſſions are by no means ſo delicate, our ſenſibilities ſo exquiſite, our ideas of beauty and deformity, of reality and fiction, of right and wrong, ſo lively and acute as theirs. Nature ſeems to have endowed them with a general predilection for proportion in forms, delicacy in colours, harmony in ſound, and elegance in motion. Their diſcernment of whatever pleaſes or diſguſts their eyes, or ears, or feelings, is therefore peculiarly keen and ſenſible.

It is becauſe proper uſe has not been made of this great maſter-ſpring in the female make, to influence their judgments, that women are univerſally fond of whatever is flaſhy or glaring, much more affected by our dreſs and manners than we are by theirs, and perpetually the dupes of flattery and detraction; that the maxims of faſhion, however temporary and prepoſterous, are adopted by moſt of them uniformly and implicitly: that their purſuits in general are trivial, viſionary and capricious; that their homage to the mereſt ſhadows is every where ſerious and profound; and that apes, fops, and ſycophants, with the whole tribe of coxcombs, have more of their good graces, perhaps poſſeſs more of their hearts, and always more of their company, than men of ſenſe and virtue.

CHAP. LXI.

MRS. PIOZZI'S ADVICE TO A NEW-MARRIED MAN.

I RECEIVED the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the ſincerity, with which I wiſh you happineſs, may excuſe the liberty I take in giving you a few rules, whereby more certainly to obtain it. I ſee you ſmile at my wrong-headed kindneſs, and, reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are. But after one of the forty years, which I hope you will paſs pleaſingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unneceſſary, however ſome of them may appear impracticable.

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Could that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage ſtate, which makes the charm of a ſingle one, the ſovereign good would no longer be ſought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reaſon ſhews us that this is impoſſible, and experience informs us that it never was ſo; we muſt preſerve it as long, and ſupply it as happily as we can.

When your preſent violence of paſſion ſubſides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not haſty to cenſure yourſelf as indifferent, or to lament yourſelf as unhappy; you have loſt that only which it was impoſſible to retain, and it were graceleſs amid the pleaſures of a proſperous ſummer to regret the bloſſoms of a tranſient ſpring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's inſipidity till you have recollected that no object however ſublime, no ſounds however charming, can continue to tranſport us with delight when they no longer ſtrike us with novelty. The ſkill to renovate the powers of pleaſing are ſaid indeed to be poſſeſſed by ſome women in an eminent degree; but the artifices of maturity are ſeldom ſeen to adorn the innocence of youth: you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quickly upon the heels of poſſeſſion; and to be happy, we muſt always have ſomething in view. The perſon of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleaſing in your eyes I doubt, though the reſt of your ſex will think her handſomer for theſe dozen of years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by poliſhing. Study ſome eaſy ſcience together, and acquire a ſimilarity of taſtes while you enjoy a community of pleaſures. You will by this means have many images in common, and be freed from the neceſſity of ſeparating to find amuſement. Nothing is ſo dangerous to wedded love as the poſſibility of either being happy out of the company of the other:

endeavour

endeavour therefore to cement the preſent intimacy on every ſide; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendſhips, or averſions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; conſider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns ſpy upon the other, they have commenced a ſtate of hoſtility.

Seek not for happineſs in ſingularity; and dread a refinement of wiſdom as a deviation into folly. Liſten not to thoſe ſages who adviſe you always to ſcorn the counſel of a woman, and if you comply with her requeſts pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of poſitive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourſelf that your wife is not a learned lady, that ſhe never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be uſed with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only obſerve, that the money laid out in the purchaſe of diſtinction is ſeldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age when ſplendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meaneſt ſpectator; and for the greater ones, they only regard our waſteful folly with ſilent contempt, or open indignation.—This may perhaps be a diſpleaſing reflection, but the following conſideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher diſtinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more ſafely, more cheaply, and more honorably aſpire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the reſpect ſhe ſees paid to Lady Edgecumbe, and the gay dunce ſits pining for a partner, while Jones the orientaliſt leads up the ball.

I ſaid

I ſaid that the perſon of your lady would not grow more pleaſing to you, but pray let her never ſuſpect that it grows leſs ſo: that a woman will pardon an affront to her underſtanding much ſooner than one to her perſon is well known; nor will any of us contradict the aſſertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man: and what mortification can exceed the diſappointment, if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof however pointed, no puniſhment however ſevere, that a woman of ſpirit will not prefer to neglect; and if ſhe can endure it without complaint, it only proves that ſhe means to make herſelf amends by the attention of others for the ſlights of her huſband. For this, and for every reaſon, it behoves a married man not to let his politeneſs fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain at leaſt that general civility towards his own lady which he is ſo willing to pay to every other, and not ſhew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaiſance than he, who ſo often vowed to her eternal fondneſs.

It is not my opinion that a young woman ſhould be indulged in every wild wiſh of her gay heart or giddy head; but contradiction may be ſoftened by domeſtic kindneſs, and quiet pleaſures ſubſtituted in the place of noiſy ones. Public amuſements are not indeed ſo expenſive as is ſometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well choſen ſociety of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good ſenſe than for gaiety and ſplendour, where the converſation of the day may afford comment for the evening, ſeems the moſt rational pleaſure this great town can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional reliſh.

That your own ſuperiority ſhould always be ſeen, but never felt, ſeems an excellent general rule. A wife ſhould outſhine her huſband in nothing, not even in her

dreſs.—If ſhe happens to have a taſte for the trifling diſtinction that finery can confer, ſuffer her not for a moment to fancy, when ſhe appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her huſband. The bane of married happineſs among the city men in general has been, that finding themſelves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dreſſed them up gaily, and ſent them out a gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port wine or rum punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the compting-houſe was ſhut: this practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels ſince commerce began to proſper. But now that I am ſo near the ſubject, a word or two on jealouſy may not be amiſs; for though not a failing of the preſent age's growth, yet the ſeeds of it are too certainly ſown in every warm boſom for us to neglect it as a fault of no conſequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly—but never teaſe her; tell her your jealouſy, but conceal your ſuſpicion; let her, in ſhort, be ſatisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troubleſome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted ſeriouſly of her virtue even for a moment. If ſhe is diſpoſed towards jealouſy of you, let me beſeech you to be always explicit with her and never myſterious: be above delighting in her pain of all things—nor do your buſineſs nor pay your viſits with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the pariſh veſtry. But I hope better than this of your tenderneſs and of your virtue, and will releaſe you from a lecture you have ſo little need of, unleſs your extreme youth and my uncommon regard will excuſe it. And now farewell; make my kindeſt compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happineſs is wiſhed you by,

Dear Sir, &c.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXII.

GARRICK'S ADVICE TO MARRIED LADIES.

I.

YE fair married dames, who ſo often deplore,
That a lover once bleſt is a lover no more;
Attend to my counſel, nor bluſh to be taught,
That prudence muſt cheriſh what beauty has caught.

II.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roſes and lilies may make the men ſigh;
But roſes, and lilies, and ſighs paſs away,
And paſſion will die as your beauties decay.

III.

Uſe the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Tho' muſic in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and ſoft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

IV.

The ſparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindneſs, and come at command:
Exert with your huſband the ſame happy ſkill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

V.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conqueſts improve,
And hymen ſhall rivet the fetters of love.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIII.

ON WIDOWHOOD.

THE hiſtory of all antiquity gives the ſtrongeſt reaſons to ſuſpect, that widows were often the prey of the lawleſs tyrant, who ſpoiled them with impunity, becauſe they had none to help them. In many places of ſcripture, we frequently find the ſtate of the widow and the fatherleſs depicted as of all others the moſt forlorn and miſerable; and men of honour and probity, in enumerating their own good actions, placing a principal ſhare of them in not having ſpoiled the widow and the fatherleſs. "If I have lift up my hand "againſt the fatherleſs," ſays Job, "or have cauſed "the eyes of the widow to fail, then let mine arm fall "from my ſhoulder, and be broken from the bone." In the book of Exodus it is declared as a law, "that "ye ſhall not afflict the widow, or the fatherleſs child. "If thou afflict them in any ways, and they cry unto "me, I will ſurely hear their cry; and my wrath "ſhall wax hot, and I will kill you with the ſword, "and your wives ſhall be widows, and your children "fatherleſs."

In the eighth century, one of the canon laws enacted, that none ſhall preſume to diſturb widows, orphans, and weak people; and no ſentence could be executed againſt a widow, without adviſing the biſhop of the dioceſe of it. Theſe circumſtances create a ſtrong ſuſpicion, that widows were often oppreſſed; otherwiſe, why ſo many laws for their particular protection?

Among many of the ancients, widows were, by cuſtom, reſtricted from having a ſecond huſband. Almoſt over all the Eaſt, and among many tribes of the Tartars, they believed that wives were not only deſtined to ſerve their huſbands in this world, but in the next

next alſo; and as every wife there was to be the ſole property of her firſt huſband, ſhe could never obtain a ſecond, becauſe he could only ſecure to himſelf her ſervice in this life.

When the Greeks became ſenſible of the benefits ariſing from the regulations of Cecrops concerning matrimony, they conceived ſo high an idea of them, that they affixed a degree of infamy on the woman who married a ſecond huſband, even after the death of the firſt; and it was more than two centuries after the time of Cecrops before any woman dared to make the attempt. Their hiſtory has tranſmitted to poſterity, with ſome degree of infamy, the name of her who firſt ventured on a ſecond marriage. Gorgophona, the daughter of Perſeus and Andromeda, began the practice; a practice which, though ſoon after followed by others, could not, even by the multitude of its votaries, be ſcreened from the public odium. During a great part of the heroic ages, widows, who married again, were conſidered as having offended againſt public decency. To this cuſtom Virgil plainly alludes, when he deſcribes the conflict in the breaſt of Dido, between her love for Æneas, and fear of wounding her honour by a ſecond marriage. Nay, ſo ſcrupulous were the Greeks about ſecond marriages, that in ſome circumſtances even men were with difficulty allowed to enter into them. Charonidas excluded all thoſe from the public councils of the ſtate, who had children, and married a ſecond wife. "It is impoſſible," ſaid he, "that a man can adviſe well for his country, who "does not conſult the good of his own family. He, "whoſe firſt marriage has been happy, ought to reſt "ſatisfied with that happineſs; if unhappy, he muſt be "out of his ſenſes to riſque being ſo again."

The Romans borrowed this cuſtom of the Greeks, and conſidered it not only as a kind of breach of the matrimonial vow in the woman, but alſo as affecting the

the man nearly in the ſame manner, that her infidelity would have affected him while he was living. "The "ſoul of a deceaſed huſband," ſays Juſtinian, "is "diſturbed when his wife marries a ſecond."

In Cumana, when a huſband dies, it is ſaid they make the widow ſwear, that ſhe will preſerve and keep by her his head during her life. This is intended as a monitor, to tell her that ſhe is never to enter again into the married ſtate.

Among the ancient Jews and Chriſtians of the primitive ages, there were certain orders of men, who were not allowed to join themſelves in marriage with widows. "A prieſt," ſays Moſes, "ſhall not take to "wife a widow, or a divorced woman, or prophane, "or an harlot; but he ſhall take a virgin of his own "people to wife."

Pope Syricus, copying the example ſet by Moſes, ordained that if a biſhop married a widow, he ſhould be degraded. In the year 400, we find it decreed in the Cyprian council, that if a reader married a widow, he ſhould never be preferred in the church; and that if a ſubdeacon did the ſame, he ſhould be degraded to a door-keeper or reader.

In the Doomſday book, we find the king exacted only a fine of ten ſhillings for liberty to marry a maiden; but it coſt twenty to obtain liberty of marrying a widow.

Several legiſlators have fixed a certain time, within which widows ſhould not be allowed to marry. Among the Romans this was ten months. Among other nations it varied according to the regard they thought due to a deceaſed huſband; and the expreſſion of that regard which ought to be ſhown by his wife.

In the eleventh century the church decreed, that a widow ſhould not marry within the ſpace of one year after her releaſe from the bonds of matrimony. The laws of Geneva ſhorten this period to half a year. But

as there are few countries, in which the matter is taken up by the legiſlature, it is more commonly regulated by cuſtom than by law.

About a century ago, widows in Scotland, and in Spain, were the dreſs of mourners till death, or a ſecond huſband, put an end to the ceremony. In Spain the widow paſſed the firſt year of her mourning in a chamber hung with black, into which day-light was never ſuffered to enter. She then changed her dark and diſmal ſcene for a chamber hung with grey, into which ſhe ſometimes admitted an intruſive ſunbeam to penetrate. In neither of theſe apartments did cuſtom allow her looking-glaſſes, nor plate, nor any thing but the moſt plain and neceſſary furniture. Nor was ſhe to have any jewels on her perſon, nor to wear any colour but black.

We are ſo much accuſtomed in Europe to ſee mourners dreſſed in black, that we have affixed a melancholy idea to that colour. Black is not, however, univerſally appropriated to this purpoſe. The dreſs of Chineſe mourners is white; that of the Turks blue; of the Peruvians a mouſe-colour; of the Egyptians yellow, and in ſome of their provinces green. Purple is at preſent made uſe of as the mourning dreſs of kings and cardinals.

Some tribes of American ſavages allot a widow the tedious ſpace of four years to chaſtity and to mourning. To this mourning and continency are added particular auſterities. Every evening and morning, during the firſt year, a widow is obliged to lament her loſs in loud and lugubrious ſtrains. But, if her huſband was a war-chief, ſhe is then, during the firſt moon, to ſit the whole day under his war-pole, and there inceſſantly to bewail her loſt lord, without any ſhelter from the heat, the cold, or whatever weather ſhall happen.

This war-pole is a tree ſtuck in the ground, with the top and branches cut off. It is painted red, and all the weapons

weapons and trophies of war, which belonged to the deceaſed, are hung on it, and remain there till they rot.

In ſeveral parts of Africa, a country of tyranny and deſpotiſm, women are not only doomed to be the ſlaves of their huſbands in this world, but, according to their opinion, in the next alſo. The huſband is no ſooner dead, than his wives, concubines, ſervants, and even ſometimes horſes, muſt be ſtrangled, in order to render him the ſame ſervices in a future life which they did in this.

At the Cape of Good Hope, in order that widows may not impoſe themſelves on the men for virgins, they are obliged by law to cut off a joint from the finger for every huſband that dies. This joint they preſent to their new huſband on the day of their marriage.

The Hindoos do not bury their dead after the manner of many other nations, but burn their bodies upon a large pile of wood erected for the purpoſe. Upon this pile the moſt beloved wife, and in ſome places, it is ſaid, all the wives of great men are obliged to devote themſelves to the flames which conſume the body of their huſbands.

In the hiſtory of the Bucaniers of America, it is ſaid, that a widow in the Carribee Iſlands is obliged every day, for the ſpace of one year, to carry victuals to the grave of her deceaſed huſband; and the year being expired, ſhe muſt dig up his bones, waſh and dry them in the ſun, put them in a ſatchel, carry them on her back all day, and ſleep upon them all night, for the ſpace of another year. Cruel cuſtom! if it really exiſts. But the anonymous author of the hiſtory abounds ſo much in the marvellous, that he deſerves but little credit.

Herodotus informs us, that among the ancient Cretonians, a people of Thrace, widows, aſſiſted by all their relations, made intereſt who ſhould be preferred to

to the honour of being killed on the grave of the deceaſed huſband.

In China, if widows have had children, they become abſolute miſtreſſes of themſelves, and their relations have no power to compel them to become widows, nor to give them to another huſband. It is not, however, reputable for a widow, who has children, to enter into a ſecond marriage, without great neceſſity, eſpecially if ſhe is a woman of diſtinction. In this caſe, although ſhe has been a wife only a few hours, or barely contracted, ſhe frequently thinks herſelf obliged to paſs the reſt of her days in widowhood—and thereby to teſtify to the world the eſteem and veneration ſhe had for her huſband or lover.

In the middle ſtations of life, the relations of ſome deceaſed huſbands, eager to reimburſe the family in the ſum which the wife originally coſt it, oblige her to marry, or rather ſell her to another huſband, if ſhe has no male iſſue. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that the future huſband has concluded the bargain, and paid the money for her, before ſhe is acquainted with the tranſaction. By the laws of China, a widow cannot be ſold to another huſband, till the time of her mourning for the firſt expires. So deſirous, however, are the friends often to diſpoſe of her, that they pay no regard to this law; but, on a complaint being made to a mandarin, he is obliged to do her juſtice. As ſhe is commonly unwilling to be bartered for in this manner, without her conſent or knowledge, as ſoon as the bargain is ſtruck, a covered chair, with a conſiderable number of luſty fellows, is brought to her houſe. Being forcibly put into this chair, ſhe is conveyed to the houſe of her new huſband, who takes care to ſecure her.

In Europe, a widow in tolerable circumſtances is more miſtreſs of herſelf than any other woman; being free from that guardianſhip and controul to which the

ſex are ſubject while virgins, and while wives. In no part of Europe is this more exemplified than at Parma, and ſome other places of Italy; where a widow is the only female who is at liberty either to chooſe a huſband, or aſſume the government of any of her actions. Should a virgin pretend to chooſe for herſelf, it would be reckoned the moſt profligate licentiouſneſs. Should ſhe govern her actions or opinions, ſhe would be conſidered as the moſt pert, and perhaps the moſt abandoned, of her ſex.

Politeneſs and humanity have joined their efforts in Europe to render the condition of widows comfortable. The government of England has provided a fund for the widows of officers. The clergy of Scotland have voluntarily raiſed a ſtock to ſupport the widows of their order. Many incorporated trades have followed theſe laudable examples. This caſe is not confined to Britain. It extends to France, Germany, and other countries, where it exiſts in forms too various to be delineated.

The ancient laws of a great part of Europe ordained, that a widow ſhould loſe her dower, if ſhe married again, or ſuffered her chaſtity to be corrupted. The laws of Pruſſia retain this ordinance to the preſent time. They likewiſe ordain that a widow ſhall not marry again, within nine months after the death of her huſband.

The Pruſſians have another regulation concerning widows, highly deſcriptive of the humanity and wiſdom of their legiſlature. When a widower and widow intend to marry, one or both of which having children, as it too frequently happens that ſuch children are either deſpiſed or neglected, in conſequence of the new connections formed, and perhaps of the new offſpring raiſed up, the laws of Pruſſia provide for their education and fortune, according to the rank and circumſtances of the parents; and will not ſuffer either man

man or woman to enter into a ſecond marriage, without previouſly ſettling with the children of the firſt.

CHAP. LXIV.

THE WISH.

A NEAT little box on the ſide of a hill,
At the bottom of which runs a murmuring rill;
The ſoil ſhould be healthy, and temp'rate the air,
And, to add to my proſpect, I'd have a parterre.

The ſweet roſe of Sharon my walks ſhould adorn,
Juſt under my window I'll fancy a lawn,
Where delicate ſhrubs ſhould be planted with taſte,
And none of my ground be ſeen running to waſte.

Inſtead of Italians, the linnet and thruſh
Would with harmony greet me from every buſh;
Thoſe gay feather'd ſongſters do rapture inſpire!
What muſic ſo ſoft as the heavenly choir!

My furniture elegant, ſimple, and plain,
Not any thing gaudy, expenſive, or vain;
My friends ſhould repoſe on a pillow of down,
Nor even from me ſhould they meet with a frown.

A ſtudy, replete with good authors I'd chooſe,
That, if ſerious or gay, might inſtruct or amuſe;
No new-faſhion'd novel, or gilded romance, [*France.*
Should there find a place, though it travel'd from

My

My table I'd cover with old Engliſh cheer,
No kickſhaws, or luxury, ſhould be ſeen here:
I would treat you with port, and a ſervice of fruit:
But modern extravagance ne'er ſhould take root.

If, to crown my felicity, fortune would lend
A ſenſible, ſprightly, compaſſionate friend,
One free from ſuſpicion!—if ſuch could be found,
He ſoon ſhould be maſter of this fairy ground.

CHAP. LXV.

A SINGULAR EPISTLE:

TAKEN FROM A GENUINE COPY.

MADAM,

I AM a little afraid you and I ſhall never come together. There is that expectation of flattery about you, which I cannot bear. Yet as I love you well enough to be honeſt—a bold word that—I will once for all ſpeak my mind, and I deſire your attention.

I believe I do not admire nor value you for any of thoſe charms, for which you admire and value yourſelf. I do not, for inſtance, pay any adoration to the preſent brightneſs of your eyes, becauſe I am ſo ſtrange a fellow as to conſider them philoſophically. They are very brilliant, to be ſure? but what are they? What are they, madam, *ab origine?* Fops, Fools, and Poets, would, in their uſual airy manner, tell you, that they were made of celeſtial fire, that they were two animated balls of beauty, two love-darting mirrors, formed by

by the Graces, and a pack of ſuch ſtuff. But I ſcorn to figure away at the expence of fair truth. I write in honeſt proſe, madam; and therefore in honeſt proſe I tell you, that thoſe ſame balls of ethereal beauty, thoſe ſame love-darting mirrors, are at beſt two pieces of ordinary clay varniſhed. The varniſh, I allow, is good, and well put on. But what of all this? I am not ſo ſhort-ſighted, but I can look forward a little, beyond the length of my noſe, to the time when the gloſs will all be worn away, when the japan of nature will be utterly gone, and not a ſpark of fire will you have about you. If you live long enough, you will be purblind, and then what becomes of your love-darters? Don't be quite ſo vain, my young beauty.

Another mighty matter upon which you have, it ſeems, to pique yourſelf, is you face. I mean ſuch things as we call cheeks, lips, and complexion. I wiſh it to be known to you, that I have but a very poor opinion of theſe divine graces, as you call them.

Some time ago, I remember you ſhewed me, in a great air of triumph, a paper ſcrawled upon by ſome florid puppy of your acquaintance, who ſwore, in very ſorry verſes, that your cheeks threw into *utter deſpair* all the roſes and lilies in the creation. Your ſkin too was, if I recollect, poliſhed marble. The veins were compared to the azure of the third heaven, and the colour was whiter than alabaſter.

'Tis a lie, *Priſcilla*, 'tis a ſad lie. You are indebted to poetical fiction for all this traſh. The rogues who deal in it have, as they tell us, a licence from that ſilly fellow *Apollo* to play ſuch pranks with idle girls and boys who believe them. For my part I never could be taken in by the tag of a rhyme, nor the cadence of a couplet, nor the tranſpoſition of ten ſaucy ſyllables, ſince I was born. I always looked upon them as mere ear-traps.

What a collection of falſities is here, indeed! I never ſaw a pair of cheeks in my life that were fairer

than a lily, nor a pair of lips that were redder than a roſe. As to alabaſter, I will take upon me to ſay, there never was a woman's ſkin half ſo white in the whole world; and I ſhould be very glad to ſee a complexion ſo well poliſhed as a piece of Egyptian marble.

No, no; theſe flights will not paſs upon men of cool proſe. They will not, indeed, *Priſcilla*. Metaphor, metaphor, my dear, is a mere bam. It tickles the child's ear; but I heartily deſpiſe it.

Not but that I give to a fine form its proper portion of praiſe. I am perfectly ſenſible to handſome features. I like to ſee the proper proportions of red and white, I am very well pleaſed with a ſparkling pair of eyes, but I have no idea of calling any of theſe what they really are not, nor of comparing them with objects to which they have no likeneſs whatever. For inſtance now, your boſom is ſaid to be purer than the driven ſnow. If that is not carrying the jeſt as far as it will fairly go, I don't know what is.—Why, madam, if a ſnow-ball and your boſom were ſhewn together, and any thing in the world but a poet to be the judge, he would ſay that you were a ſwarthy gipſey in the compariſon.

But how you ladies can be pleaſed with all this high-flying is to me aſtoniſhing.—If a man was to compare me to a ſtick or a ſtone, or a tree, or a plant, that I was no more like than I am like the main ocean, ſhould I perk up my head, and look about me the more for that?

As to features, ſkin, complexion, &c. they are ſo truly things of to-day, that if I was a woman I ſhould be afraid to put any truſt in them. They have more enemies that the ever-perſecuted have. I could recount ſuch a catalogue as would make

"*Your hair to ſtand on end,*
"*Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.*"

Go

Go into your garden. Fix your attention on the faireſt flower. Take care that it is in the luxuriance of its bloom. Did you ever behold tints more exquiſite, ſcollops more exact, colours better mixed, or beauties better varied? Now leave it. Pay it a ſecond viſit to-morrow morning. What are you ſurpriſed at? That a flower ſhould fade! A ſlight blaſt of wind in the night hath wholly deſtroyed it. The tints are dead. The colours are faded. The beauty is no more. Step now to your toilette. Indeed, *Priſcilla*, you are very pretty. What a face, what an air, what a ſhape! In the evening, one of the thouſand enemies of handſome features overtakes you, and your ſecond viſit to the mirror ſhews—an ugly woman.

I believe you have ſenſe enough, *Priſcilla*, to ſee whereto all this tends:—It tends, *Priſcilla*, to your inſtruction. I would not have you fix too violent a dependance on features.

Nor do I, *Priſcilla*, eſtimate you according to your wealth. Certain it is, that your father left you rich. But I wiſh you were not ſo faſcinated with theſe poſſeſſions. I heard you talk in ſuch raptures of a new coach, and new diamonds, that I am much afraid you are far gone in the *fripperies* of life.

A ſlight fever would ſoon ſhew you the impotency of gold, and it would diveſt you of all the trappings, in which you have wantonly dreſſed the fineſt ſet horſes in the univerſe.

Every thing I have mentioned is held on a ſad tenure, even the tenure of a regular pulſe.

I think there is, under all your falſe ideas, *a good heart*. 'Tis this, *Priſcilla*, which draws me towards you. I think I could baniſh the frailties that cling at preſent about your affections. If you can bear me after this letter, I ſhall have a better opinion of you than ever. If you are offended, and take pet at it,

I ſhall

I ſhall loſe you it is true; but then I ſhall know by experience, that your love was not worth ſeeking.

I know we ſhould live very happy together, if you would but comply with my terms. They are neither difficult nor various. Firſt, break your looking-glaſs. Secondly, turn all your poets out of doors. Thirdly, throw their verſes into the fire: and laſtly, make a ſolemn vow never more to put your truſt in *metaphors* and *compariſons*, two curſed things; which have done more injury to young women than libertiniſm itſelf. What ſay you? Will you agree to theſe conditions, and take to your boſom, without either lace on his coat, poetry in his head, or *puppyiſm* at his heart,

Your old friend, and
humble ſervant,
PETER P———.

CHAP. LXVI.

THE SPECIOUS LOVER.

LADY Bladen was left by the late Sir William in a very affluent ſituation, with only two daughters, coheireſſes to their father's large eſtates; who, in conſequence of their poſſeſſions, and their proſpects, as their mother had diſcouraged all overtures, towards a ſecond marriage, had many admirers, and received many addreſſes. Several men made propoſals who had fair pretenſions; and others who had no pretenſions at all, from the ſcantineſs of their fortunes, endeavoured, by their ſolicitudes and attentions, to make an impreſſion upon their hearts: naturally ſuppoſing, that by gaining

ing their affections, they might preclude a very minute enquiry into their rent-rolls.

Miſs Bladen, the eldeſt, was a very fine figure; ſhe had a pair of ſparkling eyes, and an animated complexion. Emilia, the younger ſiſter, was a leſs regular, but, perhaps, a more pleaſing beauty upon the whole, as there was a very affecting expreſſion of ſenſibility in her countenance; which was indeed, a very exact picture of her mind, a mind amiable in the higheſt degree.

As the fortunes of theſe two ſiſters were equal, they had an equal number of men in their train, deſirous of being united to them; but not one of Emilia's followers had the good luck to make himſelf agreeable to her: *ſhe*, on the other hand, became a very zealous advocate for a Mr. Selwyn, who was paſſionately attached to her ſiſter. Selwyn was every way deſerving of the intereſt which Emilia took in his affairs; but while *ſhe* expreſſed herſelf warmly in his favour, Maria treated him with a levity which gave him an infinite deal of diſquiet. When ſhe firſt encouraged him, indeed, ſhe really preferred him to the reſt of her followers? yet ſhe was fond of flirting with every other man who came in her way, and at length became ſo particular to a Mr. Johnſon, with whom ſhe commenced an acquaintance at Southampton, that Selwyn grew ſeriouſly alarmed; and as a man who is in a reſtleſs, agitated ſtate, is ſeldom ſo ageeable, or capable of rendering himſelf ſo, as he whoſe heart is perfectly at eaſe, Johnſon had greatly the advantage over him. By rallying him, therefore, before Miſs Bladen, and laughing at him, with her, when he was abſent, he made her ſee him in a leſs pleaſing light; in a very little time, he ſet her entirely againſt him, and recommended *himſelf* to her ſo ſtrongly, that ſhe began to diſcover every kind of contempt for Selwyn, while ſhe gave his rival all the reaſon in the world to believe ſhe liked him.

Johnſon

Johnſon availing, himſelf of Maria's animating behaviour to him, of all her apparent prepoſſeſſions in his favour, made his court to her with ſo much ſucceſs, that Lady Bladen in a ſhort time perceived that ſhe was more partial to him than to Selwyn, and many other gentlemen who ſolicited her conſent.

Johnſon, with an unaffected careleſſneſs about him, had, however, the moſt inſinuating manners to be conceived: with thoſe manners he made himſelf extremely careſſed by all ranks and claſſes of people; with thoſe manners, an handſome perſon, and an uncommon taſte in dreſs, he was an alluring figure in the eyes of Maria, at leaſt, who was too much prejudiced by his appearance, and almoſt as vain of having her lover thought a fine fellow, as ſhe was of being reckoned a fine woman herſelf. Selwyn, it is true, was elegantly formed, and had a very intelligent face; but he was not altogether ſo ſtriking: a peculiar delicacy of diſcernment was neceſſary to find out his excellencies. However, with all his amiable qualities, qualities for which he was to be highly valued, he was keenly ſuſceptible of jealouſy, Maria gave him cauſe, indeed: yet had he made uſe of his reaſon, he muſt have been ſenſible that a woman of ſuch a capricious, changeable diſpoſition, could not be a deſirable character, could not merit the affection he felt for her. Having complained to her, one day, of her neglect of *him*, and of her encouraging behaviour to Johnſon, in gentle language; he received ſo unwelcome an anſwer, that he was ſtimulated to proceed in a more ungentle ſtyle. He told her, in very plain terms, raiſing his voice, that ſhe had uſed him ill by neglecting *him* for a new admirer, who could not, he was well aſſured, love her better than *he* did, and who did not, he believed, love her half ſo well.

Miſs Bladen, naturally haughty and impatient of controul from any perſon, eſpecially from a man whom ſhe looked upon as bound in duty to ſubmit to *her* plea-

ſure,

ſure, replied with a *fierté*, which was neither becoming in *her*, or pleaſing to her lover. In conſequence of this treatment, he began to conſider what advantages Johnſon poſſeſſed to make him ſo formidable a rival. He allowed him all the ſuperior advantages of dreſs, which he thought of little importance; as any man who paid the ſame attention to the embelliſhment of his perſon, might, he believed, make as good an appearance; and he at the ſame time was of opinion, that the woman captivated by that ſort of perſonal merit (if it deſerved the name, as every coxcomb in town might acquire it) diſcovered a very weak underſtanding. In the next place he conſidered, that he had never heard any thing either of Johnſon's family, or eſtate: he, therefore, concluded, that he was not a man of birth or fortune; and that he paid his addreſſes to Miſs Bladen with the moſt mercenary views. However, as he did not imagine he ſhould talk with her to any purpoſe, upon a ſubject to which ſhe apparently had a conſiderable averſion, he applied to Emilia for information. *She* told him, immediately, that ſhe knew very little about Mr. Johnſon; adding, that ſhe did not believe her mother or her ſiſter knew much more concerning him. "His ſpecious appearance and behaviour," continued ſhe, "have ſo taken their fancies, that I imagine they have never troubled their heads with making enquiries into the truth of what you have related, I recollect, indeed, that he has mentioned his being of an Iriſh family; and I ſuppoſe, that my mother muſt have had a ſatisfactory account of him: without ſuch an account ſhe would not, ſurely, have permitted him to viſit my ſiſter ſo often, and to appear with her in public."

Selwyn, ſtill too much in love with Maria to be ſo eaſily ſatisfied as Lady Bladen was with what ſhe might have heard about Johnſon, began to think that he was one of the Society of Gentlemen from Ireland, who, being rather in ſtrait circumſtances, endeavour to improve

prove their ſituations by marrying women of fortune. Prompted by this conjecture, he wrote over to a friend he had in that kingdom, ſent him a *full length* of Johnſon, and begged to be informed if he knew any thing of *him*, and of his connections. He alſo ſet his own ſervant to get all the intelligence he poſſibly could in town, of the ſame kind. The latter ſoon brought him word, that Mr. Johnſon was only a hair-dreſſer, who went over to France to improve himſelf in his profeſſion, and who being expert at catching the manners as well as the faſhions of the country, became ſo clever at his buſineſs, and had ſo genteel an addreſs, that a young Engliſh nobleman making the tour of Italy, took him into his *ſuite*. "By rendering himſelf uſeful to his lordſhip," continued Harry, "he not only reaped the fruits of his generoſity, by the poſſeſſion of more money and clothes than he had ever been maſter of before, but he alſo got a new ſet of notions in his head, and fancied that if he could draw in any girl with a good fortune, he might live as genteelly as the man of quality whom he ſerved. Accordingly, he quitted his maſter, returned to England, ſet up for himſelf, and choſe Southampton for his field of action, as it happened to be pretty full; not doubting but that he ſhould recommend himſelf to ſome woman, who had a fortune ſufficient to make himſelf eaſy for life. Miſs Bladen was the firſt lady who fell in his way at a ball. He was dreſt *au dernier gout*, being juſt arrived from Paris; and as he had there taken leſſons from the moſt celebrated maſters in dancing, fencing, &c. he exhibited himſelf in ſo favourable a point of view, that moſt of the ladies ſeemed deſirous to have him for a partner: but having informed himſelf that Miſs Bladen had £. 20,000, and that Lady Bladen was not ſo ſtrict as ſome mothers would have been who had two ſuch daughters under her care, he contrived to dance with her, and made himſelf ſo agreeable both to *her* and her mother,

mother, that an acquaintance immediately commenced, which ſoon grew into an intimacy, and from an intimacy into an apparent attachment."

This information was ſufficient for Selwyn: he found, in a ſhort time, that he had received a juſt account, and he thought it highly neceſſary to avail himſelf of it, and choſe the manner of detection when his rival was met in company, not only with Miſs Bladen, but with her mother and ſiſter.

Coming in one afternoon, he found his rival ſitting with the two ſiſters, and Lady Bladen, in the drawing room; and ſoon after his entrance began to charge him with being an impoſtor, who had, by his ſpecious appearance, deceived the family he was then with, by making them believe that he was a man of faſhion and fortune, when he knew he was only a hair-dreſſer.

Lady Bladen and Emilia ſtarted at the accuſation: the former looked exceedingly alarmed. The pretended Johnſon affected a careleſſneſs and compoſure, which would have been, he hoped, powerful enough to prove his innocence. Maria, ſeeing him ſo unembarraſſed, concluded that he could not poſſibly be the perſon Selwyn endeavoured to make them believe he was, and joined in his affected laugh. His mirth, however, was ſoon checked. On Lady Bladen's earneſtly deſiring Selwyn to tell her how he procured this intelligence, and whether it was properly authenticated; he aſſured her that ſhe might depend upon it, and gave a circumſtantial account of what he had heard. Johnſon, now extremely diſconcerted, on finding that Selwyn was maſter of every particular relating to his adventures, roſe up, diſcovered the greateſt agitation, and attempted to bully Selwyn: he actually went ſo far as to give him the *lie direct*. Selwyn then took him by the ſhoulders, and very fairly kicked him out of the room. When he had diſmiſſed him in this ignominious manner, he ſeated himſelf in his place, by Miſs Bladen, and aſked her how

ſhe, as a woman of ſpirit, could encourage ſo tame a lover; laughing at her alſo, with much archneſs, but great good-humour, upon her having been ſo eaſily duped. She made no reply, but pouted and looked ſullen. Lady Bladen then hoping to give a cheerful turn to the converſation, which had been diſagreeably ſerious, ſaid, "Come, Maria, think no more of this worthleſs impoſtor: we are all liable to be miſtaken in a character ſometimes; we are not the firſt family who have been impoſed upon: let us be thankful that the man who has deceived us all has been diſcovered in time; let us, as we ought, be particularly grateful to Mr. Selwyn for our preſervation, whom you can beſt reward, my dear, by giving him your hand, and promiſing to be *his*." "Mr. Selwyn, madam," replied Maria haughtily, "wiſhed to ſerve nobody but himſelf, and is therefore as much intereſted as any other man." I agree with you, Miſs Bladen," anſwered Selwyn, "I am ſo far intereſted as never to make that woman my wife who deſpiſes me; eſpecially while I dare hope (turning to Emilia, and taking her hand) that there is one who will not refuſe my ſolicitations to accept of a heart, which, on my firſt acquaintance with the family, would have been hers, had I not, from her extreme diffidence, been kept ignorant of her infinite merit." This unexpected addreſs ſurpriſed all the three ladies; but it had a different effect upon each of them. Maria, though ſhe had uſed Selwyn ill, was much hurt at his preferring her ſiſter; while that ſiſter, who had long loved him, but who had endeavoured to conceal her ſentiments, thinking him engaged to Maria, felt herſelf ready to expire with joy to find the man whom ſhe had for a conſiderable time tenderly eſteemed, ready to make her completely happy. As for Lady Bladen, who began to be exceedingly diſturbed at the behaviour of her eldeſt daughter to the man who had merited a very different treatment, and

of

of whoſe intrinſic value ſhe was now become more ſenſible than ever; ſhe rejoiced to ſee that ſhe had ſtill a daughter to beſtow upon him, as a recompence for his ſaving the other from her being fatally connected with a ſharper.

CHAP. LXVII.

FRIENDSHIP IMPROVED INTO LOVE.

I.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
With my fair one as blooming as May,
Undiſturb'd by all ſound but the ſighs of the breeze,
Let me paſs the hot noon of the day.

II.

When the ſun, leſs intenſe, to the weſtward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forſake,
And ſee the rays dance, as inverted he ſhines,
On the face of ſome river or lake:

III.

Where my faireſt and I, on its verge as we paſs,
(For 'tis ſhe that muſt ſtill be my theme)
Our ſhadows may view on the watery glaſs,
While the fiſh are at play in the ſtream.

IV.

May the herds ceaſe to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
When ſhe ſings me ſome rapturous ſtrain;
All be ſilent and huſh'd, unleſs echo repeat
The kind words and ſweet ſounds back again!

V.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we ſauntering ſtray,
Let the moon's ſilver beams through the leaves give us light,
Juſt direct us, and chequer our way:

VI.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and ſlowly we move;
And let no ſingle thought be expreſs'd in our talk,
But of friendſhip improv'd into love.

VII.

Thus enchanted each day with theſe rural delights,
And ſecure from ambitions alarms,
Soft love and repoſe ſhall divide all our nights,
And each morning ſhall riſe with new charms.

CHAP. LXVIII.

TWO VERY SINGULAR FEMALE CHARACTERS DESCRIBED:

IN A LETTER TO A LITERARY GENTLEMAN.

THOUGH the riſe of many ſatirical portraits may not appear obvious to every reader, yet I know not whether they may not be productive of ſalutary effects; as the expoſing of vice and abſurdity bids the faireſt for ſucceſs, men being ſooner laughed than reaſoned out of their follies. It ſeems, however, extraordinary, if not paradoxical, that men of the politeſt education, and greateſt affluence, ſhould ſuffer themſelves to be hurried along the ſtream of folly, and diſſipation, and by an improper uſe of their authority ſhould

ſhould render themſelves of no eſtimation in the eyes of their ſervants and domeſtics, whom though they may frighten by their tyranny, can never force to reverence and eſteem them.

The ladies too (though with due reverence to the worthier part of them) exceed if poſſible the other ſex, in every ſpecies of impertinence and inconſiſtency. When the mind is immerſed in folly and diſſipation, it is ſcarcely credible to think to what lengths of abſurdity we may be driven. I have ſpent the greateſt portion of time in what are called the politeſt families; but, alas! they are only called ſo, as many of them, through a ridiculous imperious conduct, ſink themſelves greatly below what they call plebeian. As they moſt certainly conceive themſelves of a ſuperior order of beings, it ſeems altogether unaccountable to me that they ſhould not endeavour to attain to perfections, that would give ſome colour to their claim to this diſtinguiſhed pre-eminence: but, from the general tenor of their conduct, they ſeem to affect imperfections and abſurdities to attain that character. But as facts are always more ſtriking than the moſt ſevere reprehenſions to reprove vice, I ſhall give you a ſketch of the characters of two ladies whom I had the honor to ſerve, or, in other words, whoſe rigorous mandates I was compelled to execute, and whoſe imperious behaviour I was neceſſitated to endure.

My firſt miſtreſs, who was a widow, was one who had adopted it as an undeniable truth, that thoſe whom ſhe ſtyled the vulgar, were only to be conſidered as her vaſſals or ſlaves; and her conduct has evinced her attachment to theſe principles. The firſt three weeks after I entered the ſervice, I ſeldom ſaw this modern ſultaneſs, but received my orders from another perſon. I was in ſome hopes that my ſervices would be rendered ſomewhat more tolerable by my acting under commiſſion; but I was deceived. It ſeems her eldeſt

ſon (who was about ſeventeen years of age, a minute puny dwarf about four feet high) had repreſented to his mother, that I had dared one evening, in ſummer, to requeſt his going to bed at eleven. Her highneſs gave me to underſtand, that gentleman (meaning her ſcaramouch) was not to be inſulted by *creatures* like me: that her ſon ſhould go to bed when he pleaſed, unleſs perſons of conſequence gave orders to the contrary. Was her ſon to be ordered by the ſcum of the earth? She then commanded this *minute* gentleman in my *hearing*, not to ſpeak to, or make the leaſt familiarity with ſuch *low* wretches. This was followed by a ſtern look at me, accompanied with a dreadful menace what ſhould be the conſequence of my future temerity.

This infatuated woman was ſo conſummately ambitious as to order me to take the mop and ſcour the place wherein any viſitor happened to ſtand while ſpeaking to her, although his or her feet were as clean as the boards themſelves. This piece of audacity was, I ſuppoſe, to intimate, that ſhe would not ſit near the place which was polluted by the feet of any other perſon. This inſtance of the extravagance of human vanity and abſurdity may perhaps be diſputed by many, but it is as true as I now graſp this pen with which I write. It were needleſs to recount all the impertinences ſhe daily teaſed me with. Suffice it to know, that I laboured to pleaſe her, but found it impoſſible: ſhe was a peſt to her own happineſs, and envied that any other mortal ſhould ſhare any peace. She was however taken off in a few hours illneſs, and left this world in the greateſt horror and deſpair.

My ſecond miſtreſs was one who was nearly as proud as the former, but it conſiſted chiefly in a violent paſſion for dreſs and equipage. And in this particular ſhe was often mortified to ſuch a degree as to overpower her ſenſes, and throw her into fits. An inſtance of this I ſhall now relate. Being on a viſit to a neighbouring

bouring lady (with whom my miſtreſs was ever vying for ſplendour) the afternoon was ſpent with the uſual gaiety, when, on leaving the drawing room, my miſtreſs happened to bruſh againſt the head cook-maid, who appeared remarkably elegant, in a neat light-grounded flowered chintz. My miſtreſs was ſtruck with her appearance, and eying her earneſtly, "Jenny," ſhe cried, "reach me the lavender!" and immediately fell down into a ſwoon. After having recovered herſelf, ſhe ordered her chair to be got ready with all imaginary expedition. After we got home, ſhe called me up to her: "Jenny," ſhe ſaid, with a voice interrupted with a tremulous accent, "did you obſerve the creature's inſolence? Unpin me!" "La, Madam," ſaid I, "what is it offends your Ladyſhip?" "Offends! Such inſolence is not to be borne! a chintz too! I ſhall die with indignation." "Mrs. Suſan's gown you mean, I ſuppoſe, Madam," ſaid I.—"Mrs. Suſan! filthy trollop! Mrs. Suſan! ha! ha! ha! Here take this (giving me the gown); you will now be as *fine* as that minx. Well! I never met with ſo audacious an affront before. Had Lady G——t informed me ſhe had thrown her gown to that wretch, 'twould have been ſome ſatisfaction: but to ſuffer the creature to wear it in my preſence, before I had caſt mine, 'twas intolerable."—"Marry," thought I, "if you ſhould receive ſuch affronts every day, provided they terminated thus in my favour, I care not."

This night was, however, an irkſome one to me. It was her cuſtom to have me to comb her hair a full hour every night before ſhe went to ſleep, or rather it was my buſineſs to lull her to ſleep with combing. Fourteen different combs were each night ſucceſſively applied to her hair with aſſiduous labour; but this night was marked for my having to beſtow five full hours in the painful taſk. Often did I reſt my wearied arms, and as often did I renew the painful taſk. At laſt I

got

got her to ſleep, and lifting her into bed, found means to creep to my own. Her anger too was moſt ungovernable, and aroſe on the moſt trivial occaſions, nay ſometimes from no occaſion at all. One day (after having laid the cloth for dinner) the bell rang with more than ordinary quickneſs; I flew to my miſtreſs, who, as ſoon as I entered, darted her eyes (which beamed with fire) full upon me, and, without ſpeaking one word, ſnatched one of the forks from the table, which ſhe threw with ſuch violence, that, as I turned to ſhun the blow, it ſtruck me on the backſide of my head, and ſtuck there—I was in ſuch terror that I ran as far as the kitchen with the fork in my head, not having preſence of mind to draw it out again, which was done by the butler, who ſwore I looked like Lady Macbeth in the tragedy. I ſaw her no more that day, but next morning I was recompenſed with a brocade ſilk gown, very little worſe for the wear; I was, however, for ſome days exceedingly ſore. Her temper, notwithſtanding this, broke out as violent as ever, not many days after, on a very trivial occaſion. It were endleſs to recount the many bruiſes and ſtrokes I received in her ſervice. Suffice it to know, that in a few years after this javelin affair, ſhe died of a ſurfeit of lampreys.

I ſhall now cloſe this narrative (which I could lengthen out much farther) with obſerving, that, from the ſketches already drawn, you may be enabled to judge what ſatisfaction thoſe minds enjoy, who are too proud, or rather too ſilly, to make uſe of the means that would make them beloved by their ſervants, and enjoy in themſelves the tranquillity that is inſeparable from humility and virtue.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIX.

DR. SCHOMBERG'S METHOD OF READING FOR FEMALE IMPROVEMENT.

IN A LETTER TO A LADY.

MADAM,

CONFORMABLE to your deſire, and my promiſe, I preſent you with a few thoughts on the method of reading; which you would have had ſooner, only that you gave me leave to ſet them down at my leiſure-hours. I have complied with your requeſt in both theſe particulars; ſo that you ſee, Madam, how abſolute your commands are over me. If my remarks ſhould anſwer your expectations, and the purpoſe for which they were intended; if they ſhould in the leaſt conduce to the ſpending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than moſt of your ſex generally do, it will give me a pleaſure equal at leaſt to that you will receive.

It were to be wiſhed that the female part of the human creation, on whom Nature has poured out ſo many charms with ſo laviſh a hand, would pay ſome regard to the cultivating their minds and improving their underſtanding. It is eaſily accompliſhed. Would they beſtow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dreſs, in reading proper books, it would perfectly anſwer their purpoſe. Not that I am againſt the ladies adorning their perſons; let them be ſet off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conſpire to produce for their embelliſhment, but let it be with reaſon and good ſenſe, not caprice and humour; for there is good ſenſe in dreſs, as in all

all things elſe. Strange doctrine to ſome! But I am ſure, Madam, you know there is—You practiſe it.

The firſt rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abſtruſe parts of learning are not neceſſary to the accompliſhment of one of your ſex, a ſmall degree of it will ſuffice. I would throw the ſubjects of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant under the following heads:

HISTORY—MORALITY—POETRY.

The firſt employs the memory; the ſecond, the judgment; and the third, the imagination,

Whenever you undertake to read Hiſtory, make a ſmall abſtract of the memorable events; and ſet down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourſelf with the life of a famous perſon, do the ſame by his moſt remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find theſe great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a ſort of chain that links the whole hiſtory together.

Books on Morality deſerve an exact reading. There are none in our language more uſeful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the ſtandards of the Engliſh tongue, and as ſuch ſhould be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly ſlide into the manners and habits of thoſe perſons with whom we moſt frequently converſe, ſo reading being, as it were, a ſilent converſation, we inſenſibly write and talk in the ſtyle of the authors we have the moſt often read, and who have left the deepeſt impreſſions on our mind. Now, in order to retain what you read on the various ſubjects that fall under the head of morality, I would adviſe you to mark with a pencil

cil whatever you find worth remembering. If a paſſage ſtrike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expreſſion, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others which are written in the ſame looſe and unconnected manner, make an aſteriſk over the firſt line. By theſe means you will ſelect the moſt valuable, and they will ſink deeper in your memory than the reſt, on repeated reading, by being diſtinguiſhed from them.

The laſt article is poetry. The way of diſtinguiſhing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verſe into proſe, and ſee whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and ſounding, or too low and mean for the ſenſe they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being impoſed on by bombaſt and fuſtian, which with many paſſes for ſublime; for ſmooth verſes which run off the ear with an eaſy cadence, and harmonious turn, very often impoſe nonſenſe on the world, and are like your fine dreſſed beaux, who paſs for fine gentlemen. Diveſt both from their outward ornaments, and people are ſurpriſed they could have been ſo eaſily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and thoſe ſuch only as are really neceſſary. I could have added more; but theſe will be ſufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view beſides that of barely killing time, as too many are accuſtomed to do.

The taſk you have impoſed on me, is a ſtrong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the beſt advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, thoſe who have the pleaſure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honour, by ſingling me out from all your acquaintance on this occaſion, to ſay any thing that would not look like flattery; you yourſelf would think

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it ſo, were I to do you the common juſtice all your friends allow you: I muſt therefore be ſilent on this head, and only ſay, that I ſhall think myſelf well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmoſt ſincerity, as I really am,

MADAM,

Your faithful

humble ſervant,

I. SCHOMBERG.

CHAP. LXX.

THE SEQUESTERED LOVER.

YE wild waving woods, that now cloſing your ſhade,
Now wantonly parting, diſport with the beam;
Thou river, whoſe current refreſhes the mead;
And you, ye rude ruins that ſhadow his ſtream:

Ye flocks that hang white on the ſide of yon hill;
Ye herds who beneath crop the graſs of the vale;
Ye that chirp in the hedge, or ſkim light on the rill,
Or fluttering, give your gay wing to the gale:

Sweet inſpirers of thought! and thou ſweeteſt, thou Dove,
Whoſe ſilver plumes ſhine thro' the boughs of the tree,
Eſcap'd from the cage, and away from the love,
And ſilent and ſad, a companion to me!

Ah!

Ah! why, as I gaze on the landſcape around,
Why ſuddenly ſtarts the fond tear to my eye?
Tho' ſmiling each object, and cheerful each ſound,
Why ſteals from my boſom the ſorrowing ſigh?

Enchant the fair ſcenes, till enraptur'd I find
That ſweeteſt oblivion the Muſes beſtow,
Till the ſunſhine that gilds you ſhall heighten my mind,
And my fancy forgets that my heart has a woe!

So free may ye flouriſh, fair ſcenes as ye riſe,
So ſtill be your charms by ſimplicity grac'd,
In native luxuriance ſtill pleaſe and ſurpriſe,
Nor by folly le faſhion'd, nor tortur'd by taſte.

So when the glad ſeaſons their bleſſings ſhall yield,
And Ceres enrich you, and Flora adorn,
May the labourer's laugh echo loud in the field,
And the breeze whiſper ſoft thro' the mellowing corn:

And ſo when the evening's mild glories decline,
And fade from the ſky the laſt bluſhes of light,
Unſullied and cloudleſs may CYNTHIA *ſhine*
Ere yet you are hid by the envious night.

And whilſt her fair form glitters bright in the flood,
And ſheds on its boſom a tremulous ray,
Tips the top of the hill, gilds the gloom of the wood,
And ſoftens each beauty that glar'd in the day;

"In ſuch a night," following Philomel's voice,
As ſhe ſings her ſweet ſong to the liſtening air,
Sequeſter'd from crowds, or by chance or by choice,
To this bower ſhould ſome gentle ſpirit repair:

Whilſt tenderneſs breathes in the nightingale's ſtrain,
To tenderneſs tun'd as delighted they ſtray,
This verſe may they ſee, if this verſe ſhould remain,
Nor heedleſsly turn from a wanderer's lay.

Perhaps they will deem him neglected, forlorn,
As they mark how his numbers all flow;
Of Fortune the ſport, or Beauty the ſcorn,
Conjecture his ſorrow, and pity his woe.

CHAP. LXXI.

THE HISTORY OF PHILOCLES AND PANTHEA.

THE celebrated duke de la Rochefoucault has diſcovered, in his Moral Reflections, a profound knowledge of the human heart; but none of his maxims appear to me to be more juſt than the following:

"Abſence may extinguiſh weak paſſions; but it adds new force to the ſtrong; juſt as the wind which puts out a little fire, makes a great one burn with double fury."

The juſtneſs of this obſervation will appear evidently from the following ſtory, the truth of which I can vouch for, and the probability of which nobody will call in queſtion.

Philocles, a young gentleman of a conſiderable fortune, and remarkable for his perſonal beauty, was diſtinguiſhed from the moſt of his age and condition by a ſingular turn of character. He looked upon love as a paſſion ſo dangerous, that he formed a reſolution to ſhun every woman that had inſpired him with a growing paſſion. It was cuſtomary with him to argue in this manner: Pleaſure reſembles fire; at a certain diſtance

tance it warms us; but we cannot make a near approach without being burned.

Philocles, having made his determination, behaved in ſuch a manner to the ladies, that he ſoon acquired the reputation of a Daffodil as he did not appear to give any preference to one above another. However, as his indifference was owing to principle, and not conſtitution, it did not long continue. It ſoon gave way to the prevailing charms of Florinda; and Philocles, unknown to himſelf, behaved to her often in ſuch a particular manner, as drew upon her the envy of moſt of her female acquaintance, and was to her a matter of the higheſt triumph. Her joy, however, was ſoon turned into ſorrow, when ſhe was informed that Philocles was gone to France, thinking the air of Paris might have efficacy enough to cure him of his love; an opinion in which he was not deceived.

Philocles, after a few months reſidence in that gay place, which ſeems to be conſecrated to pleaſure, and ſeveral intrigues with ladies of faſhion, whoſe ſentiments agreed exactly with his, and who conſidered love as a tranſient amuſement, which ſhould never be carried to a ſerious attachment, returned to England, and heard, with the utmoſt indifference, that Florinda had in his abſence been married to a peer. This intelligence did not diſpleaſe him, as he was now ſecure from her reproaches.

Philocles, with a heart entirely diſengaged, reſumed his former courſe of life, and gave himſelf up entirely to pleaſure and diſſipation. But ſoon a firſt-rate beauty effected what one of an inferior order could not do. Panthea, the luſtre of whoſe eyes could be equalled by nothing but the gracefulneſs and majeſty of her perſon, ſoon excited emotions in the breaſt of Philocles, which though much ſtronger than thoſe which he had felt before, ſo far bore a reſemblance to them, that he could

could eaſily perceive the traces of his former paſſion, and therefore reſolved to be upon his guard.

He, however, could not immediately reſolve to deprive himſelf of the pleaſure of ſeeing and converſing with Panthea, and every new interview contributed to add new fewel to the flame of love, with which his heart now glowed, which throbbed in all his veins. Each time he ſaw Panthea appeared to him the firſt; and it is highly probable he would have entirely forgot his reſolution, had it not been for a weakneſs which no man is entirely free from. He could not ſtand the ridicule of his circle of acquaintance, before whom he had often declared his intentions, and boaſted of his reſolution to act in conſequence. Falſe ſhame had as much influence over Philocles as over moſt men. He immediately reſolved to abſent himſelf, and accordingly went to Venice. But the image of his dear Panthea could not ſo eaſily be effaced from his mind. Her idea haunted him both day and night; and this, with the ſenſe of his own weakneſs, in ſacrificing real happineſs to the opinion of men unworthy of his eſteem, had ſuch an effect on him, that he was ſeized with a violent fever. His life was almoſt deſpaired of; and it is probable he would not have recovered, had not a reſolution which he inſtantly formed to return to England, and the hope of ſeeing his beloved Panthea again, contributed more to reſtore his health than all the aſſiſtance of his phyſicians.

Upon his return to England, Panthea, who had taken offence at his inconſiſtancy, for ſome time declined ſeeing him; but being ſoon after informed that he was fallen dangerouſly ill, her paſſion took the aſcendant, and ſhe went to ſee him. Philocles was in a ſhort time reſtored to health, and owed his recovery entirely to Panthea's viſits, which were very frequent.

Panthea, having thus diſcovered her heart, made no longer any difficulty to admit the addreſſes of Philocles

cles and in a few months afterwards they were married. Philocles is now become an example of conſtancy and his attachment to Panthea is equal to the ardour of her affection for him.

CHAP. LXXII.

THE DEATHS OF LUCRETIA AND VIRGINIA.

THE force of prejudice appears in nothing more ſtrongly than in the encomiums which have been laviſhed upon Lucretia, for laying violent hands upon herſelf, and Virginius, for killing his own daughter. Theſe actions ſeem to derive all their glory from the revolutions to which they gave riſe, as the former occaſioned the abolition of monarchy amongſt the Romans, and the latter put an end to the arbitrary power of the decemviri. But if we lay aſide our prepoſſeſſions for antiquity, and examine theſe actions without prejudice, we cannot but acknowledge, that they are rather the effects of human weakneſs and obſtinacy than of reſolution and magnanimity. Lucretia, for fear of worldly cenſure, choſe rather to ſubmit to the lewd deſires of Tarquin, than have it thought that ſhe had been ſtabbed in the embraces of a ſlave; which ſufficiently proves, that all her boaſted virtue was founded upon vanity, and too high a value for the opinion of mankind. The younger Pliny, with great reaſon, prefers to this famed action that of a woman of low birth, whoſe huſband being ſeized with an incurable diſorder, choſe rather to periſh with him than ſurvive him. The action of Arria is likewiſe much more noble, whoſe huſband, Pætus, being condemned to death, plunged a dagger in her breaſt, and told him, with a dying voice,

"Pætus, it is not painful." But the death of Lucretia gave riſe to a revolution, and is therefore become illuſtrious; though, as St. Auguſtine juſtly obſerves, it is only an inſtance of the weakneſs of a woman, too ſolicitous about the opinion of the world.

Virginius, in killing his daughter, to preſerve her from falling a victim to the luſt of the decemvir Claudius, was guilty of the higheſt raſhneſs; ſince he might certainly have gained the people, already irritated againſt the tyrant, without embruing his hands in his own blood. This action may indeed be extenuated, as Virginius ſlew his daughter from a falſe principle of honour, and did it to preſerve her from what both he and ſhe thought worſe than death; namely, to preſerve her from violation: but though it may in ſome meaſure be excuſed, it ſhould not certainly be praiſed or admired.

CHAP. LXXIII.

THE SIBYL.

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

IN early times, before the Chriſtian ſacrafice had taken from evil ſpirits their power to hurt mankind, a matron of the Eaſt, followed by two fair daughters, went to the ſhore of the tempeſtuous ſea, to ſupplicate the fabled Neptune. "Thou, powerful God, who ſwallowedſt up the father, ſpare the ſon! Lo! I ſubmit. The widow ſtands reſigned; but hear the mother." Her bare knees preſſed the rock, ſhe bowed before the wave that roared againſt it; and as ſhe prayed, ſhe paid the angry deity the tribute of her tears. The

ſea

ſea had robbed her of her lord; but piety had taught her reſignation. She kiſſed the beach again, and was departing; when there appeared upon the riſing wave, erect and unconcerned, a human figure; the habit ſpoke her female: age ſat upon her brow, but free from all infirmities, commanded only reverence; her dry feet floated on the water's ſurface; her ſilver hair played negligently in the ſtorm; her hand was on her heart, her eyes on heaven. The daughter ſhrieked; the parent knew the form as it approached, and bending to the earth, hailed the Erythrean Sibyl.

She waved her hand; and the ſea ceaſed its tumult: "Amia," ſaid ſhe, "thy virtue has reached heaven.—Danger is near? Children remember!—The virtue of a daughter is obedience: the brighteſt jewel in a virgin's crown, is modeſty!" She vaniſhed. The ſea reſumed its roaring, and the broad ſun was now half ſunk beneath the billows.

No moon could light them homeward: the ſea-ſtorm brought its thunder to the land; and as they ſtood behind a ruined tower for ſhelter from its fury, they heard the muttered ſounds of midnight rites, and horrid incantations—a gleam of lightning ſhewed at once the place. Within an ample circle, ſurrounded by dark graſs, the works of fancied faries, ſtood a decrepit creature, buſied in his infernal ſacrafices; nine times he walked about the fatal circle, and each blade blackened where his fell foot came: in the midſt he raiſed a pile of moulderiag coffins, and of broken gibbits; and covered it with the heart of an old oak, juſt rent by thunder. Upon the heap he laid a human body, warm from its ſepulchre; and, with a blue flame which his breath raiſed from the ground, he lighted the ſtrange heap.

Till then the ceremonies were but ſeen imperfectly, as the interrupted flaſhings from the clouds gave opportunity; now all was evident; the infernal ceremony

ſhone

ſhone with its own light; and as the flame advanced, the hagged wizard walked his round, repeating ſecret prayers.

The flames diſtinctly ſhewed the body they were to conſume; a youth of perfect beauty, who ſeemed only to ſleep amidſt the fire; at length it reached him, and they ſaw him burn, by ſlow degrees, to aſhes; then, with a dreadful ſhriek, the ſorcerer leaped into the fire; a thick ſmoke roſe, darker than night, and ſpread itſelf abroad till it filled all the circle. After a while it cleared, and from the glowing embers of the fire there roſe again the youth who had been burnt. Deep muſic iſſued from the circle's verge, and to its ſolemn notes the figure ſlow aſſended. The unwrinkled forehead and the roſy cheeks, the lips of coral and the golden hair, roſe from the ſhapeleſs aſhes in full beauty. They turned: for modeſty refuſed their ſeeing more; but in a little time the muſic ceaſed, and the new-born youth came up, and ſtood before them, with an eaſy grace, clothed in an azure robe, ſtudded with ſilver ſtars. The mother trembled; for the Sibyl's warning yet rung in her affrighted ears. The daughters young and unexperienced, ſtood charmed with the youth's beauty. He told them he was Jove; he wooed them to his arms; and added, they ſhould walk the Empyrean heaven.

The mother, bold in the Sibyl's ſacred leſſon, charged him with impoſture; but the girls were ſtill in raptures. A cloudy chariot raiſed them from the earth, and as they rode along the air, they thought they had reached the very height the flatterer promiſed. They liſtened to his ſoothing words. The penſive mother frowned. She told them poets feigned; for gods were holy. The favour of the Sibyl gave her courage, and her maternal love inſpired a ſacred eloquence. They doubted as ſhe ſpoke. At length the elder was convinced. She joined her parent in her arguments; but inconſiderate youth betrayed the other. This told them "Power was

power

power, and ſplendour ſplendour: that he who could thus waft them through the air, had all the might of Jove; and there could be no heaven if it were not there preſent reſidence."

She gave her lily hand trembling, yet reſolute, to her new lover. The mother ſhrieked, and ſunk upon her knees, in vain. Aerial miniſters ſerved in a gay repaſt. The lover and the loved ſat down together. The mother and her other child refuſed. Ambroſia was the food on plates of emeralds, and nectar ſparkled in the adamantine bowls. But nature pleaded; and the favoured miſtreſs would not be bleſſed except her mother ſhared. Anguiſh tore the parent's heart. She would not ſit; ſhe begged her not to taſte; and when the fond girl doubted, charged her on her obedience. But ſhe was no more heard. The lover once again invited both; and when refuſed, he frowned, and bade them thirſt, and pine for ever, in unpitied wretchedneſs, and unregarded envy.

A dungeon now roſe in an obſcure corner of the place. The mother and the daughter were thruſt into it by fiends. Heat burnt them up, and they were periſhing with thirſt, while the abandoned ſiſter, as ſhe drank her full bowl, called to them: "Now who is in the right? Now tell me, is obedience to her or him the better?" The ſiſter bluſhed. The mother only anſwered, "See to morrow."

Full revelry and joy prevailed at the deteſted board: the ſiſter ſtill invited, ſtill deſpiſed it. The mother gazed on them with ſilent ſorrow. At length, a crimſon canopy ſtretched its wide curtains, and diſcloſed the bridal bed. The pair advanced towards it; and new deſpair gave once more the afflicted parent words. She prayed, and ſhe commanded; both in vain. The infatuated girl approached the bed, and the lover followed. The ſpirits diſappeared, the velvet bed ſhrunk to a corner of a withered hedge. The ſplendour and

the power at once were over. The youthful Jove now ſtood in his own form, a withered ſorcerer; and at the inſtant appeared the Sibyl, leading in her hand the ſovereign of the country. She told the ſtory. She took for ever from the wizard his former power of magic; and gave the virtuous daughter to the king. The mother ſaw her empreſs of the Eaſt, while the deluded diſobedient remained, what ſhe had made herſelf, the bride of beggary and miſerable age.

The leſſon reaches all. The world allures; and youth is unexperienced. Obedience to a parent is the path to happineſs. Bleſſings attend on this; and miſery never fails to accompany the other.

CHAP. LXXIV.

THOUGHTS ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN:

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

THE education of men, and that of women, ought to be conducted on the ſame principles, ſo far as it relates to the vanity of both being directed to eſſential objects. In almoſt every other reſpect, however, there ſhould be a difference. One thing in particular is to be cautiouſly avoided in the latter, that is, raiſing the imagination, or ſuffering them to do any thing from paſſion.

Born for a life of uniformity and dependence, what they have occaſion for is, reaſon, ſweetneſs, and ſenſibility, reſources againſt idleneſs and languor, moderate deſires, and no paſſions.

Were it in your power to give them genius, it would be almoſt always a uſeleſs, and very often a dangerous preſent

preſent. It would, in general, make them regret the ſtation which Providence has aſſigned them, or have recourſe to unjuſtifiable ways to get from it. The beſt taſte for ſcience only contributes to make them particular. It takes them away from the ſimplicity of their domeſtic duties, and from general ſociety, of which they are the lovlieſt ornament.

Intended to be at the head of a houſe, to bring up children, to depend on a maſter, who will occaſionally want their obedience and advice, their chief qualifications are to be the love of order, patience, prudence, and right-mindedneſs.

The more agreeable talents they can connect with theſe cardinal virtues;—the more parts of learning they have taſted the elements of, ſo as not to be entirely ſhut out of mixed converſation;—the more reliſh they have for proper and well choſen books;—and the more they are capable of reflecting, the better and happier beings will they be.

Rouſſeau ſays, that the little cunning natural to women ought not to be checked, becauſe they will want it to captivate the men, on whom they depend. This is a deteſtable maxim. He might as well have recommended diſſimulation, and even open falſehood; for, deteſtable as they are, they may likewiſe, at times, ſerve a turn. But for one caſe, in which vice may be uſeful, there are a thouſand in which it does harm. Nor is there any thing that will weather every ſtorm, ſave the habitual exerciſe of virtue. Beſides, if there were any vices, which it became a philoſopher to recommend, ſurely they ſhould not be the loweſt of all;—thoſe which indicate the laſt degree of corruption, both in body and mind;—thoſe of which immediate ſelf-intereſt is the object.

After all, an artful woman may govern a weak and narrow-minded man; but ſhe will never gain the eſteem and attachment of a man of ſenſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXV.

WEDDED LOVE IS INFINITELY PREFERABLE TO VARIETY.

HAIL, wedded Love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offſpring, ſole propriety,
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe!

By thee adult'rous luſt was driven from men,
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.

Thou art the fountain of domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,
Or ſerenade, which the ſtarved lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.

CHAP. LXVI.

THE MERCINARY LOVER.

A MORAL TALE.

WHEN a woman of fortune happens to look with very favourable eyes (no uncommon caſe) upon a man much inferior to her, though a gentleman, in his circumſtances, ſhe naturally wiſhes to ſee an equal degree of inclination in him to be united to her for life; to ſee her paſſion for him ſincerely returned.—Such a woman, however, is often afraid to give the man to whom her heart is partial encouragement, from an apprehenſion that he may be ready to avail himſelf of her prepoſſeſſions in his behalf, merely to improve his affairs, without feeling the ſlighteſt perſonal regard for her. Theſe wiſhes and theſe apprehenſions are natural; and if the latter are predominant, the removal of them cannot but be deſirable for the accompliſhment of the former. The woman in the above ſuppoſed ſituation certainly acts with prudence, by putting the affection of her lover to the teſt before ſhe conſents to be bound to him with the cords of matrimony. If ever diſſimulation is pardonable, it is upon ſuch an occaſion; and ſhe who has recourſe to it will rather deſerve pity than cenſure, ſhould her teſt be attended with diſappointment.

Raiſed to a ſphere of life in which ſhe never expected to ſhine, from the humility of her birth, and the ſtraitneſs of her father's finances, Emilia Linton enjoyed her large fortune like a woman of ſpirit, and did not, in the enjoyment of it, loſe ſight of diſcretion. Having no relations, no perſons of either ſex nearly enough related to her to controul her actions, to talk to her in a didactic ſtyle, to direct her conduct, the diſcre-

tion which ſhe diſcovered was the more remarkable, and the more to be commended, when ſhe came into the poſſeſſion of it. The propriety of her behaviour, in every ſhape, was obſerved with pleaſure by all who had a real eſteem for her: by thoſe among her female friends who longed to make the ſame figure in the world, and who remembered her inferior to themſelves, with pain. May not envy be called pain? Doubtleſs: and they who are diſturbed with this meaneſt of the human paſſions, may feelingly exclaim with the jealous Moor,

"*Farewell, the tranquil mind! farewell, content!*"

Without beauty, without bright parts, without any dazzling accompliſhments, without any airs to ſet herſelf off to advantage, Emilia pleaſed. Though not handſome, ſhe was far from being ugly; and though ſhe had not an acute, ſhe had a ſolid underſtanding. Smart expreſſions never dropped from her lips; but for ſenſible ones ſhe yielded not to the moſt ſenſible of her ſex. Her manners were winning, her obſervations were judicious, and her conduct was exemplary.

Emilia was not, it may be imagined, from this ſketch of her character, without followers. She had even admirers too. The majority of thoſe, indeed, who paid their addreſſes to her, were attracted by her fortune: there were, however, whom ſhe could not rank, as they were in ſuperior circumſtances, among the fortune-hunting train. She received all the attentions of thoſe who crowded about her at every public place with the greateſt politeneſs, but that politeneſs was general: ſhe gave not one of them reaſon to imagine, by any particular diſtinctions, that he had made the ſmalleſt impreſſion upon her heart. Her heart, indeed, was not affected by any of the ſpeeches which were addreſſed to her ears. Thoroughly acquainted, from the extenſiveneſs of her obſervation, with the preciſe value of the compliments laviſhed upon her, ſhe conſi-

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dered them as counters on a card-table, ſerviceable to thoſe who had tricks, but of no intrinſic worth.

In the ſuit of Emilia's admirers one man at length appeared, who ſeemed to be more ſtudious than his competitors to be noticed by her. Of this man ſhe, at firſt, ſaw the aſſiduities with no particular emotions; but ſhe felt herſelf in a little while ſo much flattered by them, that ſhe could hardly help ſhewing in her face what paſſed in her boſom concerning him. In proportion to the increaſe of his attention to her, was the increaſe of her partiality for him; and ſhe began, in a ſhort time, to wiſh that he would make his addreſſes to her in form: fearful of betraying her feelings by her looks, and of being conſidered by her lover as a woman ready to fall into his arms, without giving him the trouble of putting the previous queſtion to her, ſhe could not bear the idea of having her features tranſlated in that manner, and therefore did all in her power to ſuppreſs ſenſations which might, ſhe imagined, occaſion conſtructions not much to the credit of her underſtanding, though in no way injurious to her honour.

The man in whoſe favour Emilia felt her heart not a little agitated, was a gentleman by birth, and had been genteelly educated; but his fortune not being anſwerable to his deſires, he had been for ſome time looking out for a woman in a ſituation to improve it. However, though a lucrative marriage was the chief object of his attention, he was not quite of ſo mercenary a diſpoſition as to wiſh to enrich himſelf with a woman whom he abhorred, with whom he could have no proſpect of being tolerably happy in the domeſtic ſtate. To engage Miſs Linton's affections he was the more ſolicitous, as he really believed, from the apparent ſweetneſs of her temper, and the goodneſs of her heart, that he ſhould, by marrying her, with the enlargement of his fortune, gain a conſiderable addition to his happineſs. Animated by all thoſe motives, he redoubled his

his aſſiduities, and, having drawn very favourable concluſions, one day, from a converſation with Emilia, gave pretty ſtrong hints that it was in her power to make him the happieſt of men.

This hint was not thrown away upon Emilia, but ſhe behaved on that occaſion with the propriety which ſhe had diſcovered upon every other, and without departing in the leaſt from her character as a woman of fortune, a woman of ſenſe, and a woman of virtue. Fully ſatisfied—more than ſatisfied—charmed with her behaviour, he took his leave, and left her not leſs pleaſed with the deportment of her lover.

When ſhe came to reflect, however, upon the encouragement which ſhe had given to Boothby, ſhe began to think that ſhe had been too haſty, and, in conſequence of a retroſpect of her behaviour, determined to make uſe of a ſtratagem, in order to find out if her lover had a ſincere perſonal regard for her, independent of her fortune; or if he only counterfeited a paſſion which he did not feel, with a view to increaſe his income.

While Emilia was conſidering in what manner ſhe ſhould conduct her new ſcheme, Boothby was enjoying, by anticipation, the ſplendid ſtyle of life in which he was reſolved to appear, as ſoon as he became maſter of the wealth which hung temptingly in his ſight, and juſt within his graſp.

Fluſhed with the ſucceſs he had met with, upon the diſcloſure of his paſſion for a woman to whom many of his rivals, with better incomes than he had, looked up with a kind of reverential awe (either deterred by diffidence, occaſioned by the diſproportion in their circumſtances, or a pride which would not let them riſk the diſgrace), he triumphed over thoſe rivals, but not with all the decency of a politic conqueror: he exhibited too many marks of exultation, and puſhed his raillery ſo far one day, againſt the leaſt formidable

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of them, who had been on the point of breaking through his natural modeſty (having no pride to reſtrain him) that he provoked him to return an anſwer not eaſily to be digeſted.

"What do you mean by that, Sir?" ſaid Boothby.

"What do I mean by that, Sir?" replied his adverſary in a taunting tone.

Theſe interrogations would have, perhaps, produced a duel, had not their ſwords been kept peaceably in their ſcabbards by the interpoſition of their ſurrounding friends: they even ſhook hands, and declared themſelves perfectly reconciled; but Boothby was not reconciled to his antagoniſt in his heart; his impertinent doubts with regard to his marriage were painfully remembered.

When Boothby went to his Emilia to put the laſt hand to the preparations for their union, he found her weeping over a letter. Struck at the ſight of her in ſo unexpected a ſituation, he flew to her with all the eagerneſs of a ſympathizing lover, and begged to know what had happened to throw her into ſuch a diſtreſsful condition.

Inſtead of returning a verbal anſwer, ſhe gave him the letter.

The peruſal of it ſhocked him extremely, by informing him that his miſtreſs had, by a capital bankruptcy, loſt the greateſt part of her fortune.

After a long pauſe (during which Emilia contrived to watch every turn of his countenance without being perceived) he told her plainly, that he could not afford to marry a woman without money, and that he ſhould only injure her as well as himſelf, by making her his wife.

"Mighty well, Sir?" replied ſhe, burſting into a laugh, "you ſhall never be injured by me."

By this ſudden change in Emilia, Boothby was extremely diſconcerted; but when he found that the letter was a forged one, merely to try the ſincerity of his

paſſion, he was almoſt ready to hang himſelf. Never was there a mercenary lover more completely mortified.

CHAP. LXXVII.

ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF THE FRENCH FASHIONS, WITH SOME ADVICE TO THE LADIES RESPECTING CERTAIN PARTS OF DRESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

FASHION is to cuſtom what prejudices are to the moral virtues. It imperiouſly dictates laws to thoſe who live under its empire, and its decrees are irrevocable. Women, that bewitching part of the creation, born for the happineſs of one half of our ſex, and for the torment of the other, diſcontented with the little that the laws have done for them in the diſtribution of direct power, have at all times ſought to acquire by addreſs, what they could not reaſonably hope to obtain by open force. The auxiliary means which they have always employed to accompliſh their ends are thoſe of the toilet; but in blindly ſuffering themſelves to be guided by cuſtom, and adopting new modes, without choice and without reflection, the fair ſex do not derive from thoſe trifles, to which they annex ſo much value, all the advantage they expect. Thoſe whom their rank or chance has placed in a conſpicuous ſtation, generally give an example to others. They are the firſt to adopt faſhions, and often take them from ſome remote ſource, to which people of ordinary rank never would have gone to look for them.

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The grand fault in what concerns the toilet, and that againſt which they ought to be greatly on their guard, is not to give too much into general faſhion, and not to believe that becauſe a particular dreſs becomes one woman, it will become all in the like manner. To deſtroy this prejudice, it will be ſufficient to obſerve, that ornaments employed in dreſs, ought to be varied in their compoſition, and to be ſuited to the ſhape and figure of thoſe who adopt them. Though one cannot form general principles upon this ſubject, yet after having taken a view of the modes of preceding ages, I ſhall venture to make a few curſory obſervations upon the faſhions which prevail at preſent.

It is with diſguſt that the imagination returns to thoſe remote ages, when Nature, inſulted in every reſpect, and diſfigured by the moſt whimſical dreſſes, preſented to the ſight only hideous figures. In the firſt ages of the French monarchy, the dreſs of the men varied more than that of the women. Their clothes were alternately either too long, or too ſhort. In general, long veſtments are more becoming and more noble than thoſe that are ſhort. It is a great pity that this cuſtom ſhould be attended with ſo many inconveniences, and that it ſhould abſolutely impede the exerciſe of the body, and thoſe labours which our wants require, and which luxury commands.

Under Philip the Fair, an epocha when dreſs began to emerge from barbarity, long coats only were worn by men of any conſideration. In the army, however, as well as in the country, ſhort coats were always retained. In the fourteenth century, the ſame dreſs was worn by men and women. Under the reigns of Charles V. and Charles VI. long coats only were in faſhion; but Charles VII. who had ill made legs, again introduced long coats *.

* May not this circumſtance, as well as many others that might be mentioned, ſerve to prove the juſtneſs of the proverb, which ſays, that *wiſe people invent faſhions, and fools follow them?*

Nothing is more curious, and at the ſame time ridiculous, than the dreſs of people of faſhion during the firſt years af the reign of Louis XI. Figure to yourſelf a petit-maitre, with his hair flat and buſhy, dreſſed in a doublet ſhaped like an under waiſtcoat, which ſcarcely covered his reins; his breeches exceedingly cloſe, riſing very high, and his middle bound round with ribands, in a moſt whimſical manner, as may be ſtill ſeen in ſome ancient paintings; add to all this, artificial ſhoulders, in form of a cuſhion, which were placed upon each ſhoulder-blade, to make him appear to have a large cheſt, and to give him a robuſt and vigorous appearance. This ſtrange caricatura was terminated by ſhoes, the points of which, for people of the firſt quality, were full two feet in length. The populace had them only of ſix inches: thoſe were what they called ſhoes *à la poulaine*. They were invented by Henry Plantagenet, duke of Anjou, to conceal a very large excreſcence which he had upon one of his feet. As this prince, the moſt gallant and beautiful man of his age, gave the lead to the court, every one was deſirous of having ſhoes like his. Hence comes the origin of the French proverb *être ſur un grand pied*. Under Francis I. and his ſucceſſors, the form of the men's dreſs began to approach perfection; but under the good Henry IV. it became preferable to that which we have ſince adopted, and which ſtill ſubſiſts. The moſt uſeful of all modes, and that which will ſurvive all others, though it has found many enemies in France, is the peruke.—Eccleſiaſtics were long forbidden to wear one in church. In 1685, a cannon of the cathedral of Beauveais was prevented from celebrating maſs, becauſe he wore a peruke. He, however, depoſited it in the hands of two notaries, at the entrance into the choir, and proteſted againſt the violence

lence offered him. In 1689, ſeveral oratorians * were diſmiſſed from their order, becauſe they had put on perukes. At that time they were very large, but at preſent every thing is ſo much changed, that even phyſicians, who formerly conſidered an enormous peruke as the baſis of their reputation, ſeem to diſdain that ornament. Several have adopted the bag, and perhaps we ſhall ſoon ſee them preforming their morning viſits with a long queue.

When bags began firſt to be in faſhon, people never wore them except when in diſhabille; in viſits of ceremony one could not appear but with the hair tied in a riband, and floating over the ſhoulders. This is abſolutely contrary to our preſent faſhion.

In the early periods of the monarchy, the ladies ſcarcely paid any attention to dreſs. It would appear that they thought of nothing elſe than pleaſing their huſbands, and of giving a proper education to their children, and that the reſt of their time was employed in family concerns, and rural economy. If their dreſs was ſubject to little change in thoſe primitive times, we ought not to be aſtoniſhed to ſee the fair ſex indemnify themſelves at preſent for their long inaction. Their dreſs, however, has experienced the ſame revolutions as that of the men. There was a time when their robes roſe ſo high, that they abſolutely covered the breaſt; but under Charles VI. Queen Iſabella of Bavaria, as remarkable for her gallantry as her beauty, brought back the faſhion of leaving the ſhoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Let us hear what *Juvenal des Urſins* ſays reſpecting the manner in which the women dreſſed their heads. "Both married and unmarried ladies were very extravagant in their dreſs, and wore caps wonderfully high and

* A congregation of prieſts inſtituted in France, by Cardinal *de Berulle*, and approved by the Pope in 1613.

and large, having two great ears at each ſide, which were of ſuch a magnitude, that when they wiſhed to enter a door, it was impoſſible for them." About that time, the famous Carmelite, *Thomas Cénare*, exerciſed his oratorical talents againſt theſe caps. His efforts were at firſt ſucceſsful; but his triumph was of ſhort duration, and they again roſe to a prodigious degree; they however, at length, became entirely out of faſhion.

The reign of Charles VII. brought back the uſe of ear-rings, bracelets, and collars. Some years before the death of that prince, the dreſs of the ladies was ridiculous in the higheſt degree. They wore robes ſo exceedingly long, that ſeveral yards of the train dragged behind; the ſleeves were ſo wide, that they ſwept the ground; and their heads were loſt under immenſe bonnets, which were three fourths of their breadth in height. To this whimſical faſhion another ſucceeded, which was no leſs ſo. The ladies placed a kind of cuſhion upon their heads, loaded with ornaments, which diſplayed the worſt taſte imaginable. This head-dreſs was ſo large, that it was two yards in breadth. At that period it was abſolutely neceſſary to enlarge the doors of all the houſes. From this extremity, the fair ſex paſſed to another no leſs extravagant. They adopted the uſe of bonnets ſo exceedingly low, and they arranged the hair in ſo cloſe a manner, that they appeared as if their heads had been ſhaven. On the death of Charles VIII. Anne of Bretagne, his queen, introduced the uſe of the black veil, which ſhe always wore. The ladies of her court adopted it alſo, and ornamented it with red and purple fringes; but the cits, improving upon this mode, enriched it with pearls and claſps of gold.

It was under the reign of Francis I. that the women began to turn up their hair. Margaret, queen of Navarre, frizzed that on the temples, and turned back

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that before. This princeſs occaſionally added to this head-dreſs a ſmall bonnet of velvet or ſatin, ornamented with pearls and jewels, and placed over it a ſmall tuft of feathers. Such a faſhion was very becoming, and this perhaps is the firſt period when the ladies began to dreſs with any taſte. A revolution was abſolutely requiſite. The gallant and voluptuous reign of Catherine de Medicis neceſſarily brought about a happy change in the French faſhions. It was about this time that the *chaperon* or hood appeared. This mode continued a long time, becauſe the ſumptuary laws eſtabliſhed a diſtinction in the ſtuff which compoſed it. The hoods of ladies of quality were of velvet, and thoſe of citizens of plain cloth. *La Bourcier*, midwife to Mary of Medicis, obtained an expreſs order from the king to wear one of velvet. Of all the ſumptuary laws made at different periods, none had ſo ſudden an effect as the edict of Henry the Great in 1604. This monarch, after having forbid his ſubjects to wear either gold or ſilver upon their dreſſes, adds, "except, however, ladies of pleaſure and pick-pockets, for whom we are not ſo far intereſted as to do them the honor of attending to their conduct." This ordinance was attended with the proper effect, and neither ladies of pleaſure nor pick-pockets took any advantage of their permiſſion.

The French ladies in the preſent day have made ſuch a rapid progreſs in the art of ſetting off their charms, that they are now followed by all the ladies in Europe. We have ſeen modes of different kinds ſucceed one another with inconceivable rapidity. Names of all ſorts have been exhauſted. Four volumes would ſcarcely contain the nomenclature of all the novelties which the inventive genius of the ladies has deviſed in the laſt ten years. But this is not all, the fair ſex have ſo far diſfigured nature, that one muſt look at them very cloſely not to be miſtaken. Their cavalier gait, the

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black hat, the riding coat, and the cane which they have adopted, have given them almoſt the appearance of men. Such a dreſs does not at all become them, and we cannot help ſaying, that it deſtroys all their graces.

Let us now make a few obſervations on the advantages and diſadvantages of female dreſs; and let us begin with the ornaments of the head, which may be called the citadel of coquetry.

As the head-dreſs ſhould be conſidered only as an acceſſary part, whenever its height exceeds the length of the face, it produces a diſagreeable effect; and this effect will become more ſenſible in a woman whoſe phyſiognomy is ſmall, than in one who has Roman features. The former can derive no advantage but from ſlight ornaments which do not occupy much ſpace; ſhe muſt always avoid large figures and ſtraight lines. A head-dreſs which comes too far forward on the head of a woman who has a ſmall noſe and a flat chin, will render theſe blemiſhes more ſenſible, whilſt ſuch a dreſs will admirably become one who has a prominent chin and a large noſe.

Beautiful eyes loſe great part of their ſplendour under large hats worn as they are at preſent. This head-dreſs ought to be the reſource of thoſe ladies who can boaſt of nothing but a pretty mouth, and an agreeable ſmile. The colours of gauze and ribands employed to ornament the head, ought to be ſuited to that of the hair and complexion. This care adds much to the graces of nature. It muſt, however, be allowed, that the ladies underſtand the harmony of colours much better than the relation of forms.

The advantages of an elegant figure are often loſt by the ridiculous folly of wiſhing to appear very ſlender.—One needs only ſtudy the ſhape of the ſupurb antique ſtatue of Venus, to be convinced that the beauty of proportion is hurt as much by too ſlender and

and uniform, as by too clumſy a waiſt. It muſt be obſerved alſo, that too narrow boddice and ſtays abſolutely deſtroy gracefulneſs and eaſe. The motions become ſtiff, and the attitudes confined; beſides ſpeaking of the fatal accidents which may ariſe from this violence offered to Nature.

Depravation of taſte in regard to dreſs was ſome years ago carried to a great length. Very corpulent women wiſhed to increaſe their ſize by cork rumps, which women who were too ſlender, had ingeniouſly invented to ſupply what Nature had refuſed them. We have ſeen ſome of a very diminutive ſize, who by the help of this ridiculous piece of furniture ſeemed to have acquired as much dimenſions in breadth as in height.

Thoſe ornaments which are intended to adorn nature ought to be ſimple and light. The Grecian ladies, who knew ſo well how to make the moſt of their charms, took great care never to uſe veils but of the moſt pliable ſtuffs. Theſe veils yielded to their various motions, and added to the natural gracefulneſs of their perſons. All the ancient ſtatues, therefore, brought us from that country, which gave birth to the arts, are admired by artiſts and connoiſſeurs for a character of lightneſs and eaſe which can never be ſurpaſſed.

It is wrong to believe, that cold climates ſhould prevent people from wearing thin dreſſes; by means of furred cloaks, which may be uſed in the open air, one may wear an under dreſs of the lighteſt ſtuff poſſible. The manner in which the Ruſſian ladies dreſs, may ſerve as a proof of what we have here advanced; but a proper medium ought to be obſerved between dreſſes which are too clumſy, and thoſe which, on account of their thinneſs, might give offence to decency. A woman who expoſes herſelf to theſe inconveniences does not underſtand her own intereſt.

It was above all in the arrangement of the hair that

the Greek ladies excelled, eſpecially with regard to ſimplicity. We muſt allow, that the ladies dreſs better at preſent than formerly: and that they are nearer to perfection than they were ſome years ago. A ſlight dawning begins already to appear in the manner in which they dreſs there hair, and there is reaſon to hope that they will make a very rapid progreſs in this part of the buſineſs of the toilet, eſpecially if they conſult nature and good artiſts.

Nothing is more agreeable and becoming than to wear the hair floating over the ſhoulders. It is much to be wiſhed that the ladies would adhere to this cuſtom. The curls which they have adopted before, would become them much better, were they leſs regular, and diſpoſed with more taſte.

When by ſome lucky chance a woman has attained almoſt to perfection in the art of dreſſing, that is to ſay, in the art of knowing what beſt becomes her, ſhe ought to be very nice in her choice of new faſhions. In an age ſo frivolous as the preſent, the loſs of a lover may be the conſequence of even ſuch a trifling circumſtance as that of the hat being wrong placed, or turned too much to the right or the left. When a paſſion is founded only upon trifles, ought we to be ſurpriſed that a trifle ſhould deſtroy it?

Artiſts, who have ſpent their lives in ſtudying the beauties of nature, are the beſt judges in this reſpect. They alone have the privilege of fixing the public opinion in ſuch matters. This is really their province. The time is perhaps not far diſtant, when the fair ſex, better acquainted with their deareſt intereſts, will invite them to their toilets, and conſider them as the arbiters of taſte. Favoured then by the graces and by beauty, and envied by all the other claſſes of men, they will be indemnified with uſury for that neglect with which they have ſo long been treated. But a great revolution muſt take place before that happy day arrives.

rives. At that epocha, every thing will return to its primitive order, and, according to the French proverb, every man will be in his own place, and every abbé in his benefice.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

ON LOOKING AT THE PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE.

WHAT dazzling beauties ſtrike my raviſh'd eyes,
and fill my ſoul with pleaſure and ſurpriſe!
What blooming ſweetneſs ſmiles upon that face!
How mild, yet how majeſtic ev'ry grace!
In thoſe bright eyes what more than mimic fire
Benignly ſhines, and kindles gay deſire!
Yet chaſten'd Modeſty, fair white-rob'd dame,
Triumphant ſits to check the riſing flame.
Sure Nature made thee her peculiar care:
Was ever form ſo exquiſitely fair?
Yes, once there was a form thus heav'nly bright,
But now 'tis veil'd in everlaſting night;
Each glory which that lovely face could boaſt,
And ev'ry charm, in traceleſs duſt is loſt;
An unregarded heap of ruin lies
That form which lately drew ten thouſand eyes.
What once was courted, lov'd, ador'd, and prais'd,
Now mingles with the duſt from whence 'twas rais'd.
No more ſoft dimpling ſmiles thoſe cheeks adorn,
Whoſe roſy tincture ſham'd the riſing morn;
No more with ſparkling radiance ſhine thoſe eyes,
Nor over thoſe the ſable arches riſe;
Nor from thoſe ruby lips ſoft accents flow,
Nor lilies on the ſnowy forehead blow;

All,

All, all are cropp'd by death's impartial hand,
Charms could not bribe, nor beauty's pow'r withſtand;
Not all that crowd of wondrous charms could ſave
The fair poſſeſſor from the dreary grave.
How frail is beauty, tranſient, falſe and vain!
It flies with morn, and ne'er returns again.
Death, cruel ravager, delights to prey
Upon the young, the lovely and the gay.
If death appear not, oft corroding pain,
With pining ſickneſs in her languid train,
Blights youth's gay ſpring with ſome untimely blaſt,
And lays the blooming field of beauty waſte:
But ſhould theſe ſpare, ſtill time creeps on apace,
And plucks with wither'd hand each winning grace:
The eyes, lips, cheeks, and boſom he diſarms,
No art from him can ſhield exterior charms.

But would you, fair ones be eſteem'd, approv'd,
And with an everlaſting ardor lov'd;
Would you in wrinkled age admirers find,
In ev'ry female virtue dreſs the mind;
Adorn the heart, and teach the ſoul to charm,
And when the eyes no more the breaſt can warm,
Theſe ever-blooming beauties ſhall inſpire
Each gen'rous heart with friendſhip's ſacred fire;
Theſe charms ſhall neither wither, fade, nor fly;
Pain, ſickneſs, time, and death, they dare defy.
When the pale tyrant's hand ſhall ſeal your doom,
And lock your aſhes in the ſilent tomb,
Theſe beauties ſhall in double luſtre riſe,
Shine round the ſoul, and waft it to the ſkies.

THE END.

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